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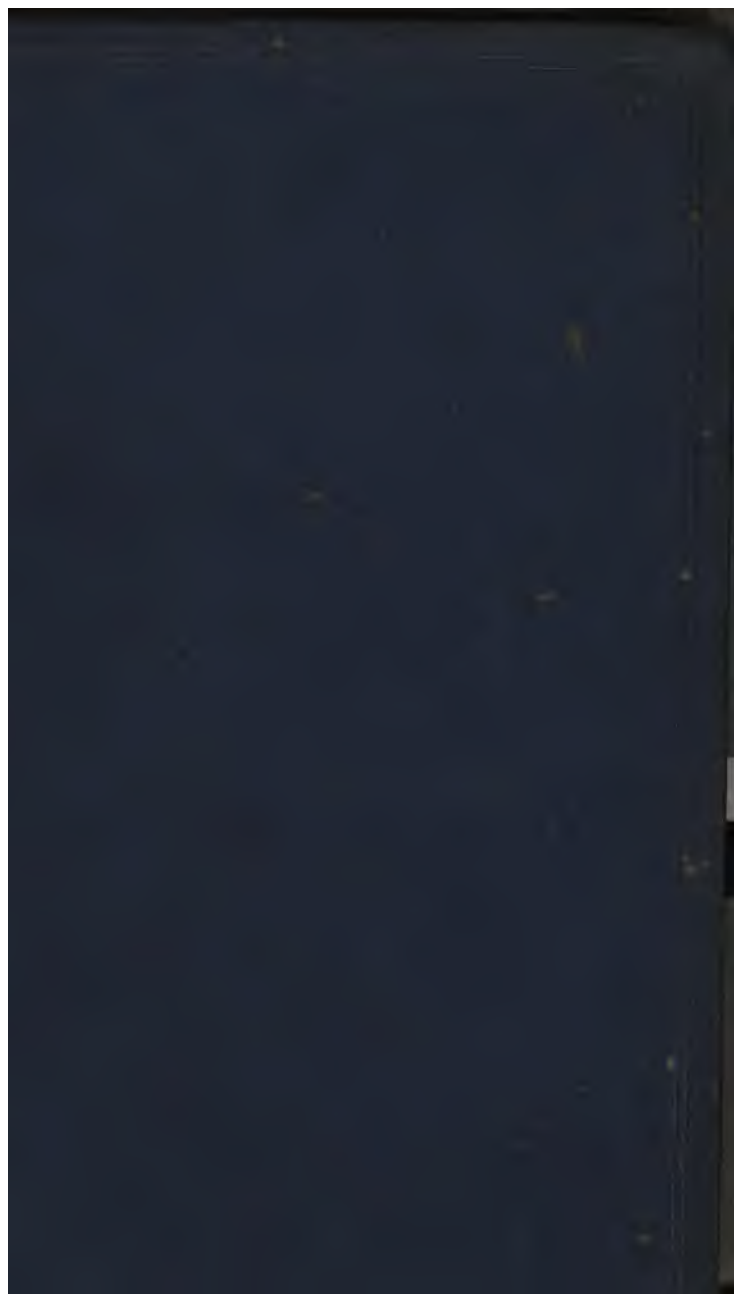
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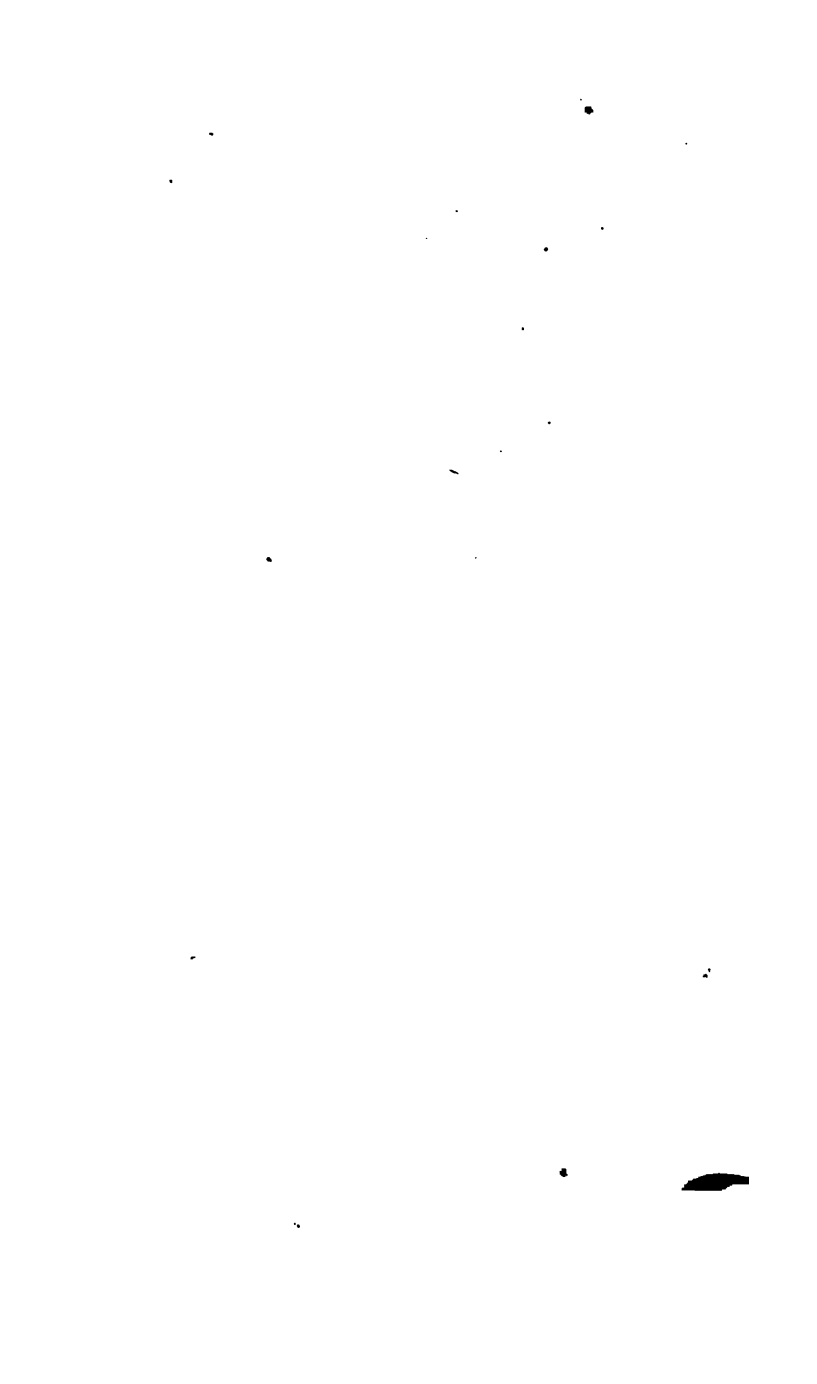
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DECEMBER 1, 1855.

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BEAUTIFUL POETRY.

A Record of the Choicest Poetry of the Present
and the Past,

BY

THE EDITORS

OF

The Critic, London Literary Journal.

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NOTICE.—This work is designed to form a collection of the choicest Poetry in the English Language. Nothing but what is *really good* will be admitted. No *original* poetry will find a place.

London:

JOHN CROCKFORD, 29, ESSEX STREET,
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THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Written after reading the first report of the *Times*' correspondent, only 607 sabres are mentioned as having taken part in the charge. Taken from the *Examiner*, where it appeared under signature of A. T. supposed to be by ALFRED TENNYSON.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward !
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred !

Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred ;
For up came an order which
Some one had blunder'd.
" Forward, the Light Brigade!
Take the guns," Nolan said :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

" Forward the Light Brigade !"
No man was there dismay'd,
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd :
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die ;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd all at once in air,
 Sabring the gunners there ;
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :
 Plunged in the battery smoke,
 With many a desperate stroke
 The Russian line they broke ;
 Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell ;
 Those that had fought so well
 Came from the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made !
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

By W. C. BRYANT.

THE sad and solemn night
 Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires ;
 The glorious host of light
 Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires ;
 All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
 Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go !

Day, too, hath many a star,
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they :
Through the blue fields afar,
Unseen, they follow in his flaming way :
Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
Star of the Pole ! and thou dost see them set.
Alone, in thy cold skies,
Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station yet ;
Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air ;
And eve, that round the earth
Chases the day, beholds thee watching there ;
There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls
The shapes of poplar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,
The deeds of darkness and of light are done ;
High towards the star-lit sky
Towns blaze—the smoke of battle blots the sun—
The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud—
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze
The half-wreck'd mariner, his compass lost,
Fixes his steady gaze,
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast :
And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,
Did in thy beams behold
A beauteous type of that unchanging good,
That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

THE LADY GERALDINE.

From the *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, a poem by Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IN that ancient hall of Wycombe, throng'd the numerous
 guests invited,
And the lovely London ladies trod the floors with gliding feet;
And their voices low with fashion, not with feeling, softly
 freighted
All the air about the windows, with elastic laughters sweet.

For at eve, the open windows flung their light out on the
 terrace,
Which the floating orbs of curtains, did with gradual shadow
 sweep;
While the swans upon the river, fed at morning by the
 heiress,
Trembled downward through their snowy wings, at music in
 their sleep.

And there evermore was music, both of instrument and
 singing,
Till the finches of the shrubberies grew restless in the dark;
But the cedars stood up motionless, each in a moonlight
 ringing,
And the deer, half in the glimmer, strewed the hollows of
 the park.

And though sometimes she would bind me with her silver-
 corded speeches,
To commix my words and laughter with the converse and
 the jest,—
Oft I sate apart, and gazing on the river through the beeches,
Heard, as pure the swans swam down it, her pure voice
 o'erfloat the rest.

In the morning, horn of huntsman, hoof of steed, and laugh
 of rider,
Spread out cheery from the courtyard, till we lost them in
 the hills;
While herself and other ladies, and her suitors left beside her,
Went a-wandering up the gardens, through the laurels and
 abeles.

And gently then he walketh away
And sits in the corner chair ;
And the closed eyes swim—it seemeth to him
The form that once sat there.

And whisper'd words of comfort and love .
Fall sweet on the ear of sorrow—
“ Why weepest thou ?—thou art troubled now,
But there cometh a bright to-morrow.

We too have pass'd o'er life's rough stream,
In a frail and shatter'd boat ;
But our pilot was sure, and we sail'd secure,
When we seem'd but scarce afloat.

Though toss'd by the rage of waves and wind,
The bark held together still ;
One arm was strong,—it bore us along,
And has saved from every ill.”

The Spirit returns to his dwelling-place,
And his words have been like balm ;
The big tears start, but the fluttering heart
Is soothed, and soften'd, and calm.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

By LONGFELLOW.

THE night is come, but not too soon ;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars ;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love ?
The star of love and dreams ?
O no ! from that blue tent above
A hero's armour gleams.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
 Of cypress, I roan'd with my soul—
 Of cypress, with Psyche, my soul.
 These were days when my heart was volcanic
 As the scoriac rivers that roll—
 As the lavas that restlessly roll
 Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
 In the ultimate climes of the pole—
 That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
 In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
 But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
 Our memories were treacherous and sere—
 For we knew not the month was October,
 And we mark'd not the night of the year!
 (Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
 We noted not the dim lake of Auber—
 (Though once we had journey'd down here)—
 Remember'd not the dank tarn of Auber,
 Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent,
 And star-dials pointed to morn—
 As the star-dials hinted of morn—
 At the end of our path a liquescent
 And nebulous lustre was born,
 Out of which a miraculous crescent
 Arose with a duplicate horn—
 Astarte's bediamonded crescent
 Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian:
 She rolls through an ether of sighs—
 She revels in a region of sighs:
 She has seen that the tears are not dry on
 These cheeks, were the worm never dies,
 And has come past the stars of the Lion
 To point us the path to the skies—
 To the Lethean peace of the skies—
 Come up, in despite of the Lion,
 To shine on us with her bright eyes—
 Come up through the lair of the Lion,
 With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
 Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust—
 Her pallor I strangely mistrust :—
 Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
 Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
 In terror she spoke, letting sink her
 Wings till they trail'd in the dust—
 In agony sobb'd, letting sink her
 Plumes till they trail'd in the dust—
 Till they sorrowfully trail'd in the dust.

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming :
 Let us on by this tremulous light :
 Let us bathe in this crystalline light :
 Its Sybilic splendour is beaming
 With hope and in beauty to-night :—
 See!—it flickers up the sky through the night :
 Ah! we safely may trust to its gleaming,
 And be sure it will lead us aright—
 We safely may trust to a gleaming
 That cannot but guide us aright,
 Since it flickers up to heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche, and kiss'd her :
 And tempted her out of her gloom—
 And conquer'd her scruples and gloom—
 And we pass'd to the end of the vista :
 But were stopp'd by the door of a tomb—
 By the door of a legended tomb :
 And I said—"What is written, sweet sister,
 On the door of this legended tomb?"
 She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—
 'T is the vault of thy lost Ulalume :"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober,
 As the leaves that were crisped and sere—
 As the leaves that were withering and sere :
 And I cried—"It was surely October
 On this very night of last year
 That I journey'd—I journey'd down here—
 That I brought a dead burden down here—
 On this night of all nights in the year!
 Ah, what demon has tempted me here?"

Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
This misty mid region of Weir—
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

TO ———.

By Mr. S. H. BRADBURY, a young writer of great promise.

I WALK'D with thee one wealthy summer's night,
In groves bedeck'd with flowers ;
Our cheek embathed in the moon's pale light,
Falling in beamy showers.
There was a luxury in thy silken hair,
When rippling o'er thy cheek
In radiant waves ; thine eyes threw light so fair,—
I felt too great to speak.

My soul danced high in bliss—a splendid swoon—
A brilliant rapture swept
High up my heart, clear as the silent moon ;
And stars their splendours wept.
I heard the beatings of thy heart, and felt ;
Cold dewdrops chill'd thy breast ;
And saw the distant hills of white clouds melt
Far down the star-paved west.

The azure gulf of heaven was fill'd with stars,
The glittering fruit of God ;
The mellow'd moonbeams fell like golden bars,
Gilding earth's dew-bathed sod.
I saw thy languaged eyes were ripe with charms,
A summer burst of love ;
And close insphered in thy pale round arms,
I dream'd I shone above.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.

A shade of Neo-Platonic mystery veils the subtle imaginations conveyed in the following stanzas, which we extract from a late number of *The New York Tribune*.

A sign that follow'd not a look to heaven,
On lonely winds through the mid ether toss'd—
Some spirit yet unshriven,
Mourn'd its ideal lost.

"All vanish'd from that purple mountain-top—
All faded from the still, gray ocean-shore—
No soft, slow dews, shall drop
From thy white eyelids more.

"Gone from the solitary arch of night,
Gone from the all-mysterious heights of dawn;
From eve's pale, saffron light,
From noon's clear fervours gone.

"Forever parted from my sacred dream,
No bending glory far, far up may burn.
No life reviving gleam,
No orbit of return!

"Ah miserable! what shall hide thee now?
What depths of darkness cover thy despair?
Take ashes on thy brow—
Dust for thy garment wear.

"All lost, all shivering, all desolate—
Struck to the soul with most immortal woe,
Thou livest all too late—
Take up thy staff and go!"

Far thrilling, lingering, through the mountain glades,
I heard an awful, tender voice arise,
That once, in thickest shades,
Trembled through Paradise.

"Blind, but beloved! shall thy dead arise!
Did ever such ethereal essence die?
Out of the dust arise,
Thine agony deny!

"I am ! I was !—ere thine ideal shone
 I was its embryo ; I its life divine ;
 The Uncreated One—
 The real, th' incarnate thine.

"I gave thee will, did I deny thee power ?
 Fire sunward flies—thy loss is lost in me—
 Look from the fleeting hour,
 To mine eternity.

"If out of life it seems to droop and die,
 So long as God amid archangels stands,
 Thy pure ideal on high
 Its worshipper demands."

EVENING HYMN.

From a volume of poems lately published by ANNA BLACKWELL

How sweet the fall of Eve,
 When, in the glowing West,
 The sun hath sunk to rest,
Yet shining footprints on the air doth leave ;
 While through the deepening twilight, soft and slow
 The fragrant evening breezes come and go !

How beautiful, when light
 Hath fled ; and leaf and stream
 Rest in a quiet dream.
 Within the curtaining shadows of the Night ;
 While troops of stars look down with dewy rays,
 And flowers droop their eyes beneath their gaze.

How silent is the air !
 Who would not at such shrine
 To holier thoughts incline ?
 The ever-tranquil Night was made for prayer.
 On the hush'd Earth, from the o'er-arching sky,
 Doth not a solemn benediction lie ?

And when the hours of night
Have slowly roll'd away,
And the victorious Day
Athwart the kindling air speeds arrowy light,
How gloriously, as in a second birth,
Awake to radiant life the heavens and earth !

So, when Life's eve shall fall,
Within my peaceful breast
Oh may Thy presence rest,
Soft as the hush of night, Father of All !
So from the sleep of death, with quickening ray,
Wake me to radiant life, Thou God of Day !

THE COMBAT.

Sir WALTER SCOTT.

THEN each at once his faulchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each look'd to sun, and stream and plain,
As what he ne'er might see again ;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious flight they darkly closed.—
Ill fared it now with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs, and tough bull-hide,
Had death so often dash'd aside ;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield :
He practised every pass and ward,
To feint, to thrust, to strike, to guard :
While, less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon sword drank blood ;
No stinted draught—no scanty tide !
The gushing flood the tartans dyed :
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain ;

And as firm tower, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill ;
Till at advantage ta'en his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backwards borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee :—
“ Now yield thee, or by Him who made
The world ! thy heart-blood dyes my blade.”
“ Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy ;
Let recreant yield, who fears to die.”—
Like adder darting from his coil—
Like wolf that dashes through the toil—
Like mountain-cat that guards her young,—
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round.
Now, gallant Saxon ! hold thy own ;
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel.
They tug, they strain, down, down they go,—
The Gael above, Fitz-James below !
The chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted in his breast ;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight—
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright ;
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide ;
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game.
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
Down came the blow—but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.—
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting chief's relaxing grasp.
Unwounded, from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

By Sir HENRY WOTTON, (born 1568, died 1640.)

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath :

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend :

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

LEAVES AND MEN.

By EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

DROP, drop into the grave, Old Leaf,
Drop, drop into the grave ;
Thy acorns grown, thy acorns sown—
Drop, drop into the grave.
December's tempests rave, Old Leaf,
Above the forest grave, Old Leaf ;
Drop, drop into the grave !

The birds in spring will sweetly sing,
That Death alone is sad ;
The grass will grow, the primrose show,
That Death alone is sad ;
Lament above thy grave, Old Leaf ;
For what has Life to do with Grief ?
'Tis Death alone that's sad.

What then ? We two have both lived through
The sunshine and the rain ;
And bless'd be He, to me and thee,
Who sent His sun and rain :
We 've had our sun and rain, Old Leaf ;
And God will send again, Old Leaf,
The sunshine and the rain.

Race after race of leaves and men
Bloom, wither, and are gone :
As winds and waters rise and fall,
So life and death roll on ;
And long as ocean heaves, Old Leaf,
And bud and fade the leaves, Old Leaf,
Will life and death roll on.

How like am I to thee, Old Leaf !
We'll drop together down ;
How like art thou to me, Old Leaf !
We'll drop together down.
I'm grey and thou art brown, Old Leaf !
We'll drop together down, Old Leaf,
We'll drop together down.

Drop, drop into the grave, Old Leaf,
Drop, drop into the grave;
Thy acorns grown, thy acorns sown,—
Drop, drop into thy grave.
December's tempests rave, Old Leaf,
Above thy forest grave, Old Leaf;
Drop, drop into thy grave!

WHERE IS HE ?

By HENRY NEELE.

“Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?”—*Job*.

AND where is he ? Not by the side
Of her whose wants he loved to tend ;
Nor o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend.
That form beloved he marks no more,
Those scenes admired no more shall see ;
Those scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair ;—but where is he ?

No, no ; the radiance is not dim,
That used to gild his fav'rite hill ;
The pleasures that were dear to him
Are dear to life and nature still :
But, ah ! his home is not as fair ;
Neglected must his gardens be—
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, “Where is he ?”

His was the pomp, the crowded hall ;
But where is now this proud display ?
His riches, honours, pleasures, all
Desire could frame ; but where are they ?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seem'd proudly strong—and where is he ?

The churchyard bears an added stone,
 The fireside shows a vacant chair ;
 Here Sadness dwells, and weeps alone,
 And death displays his banner there :
 The life is gone, the breath has fled,
 And what has been no more shall be ;
 The well-known form, the welcome tread,
 O where are they, and where is he ?

THE ISLAND.

A passage from a poem entitled *The Buccaneer*, by RICHARD DANA, one of the best of the American poets.

THE island lies nine leagues away ;
 Along its solitary shore
 Of craggy rock and sandy bay
 No sound but ocean's roar,
 Save where the bold wild sea-bird makes her home,
 Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But where the light winds lie at rest,
 And on the glassy heaving sea
 The black duck with her glossy breast
 Sits swinging silently ;
 How beautiful ! no ripples break the reach,
 And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell ;
 The brook comes tinkling down its side ;
 From out the trees the sabbath bell
 Rings cheerful far and wide,
 Mingling its sounds with bleatings of the flocks
 That feed about the vale amongst the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
 In former days within the vale ;
 Flapp'd in the bay the pirate's sheet,
 Curses were on the gale.
 Rich goods lay on the sand, and murder'd men :
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
 Now slowly fall upon the ear ;
 A quiet look is in each face,
 Subdued and holy fear ;
 Each motion 's gentle ; all is kindly done—
 Come listen how from crime this isle was won.

 PROVIDENCE.

From POPE's immortal *Essay on Man*.

SEE through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high progressive life may go !
 Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
 Vast chain of being ! which from God began,
 Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach ; from infinite to thee ;
 From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd ;
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,
 Alike essential to the amazing whole,
 The least confusion, but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole, must fall.
 Let earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky ;
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world ;
 Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
 And nature tremble to the throne of God.
 All this dread order break—for whom ? for thee ?
 Vile worm !—oh, madness ! pride ! impiety !

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head ?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?

Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame ;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees :
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adorns and burns ;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small :
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor Order Imperfection name ;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit—in this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear ;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour,
All nature is but art unknown to thee ;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good :
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear—*Whatever is, is right.*

TO THE RIVER LEA.

By MOSES BROWNE—a name quite strange to us, but a poem worth preserving here for its fanciful, yet really poetical merits.

SWEET stream ! where most my haunts delight ;
Whose scenes to solemn thought invite ;
May my calm life resemble thee—
Such pleasure give, so useful be !

As passing straws, and buoyant leaves,
Thy yielding surface but receives ;
While pearls, that lure the searching eye,
Deep-treasured in thy bosom lie.

May trifles such reception find,
Float lightly transient o'er my mind ;
While weightier thoughts admission win,
Sink its whole depths, and rest within.

As the large face the heavens expose,
Thy pure, reflecting mirror shows ;
Yet paints, in small terrestrial scenes,
Some bordering flowers, or pendant greens ;

So, with resemblances divine,
My copying life direct to shine :
While Earth's faint forms, grown distant, less
Their finer images express.

Teach me thy constancy : to force
O'er bars and straits a stubborn course ;
Not idly in suspension held,—
Thy path not changed, though oft repell'd.

Thy patience teach my ruffled soul,
When like thy waves its motions roll ;
Though vex'd to foam, when passions fray
In gentle smiles to pass away.

Teach me thy rule of temperate bliss,
Well-pleased thy flowery banks to kiss ;
Yet by no sweets allured aside,
Till ocean stops thy restless tide.

To me a pattern wise dispense,
Meekly to taste the charms of sense ;
Still pressing to my wish'd abode,
Nor fix'd till at my centre—God.

SONNET.

By R. C. TRENCH.

WE live not in our moments or our years.—
The present we fling from us as the rind
Of some sweet future, which we after find
Better to taste, or bind that in with fears,
And water it beforehand with our tears—
Vain tears for that which never may arrive !
Meanwhile the joy by which we ought to live,
Neglected or unheeded, disappears.
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings—
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things :
And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

THE WINTER THRUSH.

By KEBLE, in *Lyra Apostolica*.

SWEET bird ! up earliest in the morn,
Up earliest in the year ;
Far in the quiet mist are borne
Thy matins soft and clear.

As linnet soft, and clear as lark,
Well hast thou ta'en thy part ;
Where many an ear thy notes may reach,
And here and there a heart.

The first snow-wreaths are scarcely gone
(They staid but half a day),
The berries bright hang lingering on :
Yet thou hast learn'd thy lay.

One gleam, one gale of western air,
Has hardly brush'd thy wing ;
Yet thou hast given thy welcome fair,
Good-morrow to the Spring !

Perhaps within thy carol's sound
Some wakeful mourner lies,
Dim roaming, days and years around,
That ne'er again may rise.

He thanks thee with a tearful eye,
For thou hast wing'd his sprite
Back to some hour when hopes were high,
And dearest friends in sight :

That simple, fearless note of thine
Has pierced the cloud of care,
And lit awhile the gleam divine
That bless'd his infant prayer :

Ere he had known, his faith to blight,
The scorner's withering smile ;
While hearts, he deem'd, beat true and light,
Here in our Christian isle.

That sunny morning glimpse is gone,
That morning note is still,
The dun dark day comes lowering on,
The spoilers roam at will ;

Yet calmly rise, and boldly strive :
The sweet bird's early song,
Ere evening fall, shall oft revive
And cheer thee all day long.

Are we not sworn to serve one thing ?
He sworn with us to be ?
The birds that chant before the spring
Are truer far than we.

TO WILLIAM

By PEABODY, an American poet.

It seems but yesterday, my love, thy little heart beat high ;
And I had almost scorn'd the voice that told me thou must
die.

I saw thee move with active bound, with spirits wild and free,
And infant grace and beauty gave their glorious charm to thee.

Far on the sunny plains, I saw thy sparkling footsteps fly,
Firm, light, and graceful, as the bird that cleaves the morning sky;
And often, as the playful breeze waved back thy shining hair,
Thy cheek display'd the red rose tint that health had painted there.

And then, in all my thoughtfulness, I could not but rejoice,
To hear upon the morning wind the music of thy voice,—
Now echoing in the rapturous laugh, now sad almost to tears;
'Twas like the sounds I used to hear in old and happier years.

Thanks for that memory to thee, my little lovely boy,—
That memory of my youthful bliss, which Time would fain destroy.
I listen'd, as the mariner suspends the out-bound oar,
To taste the farewell gale that breathes from off his native shore.

So gentle in thy loveliness!—alas! how could it be,
That Death would not forbear to lay his icy hand on thee?
Nor spare thee yet a little while, in childhood's opening bloom?
While many a sad and weary soul was longing for the tomb?

Was mine a happiness too pure for erring man to know?
Or why did Heaven so soon destroy my paradise below?
Enchanting as the vision was, it sunk away as soon
As when, in quick and cold eclipse, the sun grows dark at noon.

I loved thee, and my heart was bless'd; but, ere that day was spent,
I saw thy light and graceful form in drooping illness bent,
And shudder'd as I cast a look upon thy fainting head;
The mournful cloud was gathering there, and life was almost fled.

Never heeding those that flow
When heaven is dark and earth below ;
The same through days, and months, and years,
Spite of our joys, and hopes, and fears,—
Spite of our changes and our tears ;
Sullen, save when skies are fair,
Thou hast in our love no share.

We have planted at thy foot
Trailing rose and ivy root,—
We have brought the wild, red vine,
Hereafter round thy base to shine,
Willing that some of Nature's grace
Should fit thee for so fair a place.
Yet the thought will still return—
Thou art some sepulchral urn,
A sorrowful, cold monument,
Of hours of gladness long since spent—
Hours of sunshine that are fled—
Leaves and blossoms past and dead.

Haply some might plead for thee
That it were as well to see,
Mid all this mutability,
Something that remains behind,
Spite of winter's rain and wind.
Have we not full many an oak
Unbow'd by winter's frequent stroke,
A witness of enduring life,
Through wet and cold, decay and strife ?
Boast we not full many a pine,
Always green through storm and shine ?
And over all the blessed sky
Smileth on unchangeably,
Though clouds and shadows pass between
Us and its all-lovely sheen.

When from this beloved spot
We depart, returning not,—
Weeping when we name its name,—
Thou alone wilt be the same.
The fondly-tended flowers will fade,
Some *spell of change* on all be laid ;

EPITAPH ON LADY PASTON, IN PASTON CHURCH
NORFOLK.

Obit. 10th March, 1628.

We do not know the author of this quaint but beautiful epitaph reads like CAREW's compositions.

CAN man be silent, and not praises find
For her who lived the praise of womankind ;
Whose outward frame was lent the world, to guess
What shapes our souls shall wear in happiness ;
Whose virtue did all ill so oversway,
That her whole life was a communion-day.

WOOD HYMN.

The author of this very beautiful poem is not known to us.

BROODS there some spirit here ?
The summer leaves hang silent as a cloud,
And o'er the pools, all still and darkly clear,
The wild wood-hyacinth with awe seems bow'd ;
And something of a tender cloistral gloom
Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very light, that streams
Through the dim dewy veil of foliage round,
Comes, tremulous with emerald-tinted gleams,
As if it knew the place were holy ground :
And would not startle, with too bright a burst,
Flowers, all divinely nursed.

WAKES there some spirit here ?
A swift wind, fraught with change, comes rushing
And leaves and waters, in its wild career,
Shed forth sweet voices—each a mystery !
Surely some awful influence must pervade
These depths of trembling shade !

Yes, lightly, softly move!
 There is a Power, a Presence in the woods :
 A viewless Being, that with life and love
 Informs the reverential solitudes :
 The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—
 Thou, *Thou* art here, my God!

And if with awe we tread
 The minster-floor, beneath the storied pane,
 And 'midst the mouldering banners of the dead :
 Shall the green voiceful wild seem *less* thy fame,
 Where thou alone hast built?—where arch and roof
 Are of thy living woof?

The silence and the sound
 In the lone places breathe alike of Thee :
 The temple-twilight of the gloom profound.
 The dew-cup of the frail anemone,
 The reed by every wandering whisper thrill'd—
 All, all with thee are fill'd!

Oh, purify mine eyes,
 More and yet more, by love and lowly thought.
 Thy presence, Holiest One! to recognize.
 In these majestic isles which thou hast wrought :
 And, 'midst their sea-like murmurs, teach mine ear
 Ever thy voice to hear!

And sanctify my heart
 To meet the awful sweetness of that tone,
 With no faint thrill, or self-accusing start,
 But a deep joy the heavenly Guest to own :
 Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious towers
 Ere sin had dimm'd the flowers.

Let me not know the change
 O'er nature thrown by Guilt!—the boding sky.
 The hollow leaf-sounds ominous and strange.
 The weight wherewith the dark tree-shadows lie!
 Father! oh! keep my footsteps pure and free,
 To walk the woods with Thee!

Brilliant.

FLOWERS.

As skylarks love the clouded sky,
Where bees and flowers are, there am I.
Who loves not flowers? I know not who:
But this I know, most good folks do.
No foe of flowers could I forgive;
They are my life, in them I live;
But oh! there's frailty in their beauty,
How mutely making sadness duty.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

AMBITION.

Go teach the eagle, when in azure heaven
He upward darts to seize his madden'd prey,
Shiv'ring through the death-circle of its fear,
To pause and let it 'scape, and thou may'st win
Man to forego the sparkling round of power
When it floats airily within his grasp.

TALFOURD

COMMUNE WITH NATURE.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

LONGFELLOW

INNOCENCE.

She was innocent!

And to lie innocent is Nature's wisdom!
The fledg'd dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Fear'd soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter;
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
Oh! surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense which to the pure in heart,
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil!

S. T. COLERIDGE

AMBITION.

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods ;
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage ;
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

POPE.

GENEROUS ASPIRATIONS.

Ay, father !—I have had those earthly visions
And noble aspirations in my youth
To make my own the mind of other men,
The enlightener of nations ; and to rise,
I knew not whither—it might be to fall ;
But fall, even as the mountain cataract,
Which having leapt from its more dazzling height,
Even in the foaming strength of its abyss,
Lies low but mighty still.—But this is past,
My thoughts mistook themselves.

BYRON.

ACTIVITY.

Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

SHAKSPERE.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

'Tis poor, and not becoming perfect gentry,
To build their glories at their fathers' cost ;
But at their own expense of blood or virtue,
To raise them living monuments ; our birth
Is not our own act ; honour upon trust,
Our ill deeds forfeit ; and the wealthy sums,
Purchased by others' fame or sweat, will be
Our stain, for we inherit nothing truly
But what our actions make us worthy of.

CHAPMAN.

ABSENT LOVE.

I do not doubt his love, but I could wish
 His presence might confirm it : when I see
 A fire well fed, shoot up its wanton flame,
 And dart itself into the face of heaven,
 I grant that fire, without a fresh supply,
 May for a while be still a fire ; but yet
 How doth its lustre languish, and itself
 Grow dark, if it too long want the embrace
 Of its loved pile ! how straight it buried lies
 In its own ruins !

MEA

LONELINESS.

A boat at midnight sent alone
 To drift upon the moonless sea,
 A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
 A wounded bird, that hath but one
 Imperfect wing to soar upon,
 Are like what I am, without thee !

MOOR

A TRUE WOMAN.

Her even carriage is as far from coyness
 As from immodesty ;—in play, in dancing,
 In suffering courtship, in requiting kindness,
 In use of places—hours—and companions,
 Free as the sun, and nothing more corrupted ;
 As circumspect as Cynthia in her vows,
 And constant as the centre to observe them.

CHAPMAN

FALSE FRIENDS.

But myself
 Who had the world as my confectionary ;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment,
 That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows : I, to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden.

SHAKESPEARE



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ODE ON SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

By ALEXANDER POPE.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies:
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes;
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By Music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music every bosom warms!
 So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main.
 Transported demigods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Inflamed with glory's charms:
 Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
 And half unsheathed the shining blade:
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
 "To arms, to arms, to arms!"

But when, through all the infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
 Love, strong as death, the poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts!
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans,
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortured ghosts!
 But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
 And, see! the tortured ghosts respire;
 See, shady forms advance!
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance:
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their head

"By the streams that ever flow,
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er the Elysian flowers;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of asphodel,
 Or amaranthine bowers;

By the heroes' armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades ;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove ;—
Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
O, take the husband, or return the wife ! ”

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer :
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell ;
A conquest how hard and how glorious !
Though fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet Music and Love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
Again she falls ; again she dies, she dies !
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan ;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost !
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows :

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies :
Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries :
Ah, see, he dies !
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung ;
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue ;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm :
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please :
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 The immortal powers incline their ear ;
 Borne on the swelling notes, our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;
 And angels lean from heaven to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
 To bright Cecilia greater power is given :
 His numbers raised a shade from hell,
 Hers lift the soul to heaven.

THE DYING GIRL.

By Miss JEWSBURY.

My mother! look not on me now
 With that sad earnest eye ;
 Blame me not, mother, blame not thou
 My heart's last wish—to die.
 I cannot wrestle with the strife
 I once had heart to bear ;
 And if I yield a youthful life,
 Full hath it been of care.

Nay, weep not!—on my brow is set
 The age of grief—not years ;
 Its furrows thou may'st wildly wet,
 But ne'er wash out with tears.
 And could'st thou see my weary heart,
 Too weary ev'n to sigh,
 Oh, mother, mother! thou wouldst start,
 And say, " 'T were best to die ! "

I know 'tis summer on the earth—
 I hear a pleasant tune
 Of waters in their chiming mirth—
 I feel the breath of June;
 The roses through my lattice look,
 The bee goes singing by,
 The peasant takes his harvest-hook—
 Yet, mother, let me die!

There's nothing in this time of flowers,
 That hath a voice for me—
 The whispering leaves, the sunny hours,
 The bright, the glad, the free!
 There's nothing but thy own deep love,
 And that will live on high!
 Then, mother! when my heart's above,
 Kind mother, let me die.

A SLEEPING CHAMBER.

One of the many passages of sweet poetry interspersed in BYRON'S
Don Juan.

THERE was deep silence in the chamber: dim
 And distant from each other burn'd the lights,
 And slumber hover'd o'er each lovely limb
 Of the fair occupants: if there be sprites,
 They should have walk'd there in their sprightliest trim,
 By way of change from their sepulchral sites,
 And shown themselves as ghosts of better taste
 Than haunting some old ruin or wild waste.

Many and beautiful lay those around,
 Like flowers of different hue, and clime, and root,
 In some exotic garden sometimes found,
 With cost, and care, and warmth induced to shoot.
 One with her auburn tresses lightly bound,
 And fair brows gently drooping, as the fruit
 Nods from the tree, was slumbering with soft breath,
 And lips apart, which show'd the pearls beneath.

One with her flush'd cheek laid on her white arm,
 And raven ringlets gather'd in dark crowd
 Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm ;
 And smiling through her dream, as through a cloud
 The moon breaks, half unveil'd each further charm,
 As, slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,
 Her beauties seized the unconscious hour of night
 All bashfully to struggle into light.

This is no bull, although it sounds so ; for
 'T was night, but there were lamps, as hath been said
 A third 's all pallid aspect offer'd more
 The traits of sleeping sorrow, and betray'd
 Through the heaved breast the dream of some far shor
 Belovèd and deplored ; while slowly stray'd
 (As night-dew, on a cypress glittering, tinges
 The black bough) tear-drops through her eyes' dark
 fringes.

A fourth, as marble statue-like and still,
 Lay in a breathless, hush'd, and stony sleep ;
 White, cold, and pure, as looks a frozen rill,
 Or the snow minaret on an Alpine steep,
 Or Lot's wife done in salt,—or what you will ;—
 My similes are gather'd in a heap,
 So pick and choose—perhaps you'll be content
 With a carved lady on a monument.

A LANDSCAPE.

A passage from one of the poems of S. T. COLERIDGE.

HERE will I seat myself, beside this old,
 Hollow, and weedy oak, which ivy-twine
 Clothes as with net-work : here will I couch my limb
 Close by this river, in this silent shade,
 As safe and sacred from the step of man
 As an invisible world—unheard, unseen,
 And listening only to the pebbly brook
 That murmurs with a dead, yet tinkling sound ;
 Or to the bees, that in the neighbouring trunk
 Make honey-hoards. The breeze, that visits me,
 Was never Love's accomplice, never raised

The tendril ringlets from the maiden's brow,
And the blue, delicate veins above her cheek ;
Ne'er played the wanton—never half disclosed
The maiden's snowy bosom, scattering thence
Eye-poisons for some love-distempered youth,
Who ne'er henceforth may see an aspen-grove
Shiver in sunshine, but his feeble heart
Shall flow away like a dissolving thing.

Sweet breeze! thou only, if I guess aright,
Liftest the feathers of the robin's breast,
That swells its little breast, so full of song,
Singing above me, on the mountain-ash.
And thou too, desert Stream! no pool of thine,
Though clear as lake in latest summer-eve,
Did e'er reflect the stately virgin's robe,
The face, the form divine, the downcast look
Contemplative! Behold! her open palm
Presses her cheek and brow! her elbow rests
On the bare branch of half-uprooted tree,
That leans towards its mirror! Who erewhile
Had from her countenance turn'd, or look'd by stealth
(For fear is true love's cruel nurse), he now
With steadfast gaze and unoffending eye,
Worships the watery idol, dreaming hopes
Delicious to the soul, but fleeting, vain,
E'en as that phantom-world on which he gazed,
But not unheeded gazed: for see, ah! see,
The sportive tyrant with her left hand plucks
The heads of tall flowers that behind her grow,
Lychnis, and willow-herb, and fox-glove bells:
And suddenly, as one that toys with time,
Scatters them on the pool! Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth, who scarcely darest lift up thine eyes!
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo! he stays:
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror; and behold
Each wildflower on the marge inverted there,
And *there the half-uprooted tree*—but where,

O where the virgin's snowy arm, that lean'd
 On its bare branch? He turns, and she is gone!
 Homeward she steals through many a woodland maz
 Which he shall seek in vain. Ill-fated youth!
 Go, day by day, and waste thy manly prime
 In mad Love-yearning by the vacant brook,
 Till sickly thoughts bewitch thine eyes, and thou
 Behold'st her shadow still abiding there,
 The Naiad of the Mirror!

Not to thee,
 O wild and desert Stream! belongs this tale:
 Gloomy and dark art thou—the crowded firs
 Spire from thy shores, and stretch across thy bed,
 Making thee doleful as a cavern-well:
 Save when the shy kingfishers build their nest
 On thy steep banks, no loves hast thou, wild stream!

This be my chosen haunt—emancipate
 From passion's dreams, a freeman, and alone,
 I rise and trace its devious course. O lead,
 Lead me to deeper shades and lonelier glooms.
 Lo! stealing through the canopy of firs
 How fair the sunshine spots that mossy rock,
 Isle of the river, whose disparted waves
 Dart off asunder with an angry sound,
 How soon to reunite! And see! they meet,
 Each in the other lost and found: and see
 Placeless, as spirits, one soft water-sun
 Throbbing within them, Heart at once and Eye!
 With its soft neighbourhood of filmy clouds,
 The stains and shadings of forgotten tears,
 Dimness o'erswum with lustre! Such the hour
 Of deep enjoyment, following love's brief feuds;
 And hark, the noise of a near waterfall!
 I pass forth into light—I find myself
 Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful
 Of forest-trees, the Lady of the woods),
 Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock
 That overbrows the cataract. How bursts
 The landscape on my sight! Two crescent hills
 Fold in behind each other, and so make
 A circular vale, and land-lock'd, as might seem,

With brook and bridge, and grey stone cottages,
 Half hid by rocks and fruit-trees. At my feet
 The whortle-berries are bedew'd with spray,
 Dash'd upwards by the furious waterfall.
 How solemnly the pendent ivy-mass
 Swings in its winnow: all the air is calm.
 The smoke from cottage-chimneys, tinged with light,
 Rises in columns; from this house alone,
 Close by the waterfall, the column slants,
 And feels its ceaseless breeze.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

By CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE dark, deep river in her sight,
 And a grave her thoughts within,
 She creepeth from the crowded streets,
 Loathing their human din:—
 Wearily creepeth she
 Where none, but God, can hear or see!—
 Where not a shadow meets
 Her worn eyes, but the river deep
 With dark pools in the darksome night,
 And promise false of an eternal sleep!

Who sent her there? What sent her there
 With madness in her brain?
 The love of man to hatred turn'd,
 That should have sooner slain
 By poison, cord, or knife;
 An easier way to take sad life;
 To give death, sadly earn'd
 By too fond trust, too earnest love,
 Than cruel burthenings of care
 Heap'd the wrong'd soul and bleeding heart above!

What stopp'd her on the dark pool's brink
 Where human eyes were none to see?
 What stay'd her from the plunge of dread?
 Canst thou not tell to me?
 God's tender gaze beheld—
 God's love, by human hate repell'd,

Could raise up prayers instead
 Of dark, hard thoughts; could make her know
 'T is sin from life sin-stain'd to shrink
 Ere Christ hath wash'd the red soul white as snow

SONNET TO THE AUTHOR OF FESTUS.

By JOHN LOCKE.

RAPT, while I ponder'd o'er thy witching book,
 The Past, become again impersonate,
 Forecast in vision of the future state,
 With glimpses of a lightning beauty shook
 Mine inmost soul, all fearful, yet elate—
 Unfilmed by thy genius rare to look
 On Spirits unveiled, and shining Powers of Air,
 Coming and going, as the sunbeams there.

Thus some lone watcher on Brazilian seas
 Beholds the splendid meteoric train
 Athwart the shadow of our planet sweep
 In endless sequence, flashing o'er the main
 A gorgeous dawn at midnight—nor can sleep
 Lure his tranced gaze from those bright mysteries.

THE COMET.

One of the semi-humorous, semi-serious poems of OLIVER WENDI
 HOLMES.

THE Comet! He is on his way,
 And singing as he flies;
 The whizzing planets shrink before
 The spectre of the skies.
 Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
 And satellites turn pale,
 Ten million cubic miles of head,
 Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light,
 He flashes and he flames;
 He turns not to the left nor right,
 He asks them not their names;

One spurn from his demoniac heel,—
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube
The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream—the gather'd rays
Had stew'd the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort—the soldiers all
Were arm'd with goggles green;
Pop crack'd the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine!

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back,
"The Dream of Beelzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like waterspouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I ask'd the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answer'd not—but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;

I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisp'd to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze ;

I saw huge fishes, boil'd to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine ;
And thoughts of supper cross'd my soul ;
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights ! strange sounds ! O fearful
Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare
That wreathed each wooded hill :
Stranger ! if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, O spare thine evening meal
And sweet shall be thy sleep !

TO-MORROW.

By WILLIAM KNOX.

TO-MORROW ! Mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now !
But think, in one revolving day
How earthly things may pass away !

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring
The youth to beauty's lip may cling :
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day—the blooming spouse may press
Her husband in a fond caress :
To-morrow—and the hands that press'd
May wildly strike her widow'd breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain
The milk-stream from its mother's vein ;
To-morrow like a frozen rill
That bosom current may be still.

To-day—the merry heart may feast
On herb and fruit, and bird and beast :
To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,
The hungry worms may feed on thee.

To-morrow ! Mortal, boast not thou,
Of time and tide that are not now !
But think in one revolving day,
That e'en thyself may pass away.

THOUGHTS.

The following lines, original in conception though somewhat careless in composition, are extracted from a volume lately published by a lady who withholds her name, though she need not be ashamed to append it to such a production.

THEY come when the sunlight
Is bright on the mountain ;
They come when the moonshine
Is white on the fountain ;
At morn and at even,
By minutes and hours,
But not as they once were,
Of birds and of flowers.

They come when some token
Of past days will rise,
As a link to the present,
And then they bring sighs ;
They come when some dreaming,
Through hopes and through fears,
Rushes on to the future,
And then they bring tears.

They come when the sea-mist
 O'er ocean is rife,
 And they tell of the shadow
 That hangs over life ;
 They come when the storm
 In thunder and gloom
 Spreads around, and they speak
 Of the earth and the tomb.

They come when the ripple
 Is low on the lake,
 And the plover is nestling
 By fountain or brake ;
 And the twilight looks out
 With a star on its breast,
 And they whisper, that all
 But themselves are at rest.

They come when the low breeze
 Is fanning the leaves ;
 They come when the flower-cup
 The dewdrop receives ;
 By night's noontide silence,
 By day's noontide hum,
 And at times, oh ! how deeply
 And darkly they come.

THE SONG OF NIGHT.

By Mrs. HEMANS. A very fine sonorous poem, whose march is solemn as the sentiments embodied in it.

I COME to thee, O Earth !
 With all my gifts :—for every flower sweet
 In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew
 The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies
 Far amidst folding hills or forest leaves
 But, through its veins of beauty, so receives
 A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star :
Making thy streams, that on their noonday track
Gave but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
Mirrors of Worlds afar.

I come with peace ; I shed
Sleep through the wood-walks o'er the honey-bee.
The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe, and, sealing with a breath
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things !
Who calls me silent ? I have many tones—
The dark skies thrill with low mysterious moans
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
From the deep organ of the forest shades,
Or buried streams, unheard amidst their glades,
Till the bright day is done.

But in the human breast
A thousand still small voices I awake,
Strong in their sweetness from the soul to shake
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past :
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,
From crush'd affections, which, though long o'erborne,
Make their tone heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb :
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love,
They pass—though low as murmurs of a dove
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train :
Who calls me lonely ?—Hosts around me tread,
The intensely Bright, the Beautiful, the Dread—
Phantoms of heart and brain !

Looks from departed eyes,
 These are my lightnings!—fill'd with anguish vain,
 Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,
 They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control,
 Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland song,
 I am the Avenging One!—the Arm'd, the Strong,
 The Searcher of the soul!

I, that shower dewy light
 Through slumbering leaves, bring storms!—the tempest-bri
 Of Memory, Thought, Remorse :—be holy, Earth!—
 I am the solemn Night!

THE CLOUDS.

From the United States we import a poem that would have reflected credit on any one of the famous names in Old England. The writer is called MELLER. It will bear to be read with a critical eye.

O CLOUDS! ye ancient messengers,
 Old couriers of the sky,
 Treading, as in primeval years,
 Yon still immensity!
 In march how wildly beautiful
 Along the deep ye tower,
 Begirt, as when from chaos dull
 Ye loom'd in pride and power,
 To crown creation's morning hour.

Ye perish not, ye passing clouds!
 But, with the speed of time,
 Ye flit your shadowy shapes, like shrouds,
 O'er each emerging clime;
 And thus on broad and furless wings
 Ye float in light along,
 Where every jewel'd planet sings
 Its clear eternal song,
 Over the path our friends have gone!

Against that deep and peerless blue
Ye hold your journeying—
That silent birth-place of the dew,
Where life and lustre spring.
And then, how goldenly ye shine
On your immortal way,
Sailing through realms so near divine,
Under the fount of day!
O'er ye concenter'd glories play.

Ye posters of the wakeless air!
How silently ye glide
Down the unfathom'd atmosphere,
That deep—deep, azure tide!
And thus in giant pomp ye go,
On high and reachless range,
Above earth's gladness and its woe,
Through centuries of change.
Your destiny how lone and strange.

Ye bear the bow of beauty—flung
On your triumphal path,
Splendid as first in joy it hung
O'er God's retiring wrath.
The promise and the covenant
Are written on your brow—
The mercy to the sinful sent
Is bending o'er them now.
Ye bear the memory of the vow.

Ye linger with the silver stars,
Ye pass before the sun—
Ye marshal elements to wars,
And when the roar is done,
Ye lift your volumed robes in light,
And wave them to the world,
Like victory flags o'er scatter'd fight,
Brave banners all unfurl'd—
Still there, though rent and tempest-hurl'd.

Ye bear the living thunder out,
Ye pageants of the sky!
Answering with trumpets' brattling shout
The lightning's scorching eye.

Pale faces cluster under ye,
 Beneath your withering look,
 And shaking hearts bow fearfully
 At your sublime rebuke.
 Has man his mockery forsook ?

And then, in still and summer hours,
 When men sit weary down,
 Ye come o'er heated fields and flowers,
 With shadowy pinions on—
 Ye hover where the fervent earth
 A sadden'd silence fills,
 And, mourning o'er its stricken'd mirth,
 Ye weep along the hills.
 Then how the wakening landscape thrills !

And thus ye circle countless spheres,
 Old spirits of the skies !
 The same through nature's smiles and tears
 Ye rose on paradise.
 I hear a voice from out your shrouds,
 That tells me of decay—
 For though ye stay not, hurtling clouds !
 Till the last gathering day,
 Ye pass like life's dim dreams away.

DISENCHANTMENT.

By the ill-fated L. E. L. (Miss LONDON.) It expresses a
 feelings, and hence its eloquent earnestness.

Do not ask me why I loved him—
 Love's cause is to love unknown :
 Faithless as the past has proved him,
 Once his heart appear'd mine own.
 Do not say he did not merit
 All my fondness, all my truth ;
 Those in whom love dwells inherit
 Every dream that haunted youth.

He might not be all I dream'd him—
Noble, generous, gifted, true :
Not the less I fondly deem'd him
All those flattering visions drew.
All the hues of old romances
By his actual self grew dim ;
Bitterly I mock the fancies
That once found their life in him.

From the hour by him enchanted,
From the moment when we met,
Henceforth with one image haunted,
Life may never more forget.
All my nature changed—his being
Seem'd the only source of mine ;
Fond heart, hadst thou no foreseeing,
Thy sad future to divine ?

Once, upon myself relying,
All I ask'd were words and thought ;
Many hearts, to mine replying,
Own'd the music that I brought.
Eager, spiritual, and lonely,
Visions fill'd the fairy hour,
Deep with love—though love was only
Not a presence, but a power.

But, from that first hour I met thee,
All caught actual life from you ;
Alas ! how can I forget thee,
Thou who madest the fancied true ?
Once my wide world was ideal,
Fair it was—ah ! very fair ;
Wherefore hast thou made it real ?
Wherefore is thy image there ?

Ah ! no more to me is given
Fancy's far and fairy birth ;
Chords upon my lute are riven,
Never more to sound on earth.
Once sweet music could it borrow
From a look, a word, a tone ;
I could paint another's sorrow—
Now I think but of mine own.

Life's dark waves have lost the glitter
 Which at morning-tide they wore;
 And the well within is bitter—
 Nought its sweetness may restore:
 For I know how vainly given
 Life's most precious thing may be—
 Love, that might have look'd on heaven,
 Even as it look'd on thee.

Ah! farewell!—with that word dying,
 Hope and love must perish too;
 For thy sake themselves denying.
 What is truth with thee untrue?
 Farewell! 'tis a dreary sentence,
 Like the death-doom of the grave;
 May it wake in thee repentance,
 Stinging when too late to save!

TO THE MOON.

This sonnet, by Sir PHILIP SYDNEY, "the most popular gen' that ever lived in England," as the old biographer calls him, is for grace of fancy and tenderness of feeling with anything language.

With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the sk
 How silently, and with how wan a face!
 What, may it be that, even in heavenly place,
 The busy archer his sharp arrow tries?
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case—
 I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.

Then, even of fellowship, O Moon! tell me
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
 Do those above love to be loved, and yet
 True lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess?
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

LINES WRITTEN AT AN UNKNOWN GRAVE.

By WILLIS G. CLARK, an American poet.

A MOURNFUL tone the night-air brings, about this lonely
tomb,
Like thoughts of fair and faded things amid life's change-
ful gloom ;
Deep shadows of the past are here !—and fancy wanders
back,
When joy woke in this mouldering breast, now pass'd from
life's worn track :
When hope made glad his spirit here, as the pure summer-
rain
Pours its sweet influence on the earth, with all her flowery
train ;
While buds were tossing in the breeze beneath a deep blue
sky—
And pleasure's chant was in his ear, ere he had gone to die !

Youth, too, was his—its morning hour—its sunlight for his
brow—
Its phantoms shone, for him to chase, in giddy round, but
now ;
Perchance the glee of his young heart—the glancing of his
eye
Hath been upon another shore, beneath a brighter sky :
The night-tones have no tales to tell—no history to unfold ;
The tall, sere grass, that waves alone, in sadness o'er his
mould—
These speak not ; deep in dreamless rest, the peaceful sleeper
lies ;
There is no pang to rend his heart, no grief to dim his
eyes !

Perchance, in halcyon hours of Youth, a transient dream of
love
Came to his brain while earth was joy, and heaven was light
above ;—
When his soul was fill'd with gladsome thoughts—and in
idolatry
He bow'd him to that holy shrine, which in our youth we
see ;

A star above life's troubled scene—a gleam upon its wave—
A ray, whose light is soon eclipsed in the darkness of the
grave;
A song which, like the mirthful tone of wild birds on the
wing,
Dies when the dewy eventide enshrouds a sky of spring!

I know but this—*Death's* shadows dwell upon his deep-seal'd
eye;
Vainly earth laughs in joy for him, or the blue summer-
sky:
The gales may tell where flowers repose, or where the young
buds swell;
Their soft chant may not enter here, within this voiceless
cell.
Flowers, dreams, and grief, alike are past—and why should
man reply,
When life is but a wilderness whose promise soon may die?
'Tis but a home, where all must sleep—change, which to all
must come—
A curtain, which o'er all must spread its deep, o'ershadowing
gloom!

The wail of the expiring year is in the deep brown woods—
The leaf is borne upon the stream, in its dark solitudes:—
The clouds are on the chasten'd hills—the floods are wild
and high—
The mournful pall is lingering, where faded blossoms lie:
Then here should monitory thoughts be treasured in the
breast
That Life is but a changeful hour—and Death a holy rest,
Where grief's loud wail or bursting tears ne'er to its stillness
come;
But silence reigns within its hall, wrapt in its shrouded
home!

ODE ON MELANCHOLY.

By KEATS.

No, no! go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous
tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

THE KISS.

By S. T. COLERIDGE.

ONE kiss, dear Maid ! I said and sighed—
Your scorn the little boon denied.
Ah why refuse the blameless bliss ?
Can danger lurk within a kiss ?

Yon viewless Wanderer of the vale,
The Spirit of the western gale,
At morning's break, at evening's close
Inhales the sweetness of the rose,
And hovers o'er the uninjured bloom
Sighing back the soft perfume.
Vigour to the zephyr's wing
Her nectar-breathing kisses fling ;
And he the glitter of the dew
Scatters on the rose's hue.
Bashful lo ! she bends her head,
And darts a blush of deeper red !

Too well those lovely lips disclose
The triumphs of the opening rose ;
O fair ! O graceful ! bid them prove
As passive to the breath of love.
In tender accents, faint and low,
Well-pleased I hear the whispered " No !"
The whispered " No "—how little meant !
Sweet falsehood that endears consent !
For on those lovely lips the while
Dawns the soft relenting smile,
And tempts with feigned dissuasion coy
The gentle violence of joy.

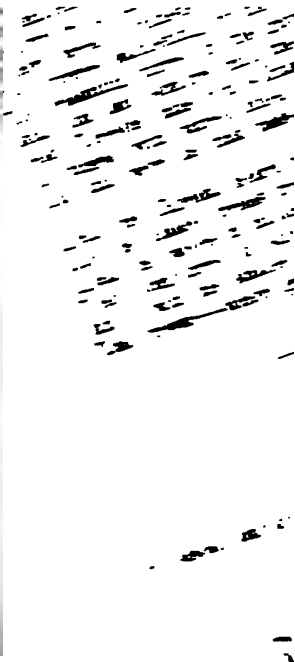
EVENING IN GREECE.

A Passage in BYRON'S *Corsair*.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun ;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light !
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The God of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis !
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven ;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When—Athens ! here thy Wisest looked his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's latest day !
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
The precious hour of parting lingers still ;
But sad his light to agonising eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes :
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frown'd before ;
But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled ;
The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—
Who lived and died, as none can live or die !

But lo ! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign.
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form ;
With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,



CONSOLATION.

My friend! enough to sorrow you have given,
 The purposes of wisdom ask no more :
 Be wise and cheerful ; and no longer read
 The form of things with an unworthy eye.
 She sleeps in the calm grave, and peace is here.
 I well remember that those very plumes,
 Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
 By mist and silver rain-drops silver'd o'er,
 As once I pass'd, did to my heart convey
 So still an image of tranquillity,
 So calm and still, and look'd so beautiful,
 Amid the uneasy thoughts that fill'd my mind,
 That what we feel of sorrow and despair
 From ruin and from change, and all the grief
 The passing shows of Being leave behind,
 Appear'd an idle dream, that would not live
 Where meditation was. I turn'd away,
 And walk'd along my road in happiness !

WORDSWORTH.

INDEPENDENCE.

Richer than doing nothing for a bauble ;
 Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.

SHAKSPEER.

ON KIRKE WHITE.

Unhappy White ! while life was in its spring,
 And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
 The spoiler came, and all the promise fair
 Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
 Oh ! what a noble heart was there undone,
 When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son !
 Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
 She sow'd the seeds, but death hath reap'd the fruit.
 'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
 And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
 So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
 He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel ;
 While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

BYRON.

MARRIAGE VOWS.

The ring is on ;
 The " wilt thou " answer'd, and again
 The " wilt thou " ask'd, till out of twain
 The sweet " I will " has made ye one.

TENNYSON

NATURE'S HARMONY OF COLOURING.

Art thou a colourist ? Mark how yon red
 Poppy, and that bright patch of yellow bloom,
 Cliff-borne above green depths and purple gloom,
 Like spark and blaze on smiling darkness shed,
 Give and take beauty ! Mark, too, over head,
 How the rich verdure of this ancient tree,
 And the deep purple of the bank, agree,
 To thrive in partnership ! And while the bed
 Of the clear stream, through tints of every hue,
 Lifts its bathed pebbles, lo ! to brighten all,
 The little harebell brings its bit of blue,
 And is a gainer ; happy to behold
 Red blessing green, and purple gilding gold,—
 Of light and shade a marriage festival !

E. ELLIOTT

MOONLIGHT.

The rising moon has hid the stars ;
 The level rays like golden bars
 Lie on the landscape green,
 With shadows green between.

ANONYMOUS

ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY.

The little hedgerow birds,
 That peck along the road, regard him not.
 He travels on, and in his face, his step,
 His gait, is one expression : every limb,
 His look and bending figure, all bespeak
 A man who does not move with pain, but moves
 With thought.—He is insensibly subdued
 To settled quiet ; he is one by whom
 All effort seems forgotten—one to whom
 Long patience hath such mild composure given,
 That patience now doth seem a thing of which
 He hath no need. He is by nature led
 To peace so perfect that the young behold
 With envy, what the Old Man hardly feels.

WORDSWORTH

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Poetical Intelligence.

It is said that the Poet Laureat is preparing a poem on the events of the war.

A new and cheaper edition is about to be issued of the poetical works of James Montgomery.

A volume of poems lately published by Mr. MEREDITH has been very favourably spoken of by the reviewers. Some extracts appear in the following pages.

Both Mr. and Mrs. BROWNING are about to publish a new volume of poems.

We cannot undertake to review new publications in the Journal of Poetry; but we select from them such passages as may appear to us to be *beautiful*, and that is better than a review.

To Correspondents.

Several volumes of poetry have been received. If no extracts are made from them it is because we cannot find any fitted for our purpose.

R. G., Clara, Juvenis, M. D., Rev. E. C., An Admirer. The contributions sent by these correspondents will appear as space may permit.

Rover, James Hill, K. R., Caroline, A Lover of Poetry. None of these are adapted for our pages.

We must repeat that we do not give place to original poetry.

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

By HORACE SMITH.

AND thou hast walk'd about—how strange a story!—

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago!

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And Time had not begun to overthrow

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,

Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak, for thou long enough hast acted Dummy!

Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune!

Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon;

Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,

But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect

Of either Pyramid that bears his name?

Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?

Had Thebes a hundred gates as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden

By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade—

Then say, what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?

Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles

Are vain—for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,

Hath hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass,

Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat;

Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass:

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,

A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,

Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled?

For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,

Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:—

Antiquity appears to have begun

Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develope, if that wither'd tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green!—
Or was it then so old that History's pages
Contain'd no record of its early ages?

Still silent! Incommunicative elf!

Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But, prithee, tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures number

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutation
The Roman Empire has begun and ended;
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold :—
A heart hath throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll'd.
Have children climbed those knees, and kiss'd that face
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh!—Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecay'd within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warnin;

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
O let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may the frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

THE ARTIST.

A volume entitled *Clytemnestra, and other Poems*, by OWEN MEREDITH, has just appeared. It contains evidences of great capacity, and is full of promise. The following, with slight abbreviations, is taken from it:—

O ARTIST, range not over-wide :
Lest what thou seek be haply hid
In bramble-blossoms at thy side,
Or shut within the daisy-lid.

God's glory lies not out of reach.
The moss we crush beneath our feet,
The pebbles on the wet sea-beach,
Have solemn meanings strange and sweet.

The peasant at his cottage door
May teach thee more than Plato knew :
See that thou scorn him not : adore
God in him, and thy nature too.

Know well thy friends. The woodbine's breath,
The woolly tendril on the vine,
Are more to thee than Cato's death,
Or Cicero's words to Catiline.

The wild rose is thy next in blood :
Share Nature with her, and thy heart.
The kingcups are thy sisterhood :
Consult them duly on thine art.

Nor cross the sea for gems. Nor seek :
Be sought. Fear not to dwell alone.
Possess thyself. Be proudly-meek.
See thou be worthy to be known.

Thee Genius on thy daily ways
 Shall meet, and take thee by the hand :
 But serve him not as who obeys :
 He is thy slave if thou command :

And blossoms on the blackberry stalks
 He shall enchant as thou dost pass,
 Till they drop gold upon thy walks,
 And diamonds in the dewy grass.

Such largess of the liberal bowers
 From left to right is grandly flung,
 What time their subject blooms and flowers
 King-Poets walk in state among.

Be quiet. Take things as they come :
 Each hour will draw out some surprise.
 With blessing let the days go home :
 Thou shalt have thanks from evening skies.

• • • • •
 Not all the wisdom of the schools
 Is wise for thee. Hast thou to speak ?
 No man hath spoken for thee. Rules
 Are well : but never fear to break

The scaffolding of other souls :
 It was not meant for thee to mount ;
 Though it may serve thee. Separate wholes
 Make up the sum of God's account.

• • • • •
 This wild white rose-bud in my hand
 Hath meanings meant for me alone,
 Which no one else can understand :
 To you it breathes with alter'd tone :

How shall I class its properties
 For you ? or its wise whisperings
 Interpret ? Other ears and eyes
 It teaches many other things.

We number daisies, fringe and star :
We count the cinquoils and the poppies :
We know not what they mean. We are
Degenerate copyists of copies.

We go to Nature, not as lords,
But servants : and she treats us thus :
Speaks to us with indifferent words,
And from a distance looks at us.

Let us go boldly, as we ought,
And say to her, " We are a part
Of that supreme original Thought
Which did conceive thee what thou art :

" We will not have this lofty look :
Thou shalt fall down and recognise
Thy kings ; we will write in thy book,
Command thee with our eyes."

• • • •

We ransack History's tatter'd page :
We prate of epoch and costume :
Call this, and that, the Classic Age :
Choose tunic now, now helm and plume :

But while we halt in weak debate
Twixt that and this appropriate theme,
The offended wild flowers stare and wait,
The bird hoots at us from the stream.

Next, as to laws. What's beautiful
We recognise in form and face :
And judge it thus, and thus, by rule,
As perfect law brings perfect grace :

If through the effect we drag the cause,
Dissect, divide, anatomise,
Results are lost in loathsome laws,
And all the ancient beauty dies :

Till we, instead of bloom and light,
 See only sinews, nerves, and veins :
 Nor will the effect and cause unite,
 For one is lost if one remains :

But from some higher point behold
 This dense, perplexing complication ;
 And laws involved in laws unfold,
 And orb into thy contemplation.

God, when he made the seed, conceived
 The flower ; and all the work of sun
 And rain, before the stem was leaved,
 In that prenatal thought was done :

The girl who twines in her soft hair
 The orange-flower, with love's devotion,
 By the mere act of being fair
 Sets countless laws of life in motion.



WHEN FRIENDS LOOK DARK AND COLD.

One of BARRY CORNWALL'S delightful lyrics.

WHEN friends look dark and cold,
 And maids neither laugh nor sigh,
 And your enemy proffers his gold,
 Be sure there is danger nigh.
 O, then 'tis time to look forward,
 And back, like the hunted hare ;
 And to watch, as the little bird w
 When the falcon is in the air.

When the trader is scant of words,
 And your neighbour is rough or shy,
 And your banker recalls his hoards,
 Be sure there is danger nigh.
 O, then 'tis time to look forward,

Whenever a change is wrought,
And you know not the reason why,
In your own or an old friend's thought,
Be sure there is evil nigh.
O, then 'tis time to look forward, &c.

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !
Thou hast made thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain-sod.
Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod.
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die ;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky :
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod.
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God !

For the dark resounding caverns,
Where thy still small voice is heard ;
For the strong pines of the forest,
That by thy breath are stirr'd ;
For the storms, on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad ;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master
Seeks there his wild delights ;

But we for thy communion
 Have sought the mountain-sod.
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God!

THE BIRCH TREE.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, an American poet. It expresses admirably the sentiment inspired by that most graceful of trees.

RIPPLING through thy branches goes the sunshine,
 Among thy leaves that palpitate for ever;
 Ovid in thee a pining Nymph had prison'd,
 The soul once of some tremulous inland river,
 Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah! dumb, dumb for ever.

While all the forest, witch'd with slumberous moonshine
 Holds up its leaves in happy, happy silence,
 Waiting the dew, with breath and pulse suspended,—
 I hear afar thy whispering, gleamy islands,
 And track thee wakeful still amid the wide-hung silence.

Upon the brink of some wood-nestled lakelet—
 Thy foliage, like the tresses of a Dryad,
 Dripping about thy slim white stem, whose shadow
 Slopes quivering down the water's dusky quiet—
 Thou shrink'st, as on her bath's edge would some statue
 Dryad.

Thou art the go-between of rustic lovers;
 Thy white bark has their secrets in its keeping;
 Reuben writes here the happy name of Patience,
 And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring and weeping
 Above her, as she steals the mystery from thy keeping.

Thou art to me like my beloved maiden,
 So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences;
 Thy shadow scarce seems shade, thy pattering leaflets
 Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er my senses,
 And nature gives me all her summer confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or sorrow tremble,
 Thou sympathisest still ; wild and unquiet,
 Fling me down ; thy ripple, like a river,
 Flows valleyward, where calmness is, and by it
 My heart is floated down into the land of quiet.

A FOREST SCENE.

This passage, in imitation of the old poets, was introduced by CHARLES LAMB, in his *John Woodvil*. Godwin was so delighted with that he devoted many hours to a hunt among the old poets to find its author, and was with difficulty convinced that it was *only* an imitation.

To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
 Like some hot amorist with glowing eyes,
 Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him,
 With all his fires and travelling glories round him.

* * * *

Sometimes out-stretch'd, in very idleness,
 Naught doing, saying little, thinking less,
 To view the leaves, their dances upon air,
 Go eddying round ; and small birds how they fare
 When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
 Filch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn ;
 And how the wood-berries and worms provide
 Without their pains, when Earth hath naught beside
 To answer their small wants.
 To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
 Then stop and gaze, then turn they know not why,
 Like bashful youngers in society.
 To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
 And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

THE PASSAGE.

We have lost the name of the author of this poem.

MANY a year is in its grave
Since I cross'd this restless wave,
And the evening fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river ;
Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried,
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought,
But the younger brighter form
Pass'd in battle and the storm.
So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er ;
Friends that closed their course before me

But what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend ?
Soul-like were those hours of yore,
Let us walk in soul once more.
Take, O boatman, take thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly ;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me.

DARLING NELL.

One of the sweet simple songs of THOMAS DAVIS, a young Ireland, whose premature death deprived the world of a spirit promise.

Why should not I take her unto my heart ?
She has not a morsel of guile or art ;
Why should not I make her my happy wife,
And love her and cherish her all my life ?

I've met with a few of as shining eyes,
I've met with a hundred of wilder sighs,
I think I met some whom I loved as well—
But none who loved me like my Darling Nell.

She's ready to cry when I seem unkind,
But she smothers her grief within her mind;
And when my spirit is soft and fond,
She sparkles the brightest of stars beyond.
Oh! 't would teach the thrushes to hear her sing,
And her sorrow the heart of a rock would wring;
There never was saint but would leave his cell,
If he thought he could marry my Darling Nell!

LADY BARBARA.

By ALEXANDER SMITH.

EARL GAWAIN woo'd the Lady Barbara—
High-thoughted Barbara, so white and cold!
'Mong broad-branched beeches in the summer shaw,
In soft green light his passion he has told.
When rain-beat winds did shriek across the wold,
The Earl to take her fair reluctant ear
Framed passion-trembled ditties manifold;
Silent she sat his am'rous breath to hear,
With calm and steady eyes, her heart was elsewhere.

He sigh'd for her through all the summer weeks;
Sitting beneath a tree whose fruitful boughs
Bore glorious apples with smooth-shining cheeks,
Earl Gawain came and whisper'd, "Lady, rouse!
Thou art no vestal held in holy vows,
Out with our falcons to the pleasant heath."
Her father's blood leapt up unto her brows—
He who exulting on the trumpet's breath,
Came charging like a star across the lists of death,

Trembled, and pass'd before her high rebuke:
And then she sat, her hands clasp'd round her knee:
Like one far-thoughted was the lady's look,
For in a morning cold as misery
She saw a lone ship sailing on the sea;

Before the north 't was driven like a cloud,
High on the poop a man sat mournfully :
The wind was whistling through mast and shroud,
And to the whistling wind thus did he sing aloud :—

“ Didst look last night upon my native vales,
Thou Sun ! that from the drenching sea hast clomb ?
Ye demon winds ! that glut my gaping sails,
Upon the salt sea must I ever roam,
Wander for ever on the barren foam ?
O happy are ye, resting mariners,
O Death, that thou wouldst come and take me home !
A hand unseen this vessel onward steers,
And onward I must float through slow moon-measured years.

“ Ye winds ! when like a curse ye drove us on,
Frothing the waters, and along our way,
Nor cape, nor headland, through red mornings shone,
One wept aloud, one shudder'd down to pray,
One howl'd, ‘ Upon the deep we are astray.’
On our wild hearts his words fell like a blight :
In one short hour my hair was stricken grey,
For all the crew sank ghastly in my sight
As we went driving on through the cold starry night.

“ Madness fell on me in my loneliness,
The sea foam'd curses, and the reeling sky
Became a dreadful face which did oppress
Me with the weight of its unwinking eye.
It fled, when I burst forth into a cry—
A shoal of fiends came on me from the deep,
I hid, but in all corners they did pry,
And dragg'd me forth, and round did dance and leap ;
They mouth'd on me in dream, and tore me from sweet sleep.

“ Strange constellations burn'd above my head,
Strange birds around the vessel shriek'd and flew,
Strange shapes, like shadows, through the clear sea fled,
As our lone ship, wide-wing'd, came rippling through,
Angering to foam the smooth and sleeping blue.”
The lady sigh'd, “ Far, far upon the sea,
My own Sir Arthur, could I die with you !
The wind blows shrill between my love and me.”
Fond heart ! the space between was but the apple-tree.

ere was a cry of joy; with seeking hands
e fled to him, like worn bird to her nest;
ke washing water on the figured sands,
is being came and went in sweet unrest,
s from the mighty shelter of his breast
e Lady Barbara her head uprears
ith a wan smile, "Methinks I'm but half blest,
ow when I've found thee, after weary years,
cannot see thee, love! so blind I am with tears."

THE STARS.

What a delicious poem is this! By BARRY CORNWALL.

THEY glide upon their endless way,
For ever calm, for ever bright;
No blind hurry, no delay,
Mark the Daughters of the Night:
They follow in the track of Day,
In divine delight.

And, oh! how still beneath the stars
The once wild noisy Earth doth lie;
As though she now forsook her jars,
And caught the quiet of the sky.
Pride sleeps; and Love (with all his scars)
In smiling dreams doth lie.

Shine on, sweet orb'd Souls, for aye,
For ever calm, for ever bright:
We ask not whither lies your way,
Nor whence ye came, nor what your light.
Be, still—a dream throughout the day,
A blessing through the night!

THE RING.

A translation from the German, by an anonymous pen, of a fanciful poem, by A. GRUN.

I SAT upon a mountain's brow,
Far from my native shore ;
With hills and valleys spread below,
And fields of golden store.

Half dreaming, from my finger
A ring I gently drew ;
Which, Pledge of Love ! was given,
With her softly-breathed adieu.

As if it were a spy-glass,
I raised it to my eye,
And through the golden hoop I saw
The world beneath me lie.

The yellow waving corn-fields,
The hills so brightly green,
Became a pretty picture
Through that pretty frame when seen.

Gay cottages here peeping
From every hillock side ;
There scythe and sickle glancing
Through meadows spreading wide.

Beyond them lay a distant plain,
With bright stream gliding through ;
And farther still the granite heads
Of the guardian mountains blue.

And village spires were rising,
And woodsides fresh and green,
And cloudlets, distant cloudlets !
Like half-form'd wishes seen.

The rich earth and the heavens,
The labourers and their land,
These all within the tiny frame
Of my golden ring were spann'd.

Oh! sweet it was to see them,
By Love's dear circlet spann'd—
The rich earth and the heavens,
The labourers and their land!

A DREAM OF BEAUTY.

A luxuriant passage in a poem by SHELLEY, entitled *Epipsychidion*.

THERE was a being whom my spirit oft
Met on its vision'd wanderings, far aloft,
In the clear golden prime of my youth's dawn,
Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,
Amid the enchanted mountains, and the caves
Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves
Of wonder-level dream, whose tremulous floor
Paved her light steps;—on an imagined shore,
Under the grey beak of some promontory
She met me, robed in such exceeding glory,
That I beheld her not. In solitudes
Her voice came to me through the whispering woods,
And from the fountains, and the odours deep
Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in their sleep
Of the sweet kisses which had lull'd them there,
Breathed but of her to the enamour'd air;
And from the breezes whether low or loud,
And from the rain of every passing cloud,
And from the singing of the summer-birds,
And from all sounds, all silence. In the words
Of antique verse and high romance—in form,
Sound, colour—in whatever checks that storm
Which with the shatter'd present chokes the past;
And in that best philosophy, whose taste
Makes this cold common hell, our life, a doom
As glorious as a fiery martyrdom;
Her spirit was the harmony of truth.

A CHARADE.

Most of our readers are acquainted with the clever charade of letter H, attributed to Lord Byron. The following, by Mr. GLASS, is an excellent specimen of the same kind of composition. There be little difficulty in discovering the thing signified, so we leave the ingenuity of the reader.

PRONOUNCED as one letter and written with three,
Two letters there are, and two only in me,
I am double, I'm single, I'm black, blue, and grey,
I read from both ends, and the same either way.
I am restless and wandering, am steady and fix'd,
And you know not one hour what I may be the ne
I melt and I kindle, beseech and defy,
I am watery and moist, I am fiery and dry.
I am scornful, and scowling, compassionate, meek,
I am light, I am dark, I am strong, I am weak,
I am sluggish and dead, I am lively and bright,
I am sharp, I am flat, I am left, I am right,
I am piercing and clear, I am heavy and dull,
Expressive and languid, contracted and full;
I am careless and vacant, I search and I pry,
And judge, and decide, and examine, and try,
I'm a globe, and a mirror, a window, a door,
An index, an organ, and fifty things more.
I belong to all animals under the sun,
And to those which were long understood to have n
By some I am said to exist in the mind,
And am found in potatoes, and needles, and wind.
Three jackets I own, of glass, water, and horn,
I wore them all three on the day I was born.
I am covered quite snug, have a lid and a fringe,
Yet I move every way on invisible hinge.
A pupil I have, a most whimsical wight,
Who is little by day, and grows bigger by night,
Whom I cherish with care as a part of myself,
For, in truth, I depend on this delicate elf
Who collects all my food, and with wonderful knac
Throws it into a net which I keep at my back;
And though head over heels it arrives in a trice,
It is sent up to table all proper and nice;
I'm spoken of sometimes as if I were glass,
But then it is false, and the trick will not pass.

A blow makes me run, though I have not a limb;
 Though I neither have fins nor a bladder, I swim.
 Like many more couples, my partner and I
 At times will look cross at each other or shy:
 Yet still, though we differ in what we're about,
 One will do all the work while the other is out.
 I am least apt to cry, as they always remark,
 When trimm'd with good lustres, or kept in the dark.
 Should I fret and be heated, they put me to bed;
 And leave me to cool upon water and bread,
 But if harden'd I grow, they make use of the knife,
 Lest an obstinate humour endanger my life.
 Or you may, though the treatment appears to be rough,
 Run a spit through my side, and with safety enough.
 Like boys who are fond of their fruit and their play,
 I am seen with my ball and my apple all day.
 My belt is a rainbow, I reel, and I dance,
 I am said to retire, but I never advance.
 I am read by physicians as one of their books,
 And am used by the ladies to fasten their hooks
 My language is plain, though it cannot be heard,
 And I speak without ever pronouncing a word.
 Some call me a diamond, some say I'm a jet,
 Others talk of my water, or how I am set.
 I'm a borough in England, in Scotland a stream,
 And an isle of his sea in the Irishman's dream.
 The earth without me would no loveliness wear,
 And sun, moon, and stars at my wink disappear.
 Yet so frail is my tenure, so brittle my joy,
 That a speck gives me pain, and a drop can destroy.

 LIBERTY.

A poem by COLERIDGE, breathing the very spirit of freedom, will
 ake the heart of the dullest reader bound within him. What poetry
 there in this!

YE clouds! that far above me float and pause,
 Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
 Yé ocean waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
 Yield homage *only to eternal laws!*

Ye woods! that listen to the night-birds' singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering-weed I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquering sound!
O ye loud waves! and O ye forests high!
And O ye clouds that far above me soar'd!
Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, every thing that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest liberty!

THE SYLVAN BROOK.

By Miss JEWSBURY.

WHENCE comest thou, O Sylvan Brook,
And whither flows thy lispings wave,
From yonder mountain's heathery nook
And many a mossy bank to lave,
Small, yet embracing smaller rills,
The dancing daughter of the hills?

Nameless to me, yet not unnamed
By others, as thou leap'st along;
But sweeter far the accents framed
By thine own wild and murmuring tongue;
For fancy on thy pebbled beach
Hears lovely legends in that speech.

Young look'st thou, as if born to day,
Yet tell'st thou immemorial tales
Of deeds and manners pass'd away
From these dark hills and gloomy vales;
Yon church and yew, that old appear,
Have risen both since thou wert here.

Old peasants pass thee with a staff,
 Old peasants with long silver hair ;
 Long since thy waters heard their laugh,
 And knew their feet, as children fair ;
 Yet there hath age but seeming sway,
 'Tis thou art old, bright thing, not they.

The shadowing oak, whose turf-clad root
 Hath been so long the angler's haunt,
 And village minstrel with his flute
 Preparing for the Sabbath chaunt ;
 That aged oak, that Patriarch tree,
 Is but a child in years to thee.

The fields and banks that bound thy path,
 They of the ancient earth, have changed ;
 The landmark and the harvest hath,
 The lord and serf, been oft estranged ;
 The memory of most is gone,
 Thou, as of old, art smiling on.

Yet be it so, dear Sylvan Brook,
 And flow along as heretofore,
 And let each heart, as in a book,
 Read in thy bosom tales of yore,
 And sing thou on, till sun and moon
 Fall from thy heavens, thine own sweet tune !

CRANMER'S PROPHECY.

From SHAKSPERE'S *King Henry the Eighth*.

LET me speak, sir,
 For Heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
 Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
 This royal infant (Heaven still move about her !)
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall be
 (But few now living can behold that goodness)
 A pattern to all princes living with her,

And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never
 More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
 Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
 She shall be loved and fear'd : her own shall bless her
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows with
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
 God shall be truly known ; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself ;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one
 (When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations : He shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him :—Our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

CHANGES.

A poem from the recently published volume of Mr. MEREDITH

WHOM first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
 Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
 The thing we plann'd it out ere hope was dead.
 And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear :
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all ! who need, indeed, His care.
And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
He has his father's eager eyes, I know,
And, they say too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one (Heaven help and pity me !)
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been . . ah, what I dare not think !
We are all changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times ; and some too gay and light.
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past ? and who can judge us right ?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are, too apt to fall !
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all.

THE POOR MAN'S RICHES.

By CHARLES MACKAY.

POOR ! did you call me ?
My wants are but few,
And generous Nature
Gives more than my due ;
The air and the sunshine,
Fresh water and health,
And heart to enjoy them—
All these are my wealth.

No close-handed miser,
That e'er had a hoard,
Could reckon such treasure
As I can afford :
The wood in its verdure,
The stream in its flow,
Are mine in their beauty
Wherever I go.

My wealth is substantial,
Although in the mart
I cannot convey it,
In whole or in part ;
Yet, if I enjoy it,
What signifies more ?
I'm lord of the ocean ;
I'm king of the shore.

Wealth could procure me
But pleasure and ease :
I've both in my garden .
Beneath the green trees ;
I've both in my cottage,
My fancies to feed ;
I've both in my conscience—
What more do I need ?

The joys that delight me
Are free as my thought ;
They're common as sunshine—
They cannot be bought.
I've servants and minstrels,
And boundless domains ;
I've rivers and mountains,
And forests and plains.

The robin's my minstrel,
My friend, and my ward ;
The lark is my poet,
The thrush is my bard.
No great prima donna,
The pride of her hour,
Can yield me more music
Than birds in the bower.

The rich and the mighty
Have chaplains in pay;
And I, too, have chaplains
As pious as they—
Who preach to my spirit
As with them I bend
To God the Creator,
My Father and Friend.

In whispering foliage
They soothe and persuade;
They sing in the sunlight,
They talk in the shade;
I hear them in tempests,
I see them in cloud—
In the voice of the thunder
They reason aloud.

Though gold has its friendships
That cling to it well,
Acquaintance and lovers
Too many to tell;
Yet I, too, by myriads,
Have friends of my own,
Who pay me sweet visits
When I am alone.

All saints and apostles,
All prophets divine,
All sages and poets,
Are teachers of mine—
My friends and my teachers
Wherever I roam,
The guides of my spirit,
The lights of my home.

And, crown of all riches,
Far better than pelf,
I've a true heart who loves me
For sake of myself.
With these and my patience,
And strength to endure,
My health, and my honour,
How can I be poor?

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

There is a fullness of inspiration about the old poets for which we look in vain among the moderns. They were prodigal of fancy; their chiefest difficulty seemed to have been to find a place for their thick-coming thoughts. But our modern writers, when they find a new or brilliant idea, cherish and fondle it as if they could never make the most of it. What can be more pregnant of fancy than the following, by BEAUMONT?—

HENCE all you vain delights ;
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly :
 There's nought in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see 't,
 But only melancholy.
 Oh, sweetest melancholy !
 Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
 A sight that piercing mortifies :
 A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
 A tongue chain'd up without a sound :
 Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves :
 Moonlight-walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls ;
 A midnight bell, a passing groan,
 These are the sounds we feed upon :
 Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley ;
 Nothing so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

A CONTRAST.

We have rarely read anything more simple and touching than the following contrasted poems. We cannot ascertain the name of the writer. They were cut from an old newspaper in which they were published anonymously. They will please every reader, even those who can see no beauty in really fine poetry. And we are free to confess, however humbling to our sex, that the pictures are true.

MAN'S LOVE.

WHEN woman's eye grows dull,
 And her cheek paleth,
 When fades the beautiful,
 Then man's love faileth ;

He sits not beside her chair,
Clasps not her fingers,
Twines not the damp hair,
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,
Though her eye lightens,
Though her cheek, pale and thin,
Feverishly brightens ;
He stays but a moment near,
When that flush fadeth,
Though true affection's tear
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight
Into life's jostle,
He meets at the very gate
Business and bustle ;
He thinks not of her within,
Silently sighing,
He forgets in that noisy din
That she is dying !

And when her heart is still,
What though he mourneth,
Soon from his sorrow chill
Wearied he turneth.
Soon o'er her buried head
Memory's light setteth,
And the true-hearted dead
Thus man forgetteth !

WOMAN'S LOVE.

When man is waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parch'd and pale,
And wan and white his cheek ;
Oh, then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love !

She sitteth by his chair,
And holds his feeble hand ;
She watcheth ever there,
His wants to understand ;
His yet unspoken will
She hasteneth to fulfil.

She leads him, when the moon
Is bright o'er dale and hill,
And all things, save the tune
Of the honey bees, are still,
Into the garden's bowers,
To sit 'midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there,
To feed on breath and bloom,
She brings the posy rare
Into his darken'd room :
And 'neath his weary head
The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour when death
His lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieeth,
She never leaveth him ;
Still near him night and day,
She meets his eye alway.

And when his trial's o'er,
And the turf is on his breast,
Deep in her bosom's core
Lie sorrows unexpressed ;
Her tears, her sighs, are weak,
Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise
Balm for her spirit's pain ;
And though her quiet eyes
May sometimes smile again ;
Still, still, she must regret ;
She never can forget !



Brilliant.

THE MOON.

Far to the west the pallid moon is lying,
Her beauty faded, and her brightness gone ;
And like a worn-out wasted queen she's dying,
While the pale stars have left her all alone.

ANONYMOUS.

PARADISE.

Talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bower : it was a place
Chosen by the Sovran Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful use ; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf, on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenced up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic : under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem : other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower,
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted.

MILTON.

CHANGES.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring ;
Not endless night, not yet eternal day ;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay ;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

SOUTHWELL.

SWEET AND SOUR.

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere ;
 Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough ;
 Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near ;
 Sweet is the fribloom, but his branches rough ;
 Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough ;
 Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill ;
 Sweet is the broomflower, but yet sour enough ;
 And sweet is moly, but his root is ill :
 So every sweet with sour is temper'd still,
 That maketh it be coveted the more ;
 For easy things, that may be got at will,
 Most sorts of men do set but little store.

SPENS

THE GRAVE.

What is the grave ?
 'T is a cool shady arbour where the Christian,
 Way-worn and weary with life's rugged road,
 Forgetting all earth's sorrows, joys, and pains,
 Lays his poor wasted body down to rest.
 Sleeps on—and wakes in heaven.

ANONYMO

DREAMS.

Dreams ;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air ;
 And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

SHAKSPE

MOONRISE.

Why, this.
 The sun is dying like a cloven king
 In his own blood ; the while the distant moon,
 Like a pale prophetess, whom he has wrong'd,
 Leans eager forward, with most hungry eyes,
 Watching him bleed to death, and, as he faints,
 She brightens and dilates ; revenge complete,
 She walks in lonely triumph through the night.

ALEXANDER SMIT

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JOHN CROCKFORD, 29, ESSEX STREET,
STRAND.

To Correspondents.

The following will have a place:—"Gaston" (Edinburgh); "Rev. V. W." (Dublin); "L. D."; "Juvenis"; "Amelia"; "A Reader"; "F. R. S."; "Lex"; "Senior"; "Henry L."

The following do not suit us:—"An Aspirant" (Manchester); "Admirer"; "Q."; "D. G. L."; "Lector" (Exeter); "N. B." (York).

Poetical Intelligence.

It is said that ALEXANDER SMITH is busily engaged in the composition of a new poem. The subject is not known. The war has given occasion for an enormous quantity of bad rhymes and metrical nonsense. Our table is crowded with little poems celebrating the events in the Crimea in strains that fall miserably short of the spirit which such a theme might be expected to inspire. We have been unable to find in one of them a passage worthy of extract and permanent preservation here.

It has been said that MACAULAY contemplates some Ballads on the War, in the strain of his "Lays of Ancient Rome." The news we fear is too good to be true. He only could do justice to the theme; but his pen is otherwise occupied.

The Poet Laureat *has* done his part in the spirited stanzas on the Cavalry Charge which we have already presented to our readers.

An application has been made to the government to bestow the next Literary Pension on EDWIN ATHERSTONE, the author of the "Fall of Nineveh," and other poems of great ability. We trust it will be successful.

There is no other news in the world of poetry.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

From a volume of poems by a Mr. BURBIDGE we select the following playful description, the accuracy of which will be recognised by all familiar with its object. The writer of this must have some fine powers of poetry, and is on the high road to renown.

HEAR the answering nightingale !
Far and near the throbbing song
Rises, sinks, or floats along !
Low or loud, serene, sedate,
Plaintive, peaceful, passionate ;
Shyly threads the darkened alleys,
Walled and roofed with scented leaves ;
Echoed down the swarded vallies,
Climbs the feathered mountain-cleaves,
Till upon the waters falling,
In its sad and sweet decay,
Dies in silence more enthralling
The delicious roundelay.

A PHANTASY.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

FEED her with the leaves of Love !
(Love, the rose, that blossoms here) !
Music, gently 'round her move !
Bind her to the cypress near !
Weave her 'round and 'round,
With skeins of silken sound !
'Tis a little stricken deer,
Who doth from the hunter fly,
Wandering here to droop—to die,
Ignorant of her wound !

Soothe her with sad stories,
O Poet, till she sleep !
Dreams, come forth with all your glories !
Night, breathe soft and deep !
Music, 'round her creep !
If she steal away to weep,

Seek her out—and, when you find her,
 Gentle, gentlest Music, wind her
 Round and round,
 Round and round,
 With your hands of softest sound;
 Such as we, at nightfall, hear
 In the wizard forest near,
 When the charmed Maiden sings
 At the hidden springs!

THE STUDENT.

A fine passage in ALEXANDER SMITH'S *Life Drama*.

Lady.—I am thine empress. Who and what art thou?
 Art thou Sir Bookworm? Hunter of old tomes,
 Sitting the silent term of stars to watch
 Your own thought passing into beauty, like
 An earnest mother watching the first smile
 Dawning upon her sleeping infant's face,
 Until she cannot see it for her tears?
 And when the lark, the laureate of the sun,
 Doth climb the east, eager to celebrate
 His monarch's crowning, goeth pale to bed—
 Art thou such denizen of book-world, pray?

Walter.—Books written when the soul is at spring-tide,
 When it is laden like a groaning sky
 Before a thunder-storm, are power and gladness,
 And majesty and beauty. They seize the reader
 As tempests seize a ship, and bear him on
 With a wild joy. Some books are drenched sands,
 On which a great soul's wealth lies all in heaps,
 Like a wreck'd argosy. What power in books!
 They mingle gloom and splendour, as I've oft,
 In thund'rous sunsets, seen the thunder-piles
 Seam'd with dull fire and fiercest glory-rents.
 They awe me to my knees, as if I stood
 In presence of a king. They give me tears;
 Such glorious tears as Eve's fair daughters shed,
 When first they clasp'd a Son of God, all bright

With burning plumes and splendours of the sky,
In zoning heaven of their milky arms.
How few read books aright! Most souls are shut
By sense from grandeur, as a man who snores
Night-capp'd and wrapt in blankets to the nose,
Is shut out from the night, which, like a sea,
Breaketh for ever on a strand of stars.
Lady, in book-world have I ever dwelt,
This book has dom'd my being like a sky.

Lady.—And who was its creator?

Walter. He was one
Who could not help it, for it was his nature
To blossom into song, as 't is a tree's
To leaf itself in April.

Lady. Did he love?

Walter.—Ay; and he suffered.—His was not that love
That comes on men with their beards. His soul was rich;
And this his book unveils it, as the night
Her panting wealth of stars. The world was cold,
And he went down like a lone ship at sea;
And now the fame that scorn'd him while he lived
Waits on him like a menial.—

When the dark dumb Earth
Lay on her back and watch'd the shining stars,
A soul from its warm body shuddered out
To the dim air and trembled with the cold;
Through the waste air it pass'd as swift and still,
As a dream passes through the lands of sleep,
Till at the very gates of spirit-world
'T was asked by a most worn and earnest shape
That seemed to tremble on the coming word,
About an orphan poem, and if yet
A name was heard on earth.

Lady. 'T is very sad,
And doth remind me of an old, low strain
I used to sing in lap of summers dead,
When I was but a child, and when we played
Like April sunbeams 'mong the meadow-flowers;
Or romp'd i' the dews with weak complaining lambs;
Or sat in circles on the primrose knolls,
Striving with eager and palm-shaded eyes,
'Mid shouts and silver laughs, who first should catch
The lark, a singing speck, go up the blue.

See, now, in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil;
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet, and are still in the depth below;
Flake after flake,
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropp'd from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the Milky Way;
There broader and burlier masses fall—
The sullen water buries them all;
Flake after flake,
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend or husband with wife
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from the shadowy height—
The fair frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make with their grave so nigh:
Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake.

I see in some gentle eyes a tear;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time and now are not—
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost;
Flake after flake,
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide;
A gleam of blue on the water lies,
And far away, on the mountain side,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies;
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water no more is seen;
Flake after flake,
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

One of the finest lyrics of THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OF Nelson and the north,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like Leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime,
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each g
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;—
Then cease—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave ;
“Ye are brothers ; ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.”

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day,
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died ;—
With the gallant good Riou :

Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Our collection would be incomplete without this very beautiful and it will not endure curtailment. It is by SAMUEL TAYLOR RIDGE.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three,
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The wedding guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon,

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled;
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an albatross,
Through the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew,
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

"God save thee, ancient mariner !
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !
Why look'st thou so ?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right :
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo !

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe :
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
The glorious Sun uprist :
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist,
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, shiny things did crawl with legs
Upon the shiny sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night,
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist ;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared ;
As if it dodged a water sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :
Grammercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal ;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all aflame.
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossamers?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;

From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand shiny things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
But, or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they :
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more terrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide :
Softly she was going up
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
And where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware :
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Belov'd from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud ;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell, with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet how the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all up-rose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
Yet never a breeze up-blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me knee to knee ;
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

" I fear thee, ancient mariner !"
Be calm, thou wedding-guest !
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corse came again,
But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from *their bodies* passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound :
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew :
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI.

First Voice.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

Second Voice.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast ;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast.

If he may know which way to go ;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

First Voice.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

Second Voice.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was
The dead men stood together,

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they die
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far north, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steep'd in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

PART VII.

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

"Strange, by my faith!" the hermit said—
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lay
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owl, whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The pilot made reply)
I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on!"
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand,

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The hermit cross'd his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding-guest
Turns from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

QUEEN GUENEVERE.

From a volume of Poems lately published by Mr. OWEN MEREDITH.

THENCE, up the sea-green floor, among the stems
Of mighty columns whose unmeasured shades
From aisle to aisle, unheeded in the sun,
Moved without sound, I, following all alone
A strange desire that drew me like a hand,
Came unawares upon the Queen.

She sat
In a great silence, which her beauty fill'd
Full to the heart of it, on a black chair

Mail'd all about with sullen gems, and crusts
 Of sultry blazonry. Her face was bow'd,
 A pause of slumbrous beauty, o'er the light
 Of some delicious thought new-risen above
 The deeps of passion. Round her stately head
 A single circlet of the red gold fine
 Burn'd free, from which, on either side stream'd dov
 Twilights of her soft hair, from neck to foot.
 Green was her kertle as the emeralde is,
 And stiff from hem to hem with seams of stones
 Beyond all value; which, from left to right
 Disparting, half reveal'd the snowy gleam
 Of a white robe of spotless samyte pure.
 And from the soft repression of her zone,
 Which like a light hand on a lutestring press'd
 Harmony from its touch, flow'd warmly back
 The bounteous outlines of a glowing grace,
 Nor yet outflow'd sweet laws of loveliness.

Then did I feel as one who, much perplext,
 Led by strange legends and the light of stars
 Over long regions of the midnight sand
 Beyond the red tract of the Pyramids,
 Is suddenly drawn to look upon the sky
 From sense of unfamiliar light, and sees,
 Reveal'd against the constellated cope,
 The great cross of the South.

The chamber round
 Was dropt with arras green; and I could hear,
 In courts far off, a minstrel praising May,
 Who sang . . . *Si douce, si douce est la Margarete!*
 To a faint lute. Upon the window-sill,
 Hard by a latoun bowl that blazed i' the sun,
 Perch'd a strange fowl, a Falcon Peregrine;
 With all his feathers puffed for pride, and all
 His courage glittering outward in his eye;
 For he had flown from far, athwart strange lands,
 And o'er the light of many a setting sun,
 Lured by his love (such sovereignty of old
 Had Beauty in all coasts of Christendom!)
 To look into the great eyes of the Queen.

Brilliant.

A DANGEROUS MAN.

I do not know the man I should avoid
 So soon as that spare —. He reads much ;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
 As thou dost ; he hears no music :
 Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
 And therefore are they very dangerous.
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 Than what I fear.
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

SHAKESPEARE.

THOUGHT.

She will not speak, save by that brooding eye
 Whose light is language. Some great thought, I see,
 Mounts up the royal chambers of her blood,
 As a king mounts his palace ; holds high pomp
 In her Olympian bosom ; gains her face,
 Possesses all her noble glowing cheek
 With sudden state ; and gathers grandly up
 Its slow majestic meanings in her eyes.

MEREDITH.

THE DEAD POET.

He is made one with nature : there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird ;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
 Which wields the world with never wearied love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

SHELLEY.

TRUE LOVE.

O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
 To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
 To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
 Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
 Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me
 That my integrity and truth to you
 Might be affronted with the match and weight
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
 How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
 I am as true as truth's simplicity,
 And simpler than the infancy of truth.

SHAKSP.

NATURE'S VOICES.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, the flower-lips of the sea
 The happy birds that hymn their rapture in the ear
 The summer wind that bringeth music over land and
 Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of some
 me:

This world is full of beauty, like other worlds above,
 And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

GERALD MAS

A SILENT NOOK.

One silent nook

Was there. *Even on the edge of that vast mould
 Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,
 It overlooked in its serenity
 The dark earth, and the bending vault of stars.
 It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to smile
 Even in the lap of horror. Ivy clasped
 The fissured stones with its entwining arms,
 And did embower with leaves for ever green,
 And berries dark, the smooth and even space
 Of its inviolated floor, and here
 The children of the autumnal whirlwind bore,
 In wanton sport, those bright leaves, whose decay
 Red, yellow, or ethereally pale,
 Rival the pride of summer. 'Tis the haunt
 Of every gentle wind, whose breath can teach
 The wilds to love tranquillity.

SHIEL

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TEARS.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of that strange knight-errant of genius, RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

WHEN the soft tear steals silently down from the eye,
Take no note of its course, nor detect the slow sigh;
From some spring of soft sorrow its origin flows,
Some tender remembrance, that weeps as it goes;
Through the gay scenes of youth the remembrance still
 strays,

And memory steps back on past pleasure to gaze;
Fleeting shades they now seem, that glide silent away,
The remains of past hours, the ghost of each day:
Ah! it is not to say what will bring to her mind
The joys that are fled, the friends left behind,
A song, or a tune, or the time of the year,
Strikes the ray of reflection, and rests on the ear—
Let the tear then drop silent, nor mark the full eye,
The soul's secret offering no mortal should spy.

AN ENIGMA.

Another of W. M. PRAED's graceful and poetical charades. The solution is left to the ingenuity of the reader.

THE canvas rattled on the mast,
As rose the swelling sail;
And gallantly the vessel passed
Before the cheering gale;
And on my First Sir Florice stood,
As the far shore faded now,
And looked upon the lengthening flood
With a pale and pensive brow:
"When I shall bear thy silken glove
Where the proudest moslem flee,
My lady love, my lady love,
Oh waste one thought on me!"

Sir Florice lay in a dungeon cell,
 With none to soothe or save;
 And high above his chamber fell
 The echo of the wave;
 But still he struck my Second there,
 And bade its tones renew
 Those hours when every hue was fair
 And every hope was true:—
 "If still your angel footsteps move
 Where mine may never be,
 My lady love, my lady love,
 Oh, dream one dream of me!"

Not long the Christian captive pined!—
 My Whole was round his neck;
 A sadder necklace ne'er was twined,
 So white a skin to deck;
 Queen Folly ne'er was yet content
 With gems or golden store,
 But he who wears this ornament,
 Will rarely sigh for more:
 "My spirit to the heaven above,
 My body to the sea,
 My heart to thee, my lady love,
 Oh, weep one tear for me!"

FROST WORK.

A passage in one of the poems of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, an American poet.

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
 From the snow five thousand summers old;
 On open wold and hill-top bleak,
 It had gathered all the cold,
 And whirled in like sleet in the wanderer's cheek:
 It had carried a shiver everywhere;
 From the unleaved boughs and pastures bare.
 The little brook heard it, and built a roof
 'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof:

All night, by the white stars' frosty gleams,
 He groined his arches, and matched his beams ;
 Slender and clear were his crystal spars,
 As the lashes of light that trim the stars ;
 He sculptured every summer delight,
 In his halls and chambers out of sight ;
 Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
 Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,
 Long sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
 Bending to counterfeit a breeze ;
 Sometimes, the roof no fret-work knew,
 But silvery mosses that downward grew ;
 Sometimes it was carved, in sharp relief,
 With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf,
 Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
 For the gladness of heav'n to shine through ; and here
 He had caught the nodding bullrush tops,
 And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
 Which crystallised the beams of moon and sun,
 And made a star of every one :
 No mortal builder's most rare device
 Could match this winter palace of ice ;
 'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
 In his depths serene through the summer day,
 Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,
 Lest the happy model should be lost,
 Had been mimicked in fairy masonry,
 By the elfin builders of the frost.

MY KATE.

By Mrs. BROWNING. It is taken from the *Keepsake* for 1855.

SHE was not as pretty as women I know :
 And yet all your best, made of sunshine and snow,
 Drop to shade, melt to nought, in the long-trodden ways—
 While she's still remembered on warm and cold days :
My Kate.

Her air had a meaning, her movement a grace ;
You turned from the fairest to gaze in her face ;
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth.

My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke :
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone :

My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion : she did not attract,
In the sense of the brilliant and wise, I infer :
'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her :

My Kate.

She never found fault with you—never implied
Your wrong by her right : and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town,
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown :

My Kate.

None knelt at her feet as adorers in thrall :
They knelt more to God than they used, that was all.
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant :
But the charm of her presence was felt where she went :

My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them, and did them all good.
It always was so with her ; see what you have !
She has made the grass greener e'en *here*—with her grave :

My Kate.

My dear one ! when thou wast alive with the rest,
I held thee the sweetest and loved thee the best ;
And now thou art dead, shall I not take thy part,
As thy smile used to do for thyself, my sweet heart :

My Kate.

PEMMAQUID LIGHT.

From an American magazine, where it appeared anonymously.

WINDETH the white and dusty way
O'er uplands green, by low-roof'd homes,
Through forests, where in sunniest day
Naught but a sleepy darkness comes.

Behind us lies the busy town,
Beside us lies the broad blue stream,
Before us fields, asleep and brown,
Of many a future harvest dream.

The hamlet and its noisy mill,
The valley and the sloping lea,
Fly past us ; we have reached the hill ;
Its top is gained, and lo ! the sea.

But not without a struggle yields
Earth to her foe the right to reign ;
See where her hosts still bear their shields ;
See where the isles defy the main !

Oh ! gallant band, your brows are worn
With the perpetual strife of years,
And but one sound from ye is borne :
Your laugh at ocean's angry tears !

The waves are down, the wind has ceased,
The surging swells from foam are free,
And in the far and hazy east
The sky is melted in the sea.

And, nearer yet, at anchor ride
The sturdy plunderers of the main ;
I see the clear and glassy tide
Flash back each rope, each mast again.

Within this rough and rocky reach
The little waves come up and play ;
The round, worn stones that line the beach
Are hardly sprinkled with their spray.

White as the angel-wing of hope,
Firm as the rock from which it springs,
The lighthouse crowns the rocky slope,
And o'er the sea its far glance flings.

Oh! lone, pale watcher! when the night
Came on, with hissing sleet and storm,
How hath the sailor hailed thy light,
How hath he bless'd thine unseen form!

What hast thou seen, what hast thou heard,
When wintry waves have talked with thee?
Had not the winds a taunting word?
Were there no voices in the sea?

It may be, but thou answerest not;
To-day, with thine unwakened eye,
Thou hast in thy stern sleep forgot
The smiles or frowns of sea or sky.

Thus thought I on that summer day,
When, with companions warm and true,
Upon those surf-beat rocks I lay,
And gazed out o'er the waters blue.



SELF-CONTROL.

By KEBLE.

As mountain travellers in the night,
When Heaven by fits is dark and bright,
Pause listening on the silent heath, and hear
Nor trampling hoof nor tinkling bell,
Then bolder scale the rugged fell,
Conscious the more of one, ne'er seen, yet ever near

So when the tones of rapture gay
On the lorn ear die quite away,
The lonely world seems lifted nearer heaven:
Seen daily, yet unmarked before,
Earth's common paths are strewn all o'er
With flowers of pensive hope, the wreath of man forg

The low sweet tones of Nature's lyre
 No more on listless ears expire,
 Nor vainly smiles along the shady way
 The primrose in her vernal nest ;
 Nor unlamented sink to rest,
 Sweet roses one by one, nor autumn leaves decay.

There's not a star the heaven can show,
 There's not a cottage hearth below,
 But feeds with solace kind the willing soul.—
 Men love us, or they need our love :
 Freely they own, or heedless prove
 The curse of lawless hearts, the joy of self-control.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

This beautiful composition was published anonymously in one of the periodicals. It well deserves preservation here.

'Twas eve. The length'ning shadows of the oak
 And weeping birch swept far adown the dale ;
 And nought upon the hush and stillness broke
 Save the light whispering of the spring-tide gale
 At distance dying ; and the measured stroke
 Of woodmen at their toil ; the feeble wail
 Of some lone stock-dove, soothing, as it sank
 On the lull'd ear, its melody that drank.

The sun had set : but his expiring beams
 Yet linger'd in the west, and shed around
 Beauty and softness o'er the wood and streams,
 With coming night's first tinge of shade embrown'd.
 The light clouds mingled, brighten'd with such gleams
 Of glory, as the seraph shapes surround,
 That in the visions of the good descend,
 And o'er their couch of sorrow seem to bend.

There are emotions in that grateful hour
 Of twilight and serenity, which steal
 Upon the heart with more than wonted power,
 Making *more pure and tender* all we feel,—

Softening its very core, as doth the shower
The thirsty glebe of summer. We reveal
More, in such hours of stillness, unto those
We love, than years of passion could disclose.

The heavens look down on us with eyes of love,
And earth itself looks heavenly; the sleep
Of nature is around us, but above
Are beings that eternal vigils keep.
'Tis sweet to dwell on such, and deem they strove
With sorrow once, and fled from crowds to weep
In loneliness, as we perchance have done;
And sigh to win the glory they have won!

'Tis sweet to mark the sky's unruffled blue
Fast deepening into darkness, as the rays
Of lingering eve die fleetly, and a few
Stars of the brightest beam illumine the blaze,
Like woman's eye of loveliness, seen through
The veil that shadows it in vain: we gaze
In mute and stirless transport, fondly listening
As there were music in its very glistening.

'Tis thus in solitude; but sweeter far,
By those we love, in that all-softening hour,
To watch with mutual eyes each coming star,
And the faint moon-rays, streaming through our bower
Of foliage, wreathed and trembling, as the car
Of night rolls duskier onward, and each flower
And shrub that droops above us, on the sense
Seems dropping fragrance more and more intense.

THE HAPPY LOT.

By EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

BLESSED is the hearth where daughters gird the fire,
And sons that shall be happier than their sire,
Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,
While love and hope inspire his wordless prayer.
O from their home paternal may they go,
With little to unlearn, though much to know!

Them, may no poison'd tongue, no evil eye,
 Curse for the virtues that refuse to die;
 The generous heart, the independent mind,
 Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting behind!
 May temperance crown their feast, and friendship share!
 May pity come, love's sister spirit, there!
 May they shun baseness as they shun the grave!
 May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave!
 Sweet peace be theirs—the moonlight of the breast—
 And occupation, and alternate rest;
 And dear to care and thought the usual walk;
 Theirs be no flower that withers on the stalk,
 But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom in vain;
 And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise again.
 Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet,
 Their floor resound the tread of little feet;
 Blessed beyond fear and fate, if bless'd by thee,
 And heirs, O love! of thine eternity.

THE COURSE OF LIFE.

Translated from a beautiful Spanish poem, by JORGE MANRIQUE, on the death of his father, quoted in the thirty-ninth volume of the *Edinburgh Review*.

OH! let the soul its slumber break,
 Arouse its senses, and awake
 To see how soon
 Life, with its glories, glides away,
 And the stern footstep of decay
 Comes stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
 Blows by, and leaves us nought behind
 But grief at last;
 How still our present happiness
 Seems, to the wayward fancy, less
 Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
 Away so fast ;
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy
 Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
 To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
 Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulphing sea
 Are doomed to fall ;
The Sea of Death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
 And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide
 To that sad wave ;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
 Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
 And death the goal :
There all our steps at last are brought,
That path alone, of all unsought,
 Is found of all.

Long ere the damps of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
 Hath passed away :
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair ;
Age came, and laid his finger there,
 And where are they ?

Where are the strength that mocked decay,
 The step that rose so light and gay,
 The heart's blithe tone?—
 The strength is gone, the step is slow,
 And joy grows weariness and woe,
 When age comes on.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
 Are all those glittering toys of earth
 That lure us here;
 Dreams of a sleep that death must break
 Alas! before it bids us wake,
 Ye disappear.

ION.

A passage from TALFOURD'S tragedy.

If thou had'st known this comrade of my sports,
 One of the same small household whom his mirth
 Unfailing gladden'd;—if a thousand times
 Thou had'st, by strong prosperity made thoughtless,
 Touch'd his unfather'd nature in its nerve
 Of agony, and felt no chiding glance;—
 Hadst thou beheld him overtax his strength
 To serve the wish his genial instinct guess'd
 Till his dim smile the weariness betray'd,
 Which it would fain dissemble;—hadst thou known
 In sickness the sweet magic of his care,
 Thou could'st not ask it. Hear me, Ctesiphon!—
 I had a fever once, and slaves
 Affrighted fled me;—he usurp'd their place,
 And sooth'd my dull ear with discourse which grew
 By nice degrees to ravishment, till pain
 Seem'd an heroic sense, which made me kin
 To the great deeds he pictur'd, and the brood
 Of dizzy weakness flickering through the gloom
 Of my small curtain'd prison caught the hues
 Of beauty spangling out in glorious change;
 And it became a luxury to lie
 And faintly listen.

THE WINTER DREAM

Taken from one of the American magazines. No name was attached to it.

A DREAM of beauty ; of the laugh of waves
And the bright rushing of a swollen brook :
Its bursting into light from sunless caves
Under the network of a woven nook.
Which moss-grown roots entwined and roofed with green.
Spangled with shining stones and starry sheen :
Silent and dark within its shadowy rest
The water lay, scarce heaving underneath
The drooping brake-leaves or the trailing wreath
Of ivy-fern and moss upon its breast :
Yet, with a murmur rather felt than heard,
That told the faint heart of the fountain stirred.

A dream of spring-time : of the sunny light,
And the swift melting of the mountain snows :
Of earth's awakening from the winters night.
When hearts grow calm, and half forget their woes.
A dream of beauty : of the arching trees
Leaving with blossoms, and the green, fresh green,
During the foam-breaths in the brook's bright spring,
Scent no longer : with the pleasant gush
Of gurgling waters, and the frequent rush,
Leaving the air, as many a feather wing,
And the low rustling in the leaves : or hum,
And the soft huming through the branches shed.

I got a surprise. The girls all
 took only one with them a young
 man in the center of the group. I
 got out of the car with him and
 saw a young man in every house.
 The man and the woman were
 the same all the way through.
 The man was dressed in a dark
 suit and the woman in a light
 dress. They were both very
 young and very beautiful.
 The man was very tall and
 the woman was very short.
 They were both very young
 and very beautiful.

Yet the bright waters spake not of decay,
 Nor earthly shadow, nor the blight of grief;
 There was no sorrow in the graceful sway
 Of the fair drooping willow's silver leaf,
 Nor in the fragile blossom lightly flung
 From the tall may-tree that the fount o'erhung,
 On the swift stream, and floating silently
 Mid the long grass and mimic islets there,
 Freighted with dew-drops and with perfumes rare :
 What king could boast a richer argosie ?
 Yet was it fleeting as that idle dream
 Of the cool fountain and its sparkling stream.

The vision fled, with summery sight and sound,
 And the stern real ruled the heart at will :
 The calm dead grandeur of the mountains round—
 The kingly river in his fetters still.
 Winter and storm ; the city's mighty mart ;
 The ceaseless beatings of its guilty heart—
 These were instead, and darker, gloomier yet
 Towered the sky, unlit by moon or star :
 What roused the vision of that stream afar—
 That dream of light, with all its vain regret ?
 A pale and faded leaf of feathery fern,
 That erst had dropped above that fountain's urn.

A CITY SCENE.

A powerful passage from a poem by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, the American poet. It has been slightly abbreviated.

YE who, passing graves by night,
 Glance not to the left nor right,
 Lest a spirit should arise,
 Cold and white, to freeze your eyes,
 Some weak phantom, which your doubt
 Shapes upon the dark without
 From the dark within, a guess
 At the spirit's deathlessness,—

* * * *

Ye without a shudder meet
In the city's noonday street,
Spirits sadder and more dread
That from out the clay have fled,
Buried, beyond hope of light,
In the body's haunted night!

See ye not that woman pale!
There are bloodhounds on her trail!
Bloodhounds too, all gaunt and lean,—
For the soul their scent is keen,—
Want and Sin, and Sin is last,—
They have followed far and fast;
Want gave tongue, and, at her howl,
Sin awakened with a growl.
Ah, poor girl! she had a right
To a blessing from the light,
Title-deeds to sky and earth
God gave to her at her birth,
But, before they were enjoyed,
Poverty had made them void,
And had drunk the sunshine up
From all nature's ample cup,
Leaving her a first-born's share
In the dregs of darkness there.
Often on the sidewalk bleak
Hungry, all alone, and weak,
She has seen, in night and storm,
Rooms o'erflow with firelight warm,
Which, outside the window-glass,
Doubled all the cold, alas!
Till each ray that on her fell
Stabbed her like an icicle,
And she almost loved the wail
Of the bloodhounds on her trail.
Till the floor becomes her bier,
She shall feel their pantings near,
Close upon her very heels,
Spite of all the din of wheels;
Shivering on her pallet poor,
She shall hear them at the door
Whine and scratch to be let in,
Sister bloodhounds, Want and Sin!

Hark! that rustle of a dress,
 Stiff with lavish costliness!
 Here comes one whose cheek would flush
 But to have her garment brush
 'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
 Wove the weary 'broidery in,
 Bending backward from her toil,
 Lest her tears the silk might soil.
 And, in midnight's chill and murk,
 Stitched her life into the work,
 Shaping from her bitter thought
 Heart's-ease and forget-me-not,
 Satirizing her despair
 With the emblems woven there.
 Little doth the weary heed
 Of the heart-break in the brede;
 A hyena by her side
 Skulks, down-looking—it is pride.

* * * *

Who is he that skulks, afraid
 Of the trust he has betrayed,
 Shuddering if perchance a gleam
 Of old nobleness should stream
 Through the pent unwholesome room,
 Where his shrunk soul cowers in gloom—
 Spirit sad beyond the rest
 By more instinct for the best?
 'Tis a poet who was sent
 For a bad world's punishment,
 By compelling it to see
 Golden glimpses of To Be,
 By compelling it to hear
 Songs that prove the angels near;
 Who was sent to be the tongue
 Of the weak and spirit-wrung,
 Whence the fiery-winged despair
 In men's shrinking eyes might flare.
 'Tis our hope doth fashion us
 To base use or glorious:
 He who might have been a lark
 Of truth's morning, from the dark
 Raining down melodious hope
 Of a freer, broader scope,

Aspirations, prophecies,
Of the spirit's full sunrise,
Chose to be a bird of night,
Which with eyes refusing light,
Hooted from some hollow tree
Of the world's idolatry.
'Tis his punishment to hear
Flutterings of pinions near,
And his own vain wings to feel
Drooping downward to his heel,
All their grace and import lost,
Burdening his weary ghost :
Ever walking by his side
He must see his angel guide,
Who at intervals must turn
Looks on him so sadly stern,
With such ever-new surprise
Of hushed anguish in her eyes,
That it seems the light of day
From around him shrinks away,
Or drops blunted from the wall
Built around him by his fall.
Then the mountains, whose white peaks
Catch the morning's earliest streaks,
He must see, where prophets sit,
Turning east their faces lit,
Whence, with footsteps beautiful,
To the earth, yet dim and dull,
They the gladsome tidings bring
Of the sunlight's hastening :
Never can those hills of bliss
Be o'erclimbed by feet like his !

WINDS OF SPRING.

By FREDERICK TENNYSON.

If sudden summer shone with all her light,
Who could abide her coming ? and what eyes
Awaking could affront the flaming skies
Of morning, and not tremble at the sight ?

Slowly she bends unto us from the height
Of her enthronement, and unveils her crown
With sovran sweetness as she steppeth down;
Love shades her triumphs, mercy stays her might.

If like the frosts of winter, woe and pain,
And sharp misfortune, like the winds of spring,
Were not, some flowers, most sweet in blossoming,
Would not be gather'd in the world again.

Hope would not, like the early primrose, blow;
Nor charity, like the violet on the plain;
Nor faith, like the bright crocus dash'd with rain;
Nor pity, like the pale bells in the snow.

Men would be gods in their unchanging bliss,
If joy's midsummer zenith could be still
Unshadow'd by a passing cloud of ill—
And the high worlds unseen for light of this.

But, if the star of gladness rose no more,
Self-centred hearts would harden into stone;
Life's sweetest lights from good and evil thrown
Rise, like the rainbow, 'twixt the sun and shower.

MY LOVE IS COLD.

Extracted from the *Edinburgh Guardian* newspaper, where it appeared anonymously.

My love is pale and cold—cruel and cold!
Cruel and cold and beautiful is she
As is a snow-cloud coming late in spring
Up the blue heavens from the dreary north.

The earth, by timely generous heats made glad,
Has newly, to the amorous sun, disclosed
Her tender buds and blossoms pledged to fruit.
Black winter wanders southwards for a home;
The little birds in pairs muse on the twigs,
Or, busy, build their castles in the air.

A sweet voice claims detection in the blue.
The river runs in music all the day.
The light falls soft and warm upon the fields,
Or sleeps once more with pikes upon the pools.
The shadows come and go across the wold.
At eve the fair, fond sun lingers to gaze
Tween slowly closing curtains of the night
Hung in soft crimson glorified by fire
And gold; down sinking, ever looking back
Up at the world—over the jealous hills.

The earth is bright and gleesome in the day.
By night appears the beauty of the storm,—
Pale and cold—cold and pale—yet beautiful.
Her eyes—the Twins—'neath alabaster front.
Her fingers fair auroras—and her hair
Wearing sad amber's melancholy hue.
Alas! alas! her fingers are outstretched
Against the earth. See how they twitch and pluck
The tender buds, rive their young lives away,
And cheat the honest promise of the spring!
The north wind fiercely sings a lilt of hell,
And glories in the deed. The injured earth
Groans with a million voices in her woe.
Thin prayers are wrung from wiry, worried trees!
The beauty, still unmoved—cold, cold and pale—
All pitiless, with flakes of cruel snow
Pelts at her murdered victims, till their shroud
Is spread, their beauty and their worth concealed.

My love is pale and cold—cruel and cold
As snow-cloud coming in the end of spring.
Ah me! cruel and cold. My withered boughs
Hard, black, and bare, were quickening into life
Beneath the new arisen sun of love.
My worn-out world but now was freshly set;
The erst encrusted diamond newly shone;
Cold, dank philosophy had given place,
Proclaimed a foul infection of the skin.
Under my ribs thumped out the human heart.
O love! and O my love! Art come and gone?
Love's voice o'ertook me in the desert place,
Love's cry pierced to my soul and led me home.

Fair was the world recovered,—vision blessed
Of life, with hope, joy, beauty in its train,
And over all my love enthroned the queen,
Smiling me back to pure and holy ways.
O but my love was queenly—kind and queenly—
Warm, good, and beautiful was she my queen,—
And through her eyes I looked into her soul
Holy and calm as an eternal eve,
Warm with noon-heat, strong with the strength of stars.

But now my love is cold—cruel and cold,
As is a snow-cloud coming in the spring.
As icy mountain glances at the sun,
Looks she on me. Ah, love! cruel and cold.
My chilled heart writhes, pierced through and through by
doubts.

My eyes are sore and weary, and so glares
Her coldness that no longer can I gaze.
Saved and lost i' the saving—drawn, repelled—
Held fast and thrust away—cold i' the heat—
Hot i' the cold—charmed, scared, all joy, all pain,
Once more I wander out into the wilds.
So when a comet by the sun is wooed
From lonely wanderings in the stellar voids;
At first, as if invited to repose,
'Tis near and nearer drawn; but soon is flung
Forth from the splendour back into the night,
To wander once again in cheerless glooms,
Through silent realms of blackness and despair.

ON ADELE, BY MOONLIGHT.

By JOHN RUSKIN, the famous writer on Art.

With what a glory and a grace
The moonbeam lights her laughing face,
And dances in her dazzling eye;
As liquid in its brilliancy
As the deep blue of midnight ocean,
When underneath, with trembling motion,
The phosphor light floats by!

And blushes bright pass o'er her cheek,
 But pure and pale as is the glow
 Of sunset on a mountain peak,
 Robed in eternal snow ;
 Her ruby lips half-oped the while,
 With careless air around her throwing,
 Or, with a vivid glance, bestowing
 A burning word, or silver smile.

RAVENNA.

The opening passage in LEIGH HUNT's beautiful poem *Rimini* is a rich Italian picture.

THE sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
 Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay,
 A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
 Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green ;
 For a warm eve, and gentle rain at night,
 Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
 And there's a crystal clearness all about ;
 The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out ;
 A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze ;
 The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees ;
 And when you listen, you may hear a coil
 Of bubbling springs about the grassier soil ;
 And all the scene in short,—sky, earth, and sea,
 Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openl

'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing :—
 The birds to the delightful time are singing,
 Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
 As though they shar'd the transport in the town ;
 While happy faces, striking through the green
 Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen ;
 And the far ships, lifting their sails of white,
 Like joyful hands, come up with scatter'd light ;
 Come gleaming up, true to the wish'd-for day,
 And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.

THE ESCAPED CONVICT.

By CHARLES SWAIN.

He trod his native land,
The bright land of the free ;
His forehead wore a seared brand—
Impress of infamy !
His brow—where youth and beauty met—
Yes, there the seal of guilt was set.

He gazed upon the vale,
Where springtide flowerets slept
Rock'd by the whispers of the gale ;
He saw it—and he wept ;
Like drops which presage a storm they came
Tears born in agony and shame.

Morn sat upon the hills,
But she look'd cold and dim ;
Clouds, like a pall which death conceals,
Hung frowning there on him ;
All, e'en his loved, his mother land
Scowl'd on his forehead, and the brand.

My sire ! my sire ! he groan'd ;
My home ! my lovely one !
What sire ? he hath his child disown'd ;—
What home ? I—I have none ;
I hear all curse—I see all shun ;
Yet curse not you ! not you—your son !

I saw her struck, whose cheek
Did myriad sweets disclose ;
Whose eyes, whose form—but wherefore speak—
I saw ! my heart-blood rose !
She loved me—she was sworn my bride ;
I stabb'd the striker, and he died !

For this the record lies
Festering upon my brow ;
For this—the rabble mock'd my cries ;
For this—shame haunts me now ;
For this—half wither'd must I be,
Ere my dead brow from stain is free.

My own, my beauteous land,
 Land of the brave—the high;
 I ask'd but this of Fate's stern hand—
 To see thee, and to die!
 O yes, my country, let me be
 In my last hour—in death—with thee.

The moon look'd on the vale,
 Wearing her starry wreath,
 And soft display'd a form, that, pale,
 Lay there alone—with death;
 The zephyrs drew a lengthen'd sigh,
 And slow the convict's corse pass'd by.

'Twas said, that lovely night,
 A spirit youth was seen,
 Gliding among the flow'rets bright,
 The trees, and meadows green;
 And chiefly by a cot; and there
 It wept, and melted into air.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

A very pretty little poem extracted from *Household Words*.

No name to bid us know
 Who rests below;
 No word of death or birth,
 Only the grasses wave
 Over a mound of earth,
 Over a nameless grave.

Did this poor wandering heart
 In pain depart?
 Longing, but all too late,
 For the calm home again,
 Where patient watchers wait,
 And still will wait in vain.

Did mourners come in scorn,
And thus forlorn,
Leave him, with grief and shame
To silence and decay,
And hide the tarnished name
Of the unconscious clay?

It may be from his side
His loved ones died,
And last of some bright band
(Together now once more),
He sought his home, the land
Where they were gone before.

No matter, limes have made
As cool a shade,
And lingering breezes pass
As tenderly and slow,
As if beneath the grass
A monarch slept below.

No grief, though loud and deep,
Could stir that sleep;
And earth and heaven tell
Of rest that shall not cease
Where the cold world's farewell
Fades into endless peace.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

By the Rev. J. WOLFE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
Of the enemy sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

ODE ON THE SPRING.

By GRAY.

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring;
While, whispering pleasures as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade ;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the muse shall sit, and think,
(At ease reclined in rustic state,)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little, are the proud,
How indigent the great !

Still is the toiling hand of care ;
The panting herds repose,
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows !
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honeyed spring,
And float amid the liquid noon :
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim,
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To contemplation's sober eye,
Such is the race of man ;
And they that creep and they that fly
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours drest ;
Brushed by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chilled by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low,
The sportive kind reply,
Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
A solitary fly !
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display ;
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

IRELAND'S RECOVERY.

The following spirited lines, by JOHN LOCKE, present an ingenious example of the variety of rhythmical arrangement which the structure of the sonnet allows.

Nor drooping o'er the harp with distraught mien,
 Hymning the glories Time had far withdrawn ;
 But girt by Industry, her brow serene,
 The cirque of Truth displaying—Lo, the dawn,
 Rending the veil of many a sad disguise,
 Drinks up her tears, and from the reddening skies
 Kindles the hope, long buried in those eyes.

While Ruin reigns without, and o'er the grave,
 The Nations totter ; thee, apart i' the west,
 Lulled in embrace of the dividing wave,
 Thy children seek, returning—Peace shall rest
 On thy green hills, O, Ireland—Love abound—
 Thy sun shall rise 'mid darkness all around—
 List ! list ! how solemn thrills that harp's awakeni
 sound !

 Brilliants.

THE GLACIER.

The mountains have a peace which none disturb—
 The stars and clouds a course which none restrain—
 The wild sea waves rejoice without a curb,
 And rest without a passion ; but the chain
 Of Death, upon this ghastly cliff and chasm,
 Is broken evermore to bind again,
 Nor lulls nor looses. Hark ! a voice of pain,
 Suddenly silenced ; a quick-passing spasm,
 That startles rest, but grants not liberty—
 A shudder, or a struggle, or a cry—
 And then sepulchral stillness. Look on us,
 God ! who hast given these hills their place of pride
 If Death's captivity be sleepless thus,
 For those who sink to it unsanctified.

RUSKIN

THE WORLD.

Thou shalt not 'scape me, World! I'll make thee weep;
I'll make my lone thought cross thee like a spirit,
And blanch thy braggart cheeks, lift up thy hair,
And make thy great knees tremble; I will send
Across thy soul dark herds of demon dreams,
And make thee toss and moan in troubled sleep;
And, waking, I will fill thy forlorn heart
With pure and happy thoughts, as summer woods
Are full of singing-birds. I come from far,
I'll rest myself, O World! awhile on thee,
And half in earnest, half in jest, I'll cut
My name upon thee, pass the arch of Death,
Then on a stair of stars go up to God.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

NOBILITY.

How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

SHAKSPERE.

DEATH AND LOVE.

The grey-hair'd saint may fail at last,
The surest guide a wanderer prove:
Death only binds us fast
To the bright shore of love.

KEBLE.

TIME.

Unfathomable sea! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable sea?

SHELLEY.

THE SEA.

It rolls—it coils—it foams—it flashes,
 Pale and putrid—ghastly green;
 Lit with light of dead men's ashes
 Flickering through the black weed's screen.
 Oh! there, along the breathless land,
 Elaira keeps her couch allotted;
 The waters wave her weary hand,
 And toss pale shells and rosy sand
 About her dark hair clasped and clotted.
 The purple isles are bright above
 The frail and moon-blanch'd bones of love;
 Their citron breezes full of bliss—
 Her lips are cool without a kiss.

RUSKIN

DAYBREAK.

The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
 And the thin white moon lay withering there,
 To tower, and cavern, and rift, and tree,
 The owl and the bat fled drowsily.
 Day had kindled the dewy woods
 And the rocks above and the stream below,
 And the vapours in their multitudes,
 And the Apennines' shroud of summer snow,
 And clothed with light of aery gold
 The mists in their eastern caves uprolled.

Day had awakened all things that be,
 The lark and the thrush and the swallow free;
 And the milkmaid's song and the mower's scythe,
 And the matin-bell and the mountain bee:
 Fireflies were quench'd on the dewy corn,
 Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,
 Like lamps which a student forgets to trim:
 The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
 The crickets were still in the meadow and hill:
 Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
 Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
 Fled from the brains which are their prey,
 From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

SHELLEY

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SELECTED BY

THE EDITORS

OF

The Critic, London Literary Journal.

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THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

By Miss JEWSBURY.

I saw him on the battle-eve,
When like a king he bore him—
Proud hosts were there in helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him :
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds—
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds—
No daunting thought came o'er him ;
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky !

He looked on ocean—its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet ;
On earth—and saw, from east to west,
His bannered millions meet ;
While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
The thunder of their feet !
He heard the imperial echoes ring—
He heard—and felt himself a king !

I saw him next alone—nor camp,
Nor chief his steps attended ;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify ;
He, who with Heaven contended,
Fled, like a fugitive and slave !
Behind—the foe ; before—the wave !

He stood ;—fleet, army, treasure—gone—
Alone, and in despair !
While wave and wind swept ruthless on,
For they were monarchs there ;
And Xerxes in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
Must all their fury dare ;—
What a revenge—a trophy, this—
For thee, immortal Salamis !

THE POET'S PLEA,

WHEN LONDON WAS THREATENED WITH ASSAULT.

One of MILTON's fine sonnets.

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground : and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set ; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth ;
Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay—
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
Who wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall touch the golden grain,
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale?
They have one season; all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam;
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

LOVE THE POET, PRETTY ONE.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

Love the poet, pretty one!
He unfoldeth knowledge fair;
Lessons of the earth and sun,
And of azure air.

He can teach thee how to reap
Music from the golden lyre :
He can show thee how to steep
All thy thoughts in fire.

Heed not, though at times he seem
Dark and still, and cold as clay :
He is shadowed by his dream !
But 'twill pass away.

Then—bright fancies will he weave,
Caught from air and heaven above :
Some will teach thee how to grieve ;
Others, how—to love !

How from sweet to sweet to rove ;
How all evil things to shun :
Should I not then whisper—"Love—
Love the poet, pretty one ?"

THE CRUCIBLE.

Another of the graceful productions of WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, a young poet of our own time.

Is he shrunk to Name and Date,
Painted on a coffin plate ?

With golden talismans bedecked,
Deep this single man was sheathed
In atmosphere of soft respect,
Which all around him breathed.
Well he was served, well attended,
Well becourted, well befriended ;
Many labours stopped or sped
By the turning of his head ;
Many lives toiled like bees
To make the honey of his ease ;

Round him, centre of the spring,
A coil of constant force was curled,
Turning in laborious ring
A little world within the world.
A little mill-world, whence, by sleight
Of dragging wheel and nipping notch,
Groaning faintly out of sight
Like the ticking of his watch,
Flowed his flour, so fine and white.

And leave you him all alone
Beneath a stone ;
Now when comes the twilight cold
Down the bare wold,
And winds are crying to the darkened foam ;
When thoughts of glowing rooms and faces,
And the dear domestic graces
Draw all men home ?
On this stone the ragged rooks will meet,
And the gusty rain-storm beat,
And the little grass-mouse will scamper over it
To and from her nest in the field,
And the wide-falling snow will cover it,
With the other stones of the field.
Black rook, white snow, how can they know
This stone has a costly vault below ?
Brown mouse, wild rain, 'tis too, too plain,
Won't spare this grave from the common disdain.

Oh, you say it is not he
You are laying by the sea ;
Leaving by the sea-side lonely ;
'Tis not he—his body only.
Darkness is its dwelling fit,
And a stone to cover it.
He, Himself, His Soul—you say
God has called him far away.

Would that men could well discern
What a lesson they might learn
From this natural separation,
Chemist Death's elimination
Of the drossy and the fleeting,
Past all further trick or cheating ;

And in the actual be so wise
As to strive to analyse
The elements of life, while blended,
Which they rank, when all is ended,
Thus concluded, proved, and past,
In a juster rate at last.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

By JOHN LOGAN, the son of a Scotch farmer, born in 1748. He was educated for the ministry, but having published a successful volume of poems, was induced to adopt literature as a profession, and went to London for that purpose, where, after three years of penury, he died broken hearted in 1788. He had the spirit of poetry in him, as this poem will prove.

"Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow!

"He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To 'squire me to his father's towers:
He promised me a wedding ring,—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave in Yarrow!

"Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

" His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother ;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother :
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough ;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

" No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
No longer walk, thou lovely maid !
Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough ;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

" The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow ;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow ;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

STANZAS.

These passionate verses were published some years ago under the fictitious name of P. CORCORAN. Manifestly they are the outpourings of remorse. The man who could so write must have so felt.

'Tis vain to grieve for what is past,
The golden hours are gone ;
My own mad hand the die hath cast,
And I am left alone :
'Tis vain to grieve—I now can leave
No other bliss—yet still I grieve.

The dreadful silence of this night
Seems breathing in my ear ;
I scarce can bear the lonely light
That burns opprest and near—
I stare at it while half reclined,
And feel its thick light on my mind.

The sweetest fate have I laid waste
With a remorseless heart ;
All that was beautiful and chaste
For me seemed set apart ;
But I was fashioned to defy
Such treasure, so set richly by.

How could I give up her, whose eyes
Were filled with quiet tears,
For many a day—when thoughts would rise,
Thoughts darkened with just fears,
Of all my vices?—Memory sees
Her eyes' divine remonstrances.

A wild and wretched choice was mine,
A life of low delight ;
The midnight rounds of noise and wine,
That vexed the wasted night ;
The bitter jest, the wearied glee,
The strife of dark society.

To those who plunged me in the throng
Of such disastrous joys,
Which led me by low craft along,
And stunn'd my mind with noise—
I only wish they now could look
Upon my life's despoiled book !

When midnight finds me torn apart
From vulgar revelry,
The cold still madness of the heart
Comes forth, and talks with me ;
Talks with me, till the sky is grey
With the chill light of breaking day.

My love is lost—my studies marred,
My friends disgraced and changed ;
My thoughts all scattered and impaired,
My relatives estranged ;
Yet can I not by day recall
My ruined spirit from its thrall.

THE USES OF POETRY.

By CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

Not for herself, nor for the wealth she brings,
Is the Muse woo'd and won, but for the deep,
Occult, profound, unfathomable things,—
The engines of our tears whene'er we weep,
The impulse of our dreams whene'er we sleep,
The mysteries that our sad hearts possess,
Which, and the keys of which, the Muse doth keep ;
—Oh, may the trust her young disciple bless,
Whene'er she yields her gifts in faith and gentleness.

To kindle soft humanity—to raise,
With gentle strength imbued, the spirit bowed ;
To pour a second sunlight on our days,
And draw the restless lightning from our cloud ;
To cheer the humble and to dash the proud ;
What heaven withholds more largely to supply,
And fringe with joy our ever-weaving shroud ;
Besought in peace to live, and taught to die ;
The Poet's task is done—Oh, Immortality.

THE MAD POET.

Many readers have asked for another of the trifles written long ago by the EDITOR of *Beautiful Poetry*. He gives them one as it appeared in a magazine, but with much doubt whether it is worthy of a place among the present company.

POWER and presence of the universe ;
 Spirit ! who art the soul of natural things,
 Our animal senses know thee not ; we see
 Colours and forms, beauty and grace ; we hear
 The harmony of earth, and air, and sky ;
 Delicious fragrances about us steal ;
 But they are sights, and sounds, and fragrances,
 And only these. It is the inner sense,
 The spiritual eye, the immaterial ear,
 That find thee in the outer world, a part
 Of all, a presence every where diffused.
 Spirit of nature ! hath our human heart
 Mysterious sympathies with thee, that thus
 Mute things have sometimes voices to our thoughts,
 And there be life-like aspects in the grass
 And tongueless trees, and the old silent hills
 Are eloquent as prophets ? Are the dreams
 That visit passionate minds the fabled shapes
 Which haunt the fields and wander in the woods ?
 Is Fancy but the whispering of Truth,
 And Poetry the communing between
 The soul of nature and the soul of man ?

There is a little coppice in our vale
 Walled round with blossoming shrubs. No path is there
 Which, ignorant of the place, you would believe
 Might lead to any dwelling but the abode
 Of the wild rabbit or the throstle's nest ;
 But if, by love of solitude allured,
 You enter one of the small tangled tracks
 That wind about the bushes, you will see
 Brushwood, and brier, and furze, and feathery fern—
 A perfect wilderness ; and, peeping through,
 The aspiring fox-glove waves its spotted flowers ;
 Lank brambles lie across the little paths,
 And here and there, embracing the May thorn,
 Fragrant festoons of woodbine court the sun
 And purple hare-bells slumber in the shade.

But if, despite of such impediments,
You plunge into the thicket, you will come,
After much contest with the embracing boughs,
To a small ruinous cottage in the midst
Of a half-cultivated garden plot.
So ruinous is it you would never think
That any human thing had its home there ;
The roof with the ground ivy overgrown
Through decayed thatch admits the autumn rain ;
The walls, for want of reparation, make
Crannies where the cold winter wind creeps in,
Scarce broken by the ivy that has clothed
The building to the very chimney top,
And in the clefts of the uneven stones
Hath twined its parasite branches.

Everywhere
The finger of decay is visible ;
Over the window, whose imperfect glass
Lets in a dusky light upon the floor,
A silken network hath the spider woven.
The rank grass grows upon the garden walks,
And, in a wild luxuriance, all the flowers
Strive with the sturdy weeds for eminence.
No careful hand hath tended them ; the stock
Blooms shaded by the mallow, and the rose
Is by the wanton bind-weed dragged to earth.

But sometimes in the summer may be seen,
Sitting upon a rude rough bench beside
The porch of this uncomfortable home,
The figure of a man :—the long day through
He basks there in the sun, and you might count
The slow hours by his shadow on the wall.
Yet there is meaning in his countenance,
Worn more by sorrow than by years ; his eye,
So richly dark, flashes irregular fires ;
And when, as oftentimes, his thin white hand
Plays with his lofty brow, as it would sweep
The jarring strings of memory beneath,
The intruder feels there is a history
In that man's fortunes, and a sympathy
With great griefs looked, not uttered, chides the smile
Which his uncouth accoutrements provoke.

He thought he lov'd her ; 'twas a treacherous thought—
He lov'd in truth some creature of his own,
Some image of his fancy, with all charms
That are in heaven or may be seen in dreams,
But not on earth, where no perfection is.
Yet upon earth, he, ignorant of man,
Thought to find such a being, and his eyes
Were cheated by his hopes, and what he saw
Was coloured with the hues of what he wished.
He could perceive no faults, or, if perceived,
He worshipped them as virtues, for his love
Was so akin to adoration, that
The fond familiar friendship of two souls,
Displaying each to each the mingled web
Of good and evil, weaknesses and strength,
That make our human nature, was unknown.

And so he lov'd her, as he lov'd the stars,
Distantly, and for very distance but
The more devotedly, for thus far off
Fancy can sport more freely and impose
More readily on reason's sober gaze.
She saw the poet's passion in his eye,
So restless when it rested not on her ;
She heard it in the rich persuading tone
Of his changed voice whene'er he spoke to her ;
She felt it in the quivering of his palm
When at the parting time he sighed " adieu."
It pleased her careless vanity to be
Thus worshipped, though she did not love again,
And all her woman's wiles she tried by turns
To keep the heart that she had stol'n away,
A trophy of the conquests of her youth.

She prospered but too well ; long time he lived
Feeding upon false hopes ; but presently
There came another suitor to her shrine
With costly offering of gems and gold.
Worthless to her was a poor poet's heart
Weighed against wealth, and rank, and equipage ;
Not many weeks went by ere she became
A blooming happy bride, but not of him
Whom she had taught to love and then betrayed.

Unthinking woman ! little did she know
The noble nature of a mind like his.
She could not understand that tenderness,
Wax to receive, but marble to retain,
That constancy which cannot change with change,
That perfect faith which never loves but once,
And loves for ever.

But he was too proud
To tell his feelings, to lay bare his griefs
To the world's cold contempt or mockery.
He buried them in his own breast, nor trace
Of inward anguish could the keenest eye
Find in his outward bearing, voice, or cheek ;
Only less frequently he went abroad,
And he was seen more seldom with his books
And oftener with his pen. Still, as before,
He wandered sometimes in the lonely wood,
And sometimes on the solitary hill,
But not, as he was wont, for company,
With some sweet page of poesy in his hand,
But communing with his own bitter thoughts.

Yet almost imperceptibly a change
Was passing over him. Days—weeks rolled by,
And still his air was that of a proud man
Stricken by fortune, for his cheek and brow,
With a few furrows slightly over-traced,
Showed what a strife was in him to keep down
The emotions that were struggling to escape.
Trophies of victory were those delicate lines
Of victory bought too dearly. In his dress
There was the show of neatness with the stamp
Of negligence, or poverty, as they
Who knew him not might not unwisely judge.
His step was slow and thoughtful ; as he went
His eye was ever on the ground, nor ranged,
As once it lov'd to do, all boundlessly
Over the many-coloured face of earth ;
And, as he walked, he muttered to himself ;
And, if with look of pity and respect,
The passengers some simple question asked
About his health, the weather, or the way,
His answer was so strange that with a sigh
And a half audible prayer they passed along.

Still more and more he changed, until at length
He was what we behold him now ; he fled
Even from the neighbourhood of his kind, and here
In this wild place indulges his wild brain.
His person is neglected now ; his hair
Streams in long tangled curls half black, half grey,
Upon his shoulders, and his thread-bare clothes
Are falling into rags. Upon his head
He loves to set a crown of withered bay
That hangs above the threshold, and, oh, then
With what a majesty he bears himself !

But yet he is the poet ; the black cloud
That all humanities beside hath veiled
Utterly, but obscures this highest one.
He writes rude verses ever and anon,
And scraps of rhymes are scattered every where
About the cottage on loose careless leaves ;
The flashes of his better moments they,
But wild and incoherent ; you may look
In vain for order in them ; they present
A perfect picture of his wandering thoughts,
Unsteady as the wind. Yet here and there,
Like lightning through the void of night, glare out
Glorious imaginings, which give us gleams
Of the pure heaven that now is troubled so.

And as he writes, so he converses, when,
As seldom, you can take him in the mood.
In such fine words he utters such fine thoughts,
There is such glory streaming through the gloom,
That you almost forgot how low he sinks
He soars so very high ; but sink or soar
It is confusion all ; a mighty maze,
The ruins of an admirable work.
From things most near his wits go wandering on
To things the most remote. 'Tis wonderful
What subtle chain can link such opposite thoughts.

And how he loves his garden, though it be
An emblem of his own bewildered brain !
He cannot sleep, and ere the sun is up,
And when 'tis set, he diligently plies
His mazy task among the herbs and shrubs,

by mischief. Sometimes he will pause,
 leaning with crossed arms upon his spade,
 fanciful discourse with some tall weed
 h, like a bold intruder, hath thrust out
 modest flow'ret from its chosen place ;
 plucking a proud rose, he one by one
 tears its rich leaves to the passing wind,
 makes an eloquent sermon, as he thinks,
 of the vanity of human hopes,
 of hollowness of human love and faith,
 and vanish before fortune's first rough breath,
 leaving alone the naked stem to bear
 season's chance and change.

Merciful heaven !

are we, that the sorrows of the world
 mould our spirits thus ? What is the mind
 that claims such kindred with immortal things
 so allied so to mortality ?
 is it that the finest essences—
 so to divinity are most akin—
 readily renounce their lineage,
 lose not only what they have of heaven,
 even the traces of humanity ?
 vexed, confounded, and abashed, our thoughts
 retreat into themselves and fear to trace
 workings of thy wisdom, shown alike
 in man sorrows as in human joys.
 yet despair not ; even this crazy man
 is but cheerful, for we see in him
 which madness cannot wholly quench.
 knows that the mysterious chain that links
 soul of nature with the soul of man,
 is high prerogative of poetry,
 not to be severed all, where it is found
 delicate, most strong, coiled in the heart
 of a true poet. Through the gloom in him
 fitful beams which oftentimes betray
 bright a heaven is hid behind the cloud.
 ask you why such visitings may be ?
 only knows who framed us for the world,
 made us subject to its natural laws.
 to curb the pride of human thought ?
 to dash our reason by the spectacle

Of finest intellect prostrate ? To renew
Continually the memory of the bond
By which we are bound to earth, and teach us all
To reverence the mystery of man,
That union of Divinity and dust ?

THE WIDOW TO HER HOUR GLASS.

By ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, the Farmer's Boy.

COME, friend, I'll turn thee up again :
Companion of the lonely hour !
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
And cloth'd with leaves my humble bower,
 Since thou hast stood
 In frame of wood,
On chest or window by my side :
At every birth still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear—
 And, when my husband died.

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand
And seen the growing mountain rise,
And often found life's hopes to stand
On props as weak in Wisdom's eyes :
 Its conic crown
 Still sliding down,
Again heap'd up, then down again ;
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still filt'ring through,
 And mingling joy and pain.

While thus I spin and sometimes sing
(For now and then my heart will glow)
Thou measur'st Time's expanding wing :
By thee the noontide hour I know :
 Though silent thou,
 Still shalt thou flow,
And jog along thy destin'd way :
But when I glean the sultry fields,
When earth her yellow harvest yields,
 Thou get'st a holiday.

Steady as truth, on either end
Thy daily task performing well,
Thou'rt Meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the heart without a bell :
 Come, lovely May!
 Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild once more my native plain ;
Curl inward here, sweet woodbine flower ;—
Companion of the lonely hour,
 I'll turn thee up again.

THE LEVELLER.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

THE king he reigns on a throne of gold,
Fenc'd round by his "right divine ;"
The baron he sits in his castle old,
 Drinking his ripe red wine :
But below, below, in his ragged coat,
The beggar he tuneth a hungry note,
And the spinner is bound to his weary thread,
And the debtor lies down with an aching head.
 So the world goes !
 So the stream flows !
 Yet there is a fellow, whom nobody knows,
 Who maketh all free
 On land and sea,
 And forceth the rich like the poor to flee !

The lady lies down in her warm white lawn,
And dreams of her pearled pride ;
The milkmaid sings, to the wild-eyed dawn,
 Sad songs on the cold hill-side :
And the bishop smiles, as on high he sits,
On the scholar who writes and starves by fits ;
And the girl who her nightly needle plies,
Looks out for the summer of life—and dies !

So the world goes!
 So the stream flows!
 Yet there is a fellow, whom nobody knows,
 Who maketh all free
 On land and sea,
 And forceth the rich like the poor to flee!

A CHILD ASLEEP.

A fine composition by Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
 true poet.

How he sleepeth! having drunken
 Weary childhood's mandragore,
 From his pretty eyes have sunken
 Pleasures, to make room for more—
 Sleeping near the withered nosegay, which he pulled the
 before.

Nosegays! leave them for the waking!
 Throw them earthward where they grew.
 Dim are such, beside the breaking
 Amaranths he looks unto—
 Folded eyes see brighter colours than the open ever do.

Heaven-flowers, rayed by shadows golden
 From the palms they sprang beneath,
 Now perhaps divinely holden,
 Swing against him in a wreath—
 We may think so from the quickening of his bloom and
 his breath.

Vision unto vision calleth,
 While the young child dreameth on.
 Fair, O dreamer, thee befalleth
 With the glory thou hast won!
 Darker wert thou in the garden, yesternorn, by sumr
 sun.

We should see the spirits ringing
Round thee—were the clouds away!
'Tis the child-heart draws them, singing
In the silent-seeming clay—
Singing!—Stars that seem the mutest, go in music all the
way.

As the moths around a taper,
As the bees around a rose,
As in sunset, many a vapour—
So the spirits group and close
Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking its repose.

Shapes of brightness overlean thee,
With their diadems of youth
Striking on thy ringlets sheenly—
While thou smilest—not in sooth
Thy smile—but the overfair one, dropt from some ætherial
mouth.

Haply it is angels' duty,
During slumber, shade by shade
To fine down this childish beauty
To the thing it must be made,
Where the world shall bring it praises, or the tomb shall see it
fade.

Softly, softly! make no noises!
Now he lieth dead and dumb—
Now he hears the angels' voices
Folding silence in the room—
How he muses deep the meaning of the heaven-words as
they come.

Speak not! he is consecrated—
Breathe no breath across his eyes.
Lifted up and separated
On the hand of God he lies,
In a sweetness beyond touching—held in cloistral sanctities.

Could ye bless him—father—mother?
Bless the dimple in his cheek?
Dare ye look at one another,
And the benediction speak?
Would ye not break out in weeping, and confess yourselves
too weak?

He is harmless—ye are sinful—
 Ye are troubled—he, at ease!
 From his slumber, virtue winful
 Floweth outward with increase—
 Dare not bless him! but be blessed by his peace—and go
 peace.

 POETRY.

A luxurious passage from a poem by KEATS.

WHAT is more gentle than a wind in summer?
 What is more soothing than the pretty hummer
 That stays one moment in an open flower,
 And buzzes cheerily from bower to bower?
 What is more tranquil than a musk-rose blowing
 In a green island, far from all men's knowing?
 More healthful than the leafiness of dales?
 More secret than a nest of nightingales?
 More serene than Cordelia's countenance?
 More full of visions than a high romance?
 What, but thee, Sleep? Soft closer of our eyes!
 Low murmurer of tender lullabies!
 Light hoverer around our happy pillows!
 Wreather of poppy buds, and weeping willows!
 Silent entangler of a beauty's tresses!
 Most happy listener! when the morning blesses
 Thee for enlivening all the cheerful eyes
 That glance so brightly at the new sun-rise.

But what is higher beyond thought than thee?
 Fresher than berries of a mountain-tree?
 More strange, more beautiful, more smooth, more rega
 Than wings of swans, than doves, than dim-seen eagle!
 What is it? And to what shall I compare it?
 It has a glory, and nought else can share it:
 The thought thereof is awful, sweet, and holy,
 Chasing away all worldliness and folly:
 Coming sometimes like fearful claps of thunder;
 Or the low rumblings earth's regions under;
 And sometimes like a gentle whispering
 Of all the the secrets of some wondrous thing
 That breathes about us in the vacant air;
 So that we look around with prying stare,

Perhaps to see shapes of light aerial limning ;
And catch soft floatings from a faint-heard hymning ;
To see the laurel-wreath, on high suspended,
That is to crown our name when life is ended.
Sometimes it gives a glory to the voice,
And from the heart up-springs, rejoice ! rejoice !
Sounds which will reach the framer of all things,
And die away in ardent mutterings.

No one who once the glorious sun has seen,
And all the clouds, and felt his bosom clean
For his great Maker's presence, but must know
What 'tis I mean, and feel his being glow :
Therefore no insult will I give his spirit,
By telling what he sees from native merit.

O Poesy ! for thee I hold my pen,
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven—should I rather kneel
Upon some mountain-top until I feel
A glowing splendour round about me hung,
And echo back the voice of thine own tongue ?
O Poesy ! for thee I grasp my pen
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven ; yet, to my ardent prayer,
Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,
Smooth'd for intoxication by the breath
Of flowering bays, that I may die a death
Of luxury, and my young spirit follow
The morning sunbeams to the great Apollo,
Like a fresh sacrifice ; or, if I can bear
The o'erwhelming sweets, 'twill bring to me the fair
Visions of all places : a bowery nook
Will be elysium—an eternal book
Whence I may copy many a lovely saying
About the leaves and flowers—about the playing
Of nymphs in woods, and fountains ; and the shade
Keeping a silence round a sleeping maid ;
And many a verse from so strange influence
That we must ever wonder how, and whence
It came.

A ROSE FROM MRS. BROWNING'S DESERTED GARDEN

By Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I MIND me in the days departed
How often underneath the sun,
With childish bounds I used to run
To a garden long deserted.

The beds and walks were vanish'd quite,
And wheresoe'er had struck the spade,
The greenest grasses nature laid,
To sanctify her right.

I called the place my wilderness,
For no one entered there but I.
The sheep looked in the grass to spy,
And passed it ne'ertheless.

The trees were interwoven wild,
And spread their boughs enough about
To keep both sheep and shepherd out,
But not a happy child.

Adventurous joy it was for me!
I crept beneath the boughs and found
A circle smooth of mossy ground
Beneath a poplar tree.

Old garden rose-trees hedged it in
Bedropt with roses waxen-white,
Well satisfied with dew and light,
And careless to be seen.

It did not move my grief to see
The trace of human step departed,
Because the garden was deserted
The blither place for me.

Friends, blame me not ; a narrow hem
Hath childhood 'twixt the sun and sward ;
We draw the moral afterward—
We feel the gladness then.

The gladdest hours for me did glide
In silence at the rose-tree wall,
A thrush made gladness musical
Upon the other side.

Nor he, nor I did e'er incline
To peck or pluck the blossom white—
How should I know but that they might
Lead lives as glad as mine.

To make my hermit home complete,
I brought clear water from the spring
Praised in its own low murmuring—
And cresses grassy wet.

And so I thought my likeness grew
(Without the melancholy tale)
To gentle hermit of the dale,
And Angelina too.

Long years ago it might befall,
When all the garden flowers were trim,
The grave old gardener prided him
On these the most of all.

Some lady, stately overmuch,
Here moving with a silken noise,
Has brushed beside them at the voice
That likened her to such.

One there to make a diadem,
She often may have plucked and turned,
Half smiling as it came to mind,
That few would look at them.

Oh, little thought that lady proud
A child would watch her fair white rose,
When buried lay her whiter brows,
And silk was changed for a shroud!

Nor thought the gardener (full of scorns
For men unlearned, a simple phrase)
A child would bring it all its praise,
By creeping through the thorns.

To me, upon my low moss-seat,
Though ne'er a dream the roses sent
Of science or love's compliment,
I ween they smelt as sweet.

For oft I've read within my nook
Such minstrel stories, till the breeze
Made sounds poetic in the trees,
And then I shut my book.

Brilliant.

POWER OF NATURE.

There was a boy ; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander !—Many a time,
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake ;
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely, palm to palm, and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hooting to the silent owls,
That they might answer him.—And they would sho
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call—with quivering peals,
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled ; concourse wild
Of mirth and jocund din ! And, when it chanced
That pauses of deep silence mocked his skill,
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents ; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

WORDSWORTH

POWER OF LOVE.

Time's waters cannot ebb or stay,
 Power cannot change them, but love may:
 What cannot be, love counts it done.

KEBLE.

ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY.

The little hedgerow birds
 That peck along the road, regard him not,
 He travels on, and in his face, his step,
 His gait is one expression; every limb,
 His look, and bending figure, all bespeak
 A man who does not move with pain, but moves
 With thought.—He is insensibly subdued
 To settled quiet; he is one by whom
 All effort seems forgotten; one to whom
 Long patience hath such mild composure given
 That patience now doth seem a thing of which
 He hath no need. He is by nature led
 To peace so perfect, that the young behold
 With envy what the old man hardly feels.

WORDSWORTH.

A CALM WINTER'S NIGHT.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,
 Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
 Were discord to the speaking quietude
 That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
 Seems like a canopy which love had spread
 To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow—
 Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
 So stainless that their white and glittering spires
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam—yon castled steep
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
 So idly that wrapt fancy deemeth it
 A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
 Where musing solitude might love to lift
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
 Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
 So cold, so bright, so still.

SHELLEY.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

The brilliant black eye
 May in triumph let fly
 All its darts, without caring who feels them ;
 But the soft eye of blue,
 Though it scatters wounds too,
 Is much better pleased when it heals them.

THOMAS MOORE

HORSES TOILING UP HILL.

Now the sun rising, whips his steeds, afar,
 Step by step up the perpendicular.

CHURCHILL

TURBULENT JOYS.

Deep, tingling pleasures, musically hinged,
 Dropping with starry sparks, goldenly honied,
 And smelling sweet with the delights of life.

BEDDOE

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

How calmly gliding through the dark blue sky
 The midnight moon ascends ! Her placid beams,
 Through thinly scattered leaves and boughs grotesque
 Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope ;
 Here, o'er the chesnut's fretted foliage grey
 And massy, motionless they spread ; here, shine
 Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
 Their chasms ; and there the glittering argentry
 Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
 A lovelier, purer light than that of day
 Rests on the hills ; and oh, how awfully
 Into that deep and tranquil firmament
 The summits of Auseva rise serene !
 The watchman on the battlements partakes
 The stillness of the solemn hour ; he feels
 The silence of the earth, the endless sound
 Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
 Which, in that brightest moonlight well nigh quenched
 Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
 Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
 Draw on with elevating influence
 Towards eternity the attempered mind.

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THE HEDGE FEAST.

ANONYMOUS.

WHERE the bees and butterflies
Skim the meady down,
Five merry little children,
Gathered from the town,
From dark and gloomy alleys,
From sickly lanes and rooms,
Drearier and sadder
Than a place of tombs.

Ragged little Johnny,
Merry little Jim,
Crooked little Barney—
How sweet the fields to him!
Matty with her white head,
Bonnet all awry;
Katie with sweet fancies
Glittering in her eye.

They have roamed the meadow,
They have roamed the wood,
Seeking nuts and blackberries,
For their pleasant food.
With their nuts and blackberries,
And lumps of bread and cheese,
On a mossy hedge-bank,
Now they sit at ease.

Drinking from the brooklet,
'Neath the hawthorn tree,
Clear it runs as innocence—
Fresh and bright and free—
The hawthorn shook fresh odours,
Like a blessing down
From the pure white blossoms
Of its leafy crown!

Plump white lambs were gathered
'Neath its cloven stem,
And the happy children
Nestled close by them;

And the thrush sang loudly
On the hawthorn spray,
And the brooklet ever
Made music on its way.

I watched unseen, oft sighing,
To think what simple joy
Was here that earthly riches
Might seek in vain to buy.
How easy to be happy,
Where Nature doth suffice;
Wealth and grandeur are not
Found in Paradise.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

By MARY HOWITT.

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here where the children play
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street,
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part,
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're number'd with the dead,
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most gratefully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

THE ROSE.

A ballad, by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, the American poet.

IN his tower sat the poet
Gazing on the roaring sea,
"Take this rose," he sighed, "and throw it
Where there's none that loveth me.
On the rock the billow bursteth
And sinks back into the seas,
But in vain my spirit thirsteth
So to burst and be at ease.
Take, O sea! the tender blossom
That hath lain against my breast;
On thy black and angry bosom
It will find a surer rest.

Life is vain, and love is hollow,
Ugly death stands there behind,
Hate and scorn and hunger follow
Him that toileth for his kind."
Forth into the night he hurled it,
And with bitter smile did mark
How the surly tempest whirled it
Swift into the hungry dark.
Foam and spray drive back to leeward,
And the gale, with dreary moan,
Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,
Through the breakers all alone.

Stands a maiden on the morrow,
Musing by the wave-beat strand,
Half in hope and half in sorrow,
Tracing words upon the sand :
"Shall I ever then behold him
Who hath been my life so long,—
Ever to this sick heart fold him,—
Be the spirit of his song ?
Touch not, sea, the blessed letters
I have traced upon thy shore,
Spare his name whose spirit fetters
Mine with love for evermore!"
Swells the tide and overflows it,
But, with omen pure and meet,
Brings a little rose, and throws it
Humbly at the maiden's feet.
Full of bliss she takes the token,
And, upon her snowy breast,
Smooths the ruffled petals, broken
With the ocean's fierce unrest.
"Love is thine, O heart! and surely
Peace shall also be thine own,
For the heart that trusteth purely
Never long can pine alone."

In his tower sits the poet,
Blisses new and strange to him
Fill his heart and overflow it
With a wonder sweet and dim,

Up the beach the ocean slideth
 With a whisper of delight,
 And the moon in silence glideth
 Through the peaceful blue of night.
 Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder
 Flows a maiden's golden hair,
 Maiden lips, with love grown bolder,
 Kiss his moon-lit forehead bare.
 "Life is joy, and love is power,
 Death all fetters doth unbind,
 Strength and wisdom only flower
 When we toil for all our kind.
 Hope is truth—the future giveth
 More than present takes away,
 And the soul for ever liveth
 Nearer God from day to day."
 Not a word the maiden uttered,
 Fullest hearts are slow to speak,
 But a withered rose-leaf fluttered
 Down upon the poet's cheek.

MARCH.

From the *Critic*, where it appears with the signature of JOHN BRITTON. It is full of promise.

He stands like a warder stout and strong
 In the open gate of the year.
 He bloweth loud and he bloweth long
 A blast on the horn in his hands,
 And it rolleth shrilly and clear
 Through the amber caves low under the waves,
 And it rolleth along the lands.

The sprites of the fruits and flowers and leaves,
 They had long been out at play
 With the spirits that rule the mellow sheaves
 In the crystalline palaces—
 In the ether halls no mortal sees—
 In the gardens under the day:
 But the stirring blast that clarion cast
 Oh it broke their holyday!

And they hurry home at their topmost speed,
 Flurried and flush'd with the sudden need,
 Sprinkling earth as they pass along
 With a flood of colour and gush of song—
 For the Summer is coming to wed the Spring,
 And Earth on their altar her wealth shall fling,
 And the Heavens soft odours and breezes bring,
 And the hollow heights and the depths shall ring
 With a wild overgushing of gladdening—
 With the tumult and joy of that marrying!

 TAPESTRY.

A fanciful passage from one of the poems of MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE air of the December night
 Steals coldly around the chamber bright,
 Where those lifeless lovers be.
 Swinging with it, in the light
 Flaps the ghostlike tapestry.
 And on the arras wrought you see
 A stately Huntsman, clad in green,
 And round him a fresh forest scene.
 On that clear forest knoll he stays
 With his pack round him, and delays.
 He stares and stares, with troubled face,
 At this huge gleam-lit fireplace,
 At the bright lorn-figur'd door,
 And those blown rushes on the floor.
 He gazes down into the room
 With heated cheeks and flurried air,
 And to himself he seems to say—
 "What place is this and who are they?
 Who is that kneeling Lady fair?
 And on his pillows that pale Knight
 Who seems of marble on a tomb?
 How comes it here, this chamber bright,
 Through whose mullion'd windows clear
 The castle court, all wet with rain,
 The drawbridge and the moat appear,

And then the beach, and, mark'd with spray,
The sunken reefs, and far away
The unquiet bright Atlantic plain?—

What, has some glamour made me sleep,
And sent me with my dogs to sweep,
By night, with boisterous bugle peal,
Through some old sea-side knightly hall,
Not in the free greenwood at all?
That Knight's asleep, and at her prayer
That Lady by the bed doth kneel:
Then hush, thou boisterous bugle peal!"

The wild boar rustles in his lair—
The fierce hounds snuff the tainted air—
But lord and hounds keep rooted there.

Cheer, cheer thy dogs into the brake,
O hunter! and without a fear
Thy golden-tassell'd bugle blow,
And through the glades thy pastime take!

For thou wilt rouse no sleepers here,
For these thou seest are unmov'd;
Cold, cold, as those who liv'd and lov'd
A thousand years ago.

COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE.

ken from one of the periodicals, where it appeared anonymously.

THE lusty birds are singing now,
As sin and sorrow were no more,
From ev'ry bush and ev'ry bough,
The tide of song they wildly pour.

Ah! little birds, ye break my heart—
'Twas thus the poet silence broke,
And tears reveal the inward smart,
His earnest words but feebly spoke.

Must silence reign and song expire,
If man is out of sorts with sound.
Must stars forget to shed their fire—
If man, alas! is selfish found.

Shall flowers untimely fade away,
 And dying mingle with the dust,
 Till better times resume their sway,
 And man shall cease to be unjust.

The ringing laughter of a child—
 In pain perchance and peril bred,
 Can scatter evil thoughts and wild,
 And raise again the drooping head.

Unconscious child, still happy be,
 Nor catch too soon the trick of grief—
 Nor thou, sweet bird, resign the glee,
 That yields thy little life so brief.

From springs of joy remote and few,
 Not wisely man will turn away—
 Refreshing, as the morning dew,
 As evanescent too, are they.

The shadow rolling at our feet,
 Of thin and airy cloud begot,
 Is image meet, and emblem sweet,
 That man on earth abideth not.



DOWN BY THE WOOD.

By ROBERT NICOLL.

Down by the wood
 When daylight is breaking,
 And the first breath of dawn
 The green leaves is shaking,
 'Tis bliss, without limit
 Alone to be straying,
 To hear the wild wood-birds,
 And what they are saying.

Down by the wood,
 When it's noon in the heaven,
 And the steer to the shade
 Of the hedgerow is driven—

'Tis sweet to recline
In the beechen-tree's shadow,
And drink all the glories
Of field, forest, meadow!

Down by the wood,
At the fall of the gloaming
'Mong clear crystal dewdrops
'Tis sweet to be roaming—
The hush of the wheat-ears—
The gushing of water—
The shiver of green leaves—
The music of Nature!

THE MOURNING MOTHER OF THE DEAD BLIND.

By Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Dost thou weep, mourning mother,
For thy blind boy in his grave?
That no more with each other,
Sweet counsel ye can have?—
That he, left dark by Nature,
Can never more be led
By thee, maternal creature,
Along smooth paths instead?
That thou can'st no more show him
The sunshine, by the heat;
The river's silver flowing,
By murmurs at his feet?
The foliage, by its coolness;
The roses, by their smell;
And all creation's fullness,
By love's invisible?
Weepest thou to behold not
His meek blind eyes again—
Closed doorways which were folded,
And prayed against in vain—

And under which, sate smiling
The child-mouth evermore,
As one who watcheth, whiling
The time by at a door ?
And weepst thou to feel not
His clinging hand on thine—
Which now, at dream-time will not
Its cold touch disentwine ?
And weepst thou still oft,
Oh, never more to mark
His low soft words, made softer
By speaking in the dark ?
Weep on, thou murning mother !

But since to him when living,
Thou wert both sun and moon,
Look o'er his grave surviving,
From a high sphere alone !
Sustain that exaltation—
Expand that tender light :
And hold in mother-passion
Thy blessed, in thy sight.
See how he went out straightway
From the dark world he knew—
No twilight in the gateway
To mediate 'twixt the two—
Into the sudden glory,
Out of the dark he trod,
Departing from before thee
At once to light and God !—
For the first face, beholding
The Christ's in its divine—
For the first place, the golden
And tideless hyaline ;
With trees at lasting summer,
That rock to songful sound,
While angels, the new-comer
Wrap a still smile around.
Oh, in the blessed psalm now,
His happy voice he tries—
Spreading a thicker palm-bough,
Than others o'er his eyes—

Yet still, in all the singing,
 Thinks haply of thy song
 Which, in his life's first spring,
 Sang to him all night long—
 And wishes it beside him,
 With kissing lips that cool
 And soft did overglide him—
 To make the sweetness full.
 Look up, O mourning mother,
 Thy blind boy walks in light!
 Ye wait for one another
 Before God's infinite!
 But thou art now the darkest,
 Thou mother left below—
 Thou, the sole blind—thou markest,
 Content that it be so;—
 Until ye two give meeting
 Where Heaven's pearl-gate is,
 And he shall lead thy feet in,
 As once thou leddest his.
 Wait on! thou mourning mother.

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

There is something very quaint, but fanciful and full of poetry, in the following, by T. BUCHANAN READ.

BEFORE the stout harvesters falleth the grain,
 As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the plain
 And loiters the boy in the briery lane;
 But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,
 Like a long line of spears brightly burnished and tall.

Adown the white highway, like cavalry fleet,
 It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.
 Like a murmurless school, in their leafy retreat,
 The wild birds sit listening the drops round them beat;
 And the boy *crouches close* to the blackberry wall.

The swallows alone take the storm on their wing,
 And taunting the tree-sheltered labourers, sing.
 Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of the spring.
 While a bubble darts up from each widening ring;
 And the boy, in dismay, hears the loud shower fall.

But soon are the harvesters tossing the sheaves;
 The robin darts out from its bower of leaves;
 The wren peereth forth from the moss-covered eaves
 And the rain-spattered urchin now gladly perceives
 That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

FONTENOY.

A ballad, by THOMAS DAVIS, a fiery spirited young Irishman, who helped in the columns of *The Nation* to fan into a flame the hostility to the Union, which ended in the half sad half ludicrous rebellion under the ill-fated Smith O'Brien. If lacking in loyalty, it is full of poetry.

THREE, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed;
 And twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in vain
 assailed;

For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking bat-
 tery,

And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
 As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst,
 The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dis-
 persed.

The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
 And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
 And mustering come his chosen troops like clouds at even-
 tide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
 Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their
 head:

Steady they step adown the slope, steady they mount the hill,
 Steady they load, steady they fire, moving right onward still,
 Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
 Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets shower-
 ing fast;

e open plain above they rose and kept their course,
 ly fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile
 æ;
 enoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their
 ks,
 k as breaks the Zuyder Zee through Holland's
 an banks!

than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush
 nd;
 to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the
 und;
 l and grape and round-shot tore, still on they
 ched and fired;
 each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
 , my household cavalry!" King Louis madly

they rush, but rude their shock, not unavenged
 7 died.

h the camp the column trod, King Louis turned
 rein:

my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops
 ain;"

enoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
 ese exiles ready been, fresh, vehement, and true.

are," he says, "you have your wish; there are
 r Saxon foes!"

al almost smiles to see how furiously he goes!

the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so
 !

ured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts
 lay;

broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could
 ;

lered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's
 ing cry;

sthood hunted down like wolves, their country
 thrown;

as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.

oy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,

to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles
 3.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bayonets—charge!" Like mountain storm rush on
these fiery bands!

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet mustering all the strength they have, they make a
gallant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill, to face that battle-wind;
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks the men
behind!

One volley crashes from their line, when through the surging
smoke,

With empty guns clutch'd in their hands, the headlong Irish
broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassanagh!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled
with gore;

Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled
flags, they tore;

The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied,
scattered, fled;

The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with
dead.

Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track,

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand; the field is fought and
won!

ALICE.

A song, breathing the soul of love, by NICOLL, one of Scotland's
latest poets, alas! now departed.

My breast is press'd to thine, Alice;
My arm is round thee twined;
Thy breath dwells on my lip, Alice,
Like clover-scented wind:

Love glistens in thy sunny e'e,
And blushes, on thy brow;
Earth's heaven is here to thee and me,
For we are happy now!

Thy cheek is warm and saft, Alice,
As the summer laverock's breast;
And peace sleeps in thy soul, Alice,
Like the laverock on its nest!
Sweet! lay thy heart aboon my heart,
For it is a' thine ain;
That morning love it gi'es to thee,
Which kens nae guile or stain!

Ilk starn in yonder lift, Alice,
Is a love-lighted e'e,
Fill'd fu' o' gladsome tears, Alice,
While watching thee and me.
This twilight hour the thoughts run back,
Like moonlight on the streams,
Till the o'erladen heart grows grit
Wi' a' its early dreams!

Langsyne amang the hills, Alice,
Where wave the breckans green,
I wander'd by the burn, Alice,
Where fairy feet had been—
While o'er me hung a vision sweet,
My heart will ne'er forget—
A dream o' summer twilight times
When flowers wi' dew were wet!

I thought on a' the tales, Alice,
O' woman's love and faith;
Of truth that smiled at fear, Alice,
And love that conquer'd death;
Affection blessing hearts and hames,
When joy was far awa,
And fear and hate; but love, O love!
Aboon and over a'!

And then I thought wi' me, Alice,
Ane walk'd in beauty there—
A being made for love, Alice,
So pure, and good, and fair—

Who shared my soul—my every hour
O' sorrow and o' mirth;
And when that dream was gone, my heart
Was lonely on the earth!

Ay, lonely grew the world, Alice—
A dreary hame to me;
Without a bush or bield, Alice,
Or leafy sheltering tree;
And aye as sough'd life's raging storm,
Wi' keen and eerie blaw,
My soul grew sad, and cold my heart,
I wish'd to be awa'.

But light came o'er my way, Alice,
And life grew joy to me;
The daisy in my path, Alice,
Unclosed its gentle e'e;
Love breath'd in ilka wind that blew,
And in ilk birdie's sang;
Wi' sunny thoughts o' summer time
The blithesome heart grew thrang.

My dreams o' youth and love, Alice,
Were a' brought back again;
And hope upraised its head, Alice,
Like the violet after rain:
A sweeter maid was by my side
Than things of dreams can be,
First precious love to her I gave,
And, Alice, thou wert she!

Nae lip can ever speak, Alice,
Nae tongue can ever tell,
The sumless love for thee, Alice,
With which my heart doth swell!
Pure as the thoughts of infants' souls,
And innocent and young;
Sic love was never tauld in sangs,
Sic sangs were never sung!

My hand is on thy heart, Alice,
Sae place thy hand in mine;
Now, welcome weal and woe, Alice,
Our love we canna tine.

Ae kiss ! let others gather gowd
Frae ilka land and sea ;
My treasure is the richest yet,
For, Alice, I ha'e thee !

DUST.

quaint composition, apparently a translation from the German,
from one of the American magazines.

Dust we were, and dust to be,
Dust upon us, dust about us,
Dust on everything we see,
Dust within us, dust without us ;
Saith the preacher, "Dust to dust !"
Let them mingle, for they must.

Dust we raise upon the road,
Dust we breathe in dancing-hall ;
Dust infests our home abode,
Dust, a pall, is over all ;
'Tis the housewife's daily bread,
Dust, the emblem of the dead !

When the sky above is fair,
And the sun upon us streams,
Floats the dust throughout the air,
Gleaming in its fallen beams ;
Every mote is like a man,
Dancing gaily while he can.

Ere the tempest gathers strong,
Blows at times the warning gust,
O'er the plain it sweeps along,
Tempest's thrall, a cloud of dust.
Every mote is like a man,
Flying from Oppression's van.

Now the swollen clouds grow dark,
Comes the long-expected flood,
Falling deluge-like and stark;
Dust is beaten down to mud.
So are times when men must grovel,
In the palace as the hovel.

Thus we are but motes of dust,
On the ground and in the air,
Blown by pleasure, fear and lust,
Beaten down to low despair;
Born of dust, to come to dust,
Let us mingle, for we must.

BALDER'S FUNERAL.

We have already extracted some fine descriptive passages from a poem by MATHEW ARNOLD, entitled *Balder*. Here is another.

BUT when the Gods and heroes heard, they brough
The wood to Balder's ship, and built a pile,
Full the deck's breadth, and lofty; then the corpse
Of Balder on the highest top they laid,
With Nanna on his right, and on his left
Hoder, his brother, whom his own hand slew.
And they set jars of wine and oil to lean
Against the bodies, and stuck torches near,
Splinters of pine-wood, soak'd with turpentine;
And brought his arms and gold, and all his stuff,
And slew the dogs which at his table fed,
And his horse, Balder's horse, whom most he lov'd
And threw them on the pyre, and Odin threw
A last choice gift thereon, his golden ring.
They fixt the mast, and hoisted up the sails,
Then they put fire to the wood; and Thor
Set his stout shoulder hard against the stern
To push the ship through the thick sands: sparks f
From the deep trench she plough'd—so strong a G
Furrow'd it—and the water gurgled in.
And the ship floated on the waves, and rock'd;
But in the hills a strong east-wind arose,

And came down moaning to the sea ; first squalls
 Ran black o'er the sea's face, then steady rush'd
 The breeze, and fill'd the sails, and blew the fire ;
 And, wreath'd in smoke, the ship stood out to sea.
 Soon with a roaring noise the mighty fire,
 And the pile crackled ; and between the logs
 Sharp quivering tongues of flame shot out, and leapt,
 Curling and darting, higher, until they lick'd
 The summit of the pile, the dead, the mast,
 And ate the shrivelling sails ; but still the ship
 Drove on, ablaze, above her hull, with fire.
 And the Gods stood upon the beach, and gaz'd :
 And, while they gaz'd, the sun went lurid down
 Into the smoke-wrapt sea, and night came on ;
 Then the wind fell, with night, and there was calm.
 But through the dark they watch'd the burning ship
 Still carried o'er the distant waters on
 Farther and farther, like an eye of fire.
 And as in the dark night a travelling man
 Who bivouacs in a forest 'mid the hills,
 Sees suddenly a spire of flame shoot up
 Out of the black waste forest, far below,
 Which woodcutters have lighted near their lodge
 Against the wolves ; and all night long it flares :—
 So flar'd, in the far darkness, Balder's pyre.
 But fainter, as the stars rose high, it burn'd ;
 The bodies were consum'd, ash chok'd the pile :
 And as in a decaying winter fire
 A charr'd log, falling, makes a shower of sparks—
 So, with a shower of sparks, the pile fell in,
 Reddening the sea around ; and all was dark.

SONG OF THE PEASANT WIFE.

By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON.

COME, Patrick, clear up the storms on your brow ;
 You were kind to me once—will you frown on me now—
 Shall the storm settle here when from heaven it departs,
 And the cold from without find its way to our hearts ?
 No, Patrick, no ! sure the wintriest weather
 Is easily borne when we bear it together.

Though the rain's dropping through, from the roof to floor,
 And the wind whistles free where there once was a door
 Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm wash away
 All the warm vows we made in our love's early day?
 No, Patrick, no! sure the dark stormy weather
 Is easily borne if we bear it together.

When you stole out to woo me when labour was done,
 And the day that was closing to us seemed begun,
 Did we care if the sunset was bright on the flowers,
 Or if we crept out amid darkness and showers?
 No, Patrick! we talked, while we braved the wild wea-
 Of all we could bear, if we bore it together.

Soon, soon, will these dark dreary days be gone by,
 And our hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky!
 Oh, let not our spirits, embittered with pain,
 Be dead to the sunshine that came to us then!
 Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us welcome the weath-
 And sunshine or storm, we will bear it together.

THE CHIVALRY OF LABOUR,

EXHORTED TO THE WORSHIP OF BEAUTY.

One of GERALD MASSEY's glowing bursts of rude energy.

OUR world oft turns in gloom, and life hath many a per-
 way,
 Yet there's no path so desolate and thorny, cold and gr-
 But beauty like a beacon burns above the dark of strife.
 And like an alchymist she turns all things to golden life
 On human hearts her presence droppeth precious m-
 down,
 On human brows her glory gathers like a coming crown
 Her smile lights up life's troubled stream, and love,
 swimmer! lives;
 And O! 't is brave to battle for the guerdon that she gi-
 Then let us worship beauty with the knightly faith of ol-
 O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the age of gold!

The first-fruits of the past at beauty's shrine are offer'd up,
From which a vintage meet for gods she crusheth in her cup:
And from the living Present doth she press the rare new wine,
To glad the hearts of all her lovers with a draught divine.
Earth's crowning miracle! she comes! with blessing lips,
that part

Like mid-May's rose flusht open with the fragrance of her
heart:

And life turns to her colour—kindles with her light—like
flowers

That garner up the golden fire, and suck the mellow showers.
Come let us worship beauty with the knightly faith of old,
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the age of gold!

Come, let us worship beauty where the budding spring doth
flower,

And lush green leaves and grasses flush out sweeter every
hour;

Or summer's tide of splendour floods the lap o' the world
once more,

With riches like a sea that surges jewels on its shore.

Come feel her ripening influence when morning feasts our
eyes—

Through open gates of glory—with a glimpse of paradise:
Or queenly night sits crowned, smiling down the purple gloom,
And stars, like heaven's fruitage, melt i' the glory of their
bloom.

Come let us worship beauty with the knightly faith of old,
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the age of gold!

Come from the den of darkness and the city's soil of sin,
Put on your radiant manhood, and the angel's blessing win!
Where wealthier sunlight comes from heaven, like welcome-
smiles of God,

And earth's blind yearnings leap to life in flowers, from out
the sod:

Come worship beauty in the forest-temple dim and hush,
Where stands magnificence dreaming! and God burneth in
the bush:

Or where the old hills worship with their silence for a psalm,
Or ocean's weary heart doth keep the sabbath of its calm.

Come let us worship beauty with the knightly faith of old,
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the age of gold!

Come let us worship beauty : she hath subtle power to :
 Heroic word and deed out-flashing from the humblest he
 Great feelings will gush unawares, and freshly as the first
 Rich rainbow that up startled heaven in tearful splendour
 burst.

O blessed are her lineaments, and wondrous are her ways
 To re-picture God's worn likeness in the suffering human
 face !

Our bliss shall richly overbrim like sunset in the west,
 And we shall dream immortal dreams, and banquet with
 blest.

Then let us worship beauty with the knightly faith of old
 O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the age of gold.

CONSUMPTION.

By JAMES G. PERCIVAL, an American poet.

THERE is a sweetness in woman's decay,
 When the light of beauty is fading away,
 When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
 And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone,
 And darted around its glance of power,
 And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,
 That ever in Pæstum's garden blew,
 Or ever was steep'd in fragrant dew,
 When all that was bright and fair has fled,
 But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

O ! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
 Like the perfume scenting the withered rose ;
 For a nameless charm around her plays,
 And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays,
 And a veil of spotless purity
 Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
 Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
 Has pour'd her softest tint of light ;
 And there is a blending of white and blue,
 Where the purple blood is melting through
 The snow of her pale and tender cheek ;
 And there are tones, that sweetly speak

Of a spirit, who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments, that pleasure hath,
Are pour'd from her full, o'erflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment that lies,
Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er
With a few big drops, that are soon repress'd,
For short is the stay of grief in her breast :
In this enliven'd and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter power ;
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
And life wears out with no repining,
And the whisper, that tells of early death,
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
When it comes at the hour of still repose,
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose,
And the lip, that swell'd with a living glow,
Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow ;
And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,
But the hectic spot that flushes there,
When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling,
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red and as transient too,
As the clouds, in autumn sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory met
To honour the sun at his golden set :
O! then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,

As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long imprinted kiss ;
So fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapour cheats his eyes,
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to his mother's breast.
And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires
With a woman's love and a saint's desires,
And her last fond lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to heaven,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day.

AUTUMN.

By JOHN G. C. BRAINARD, one of the poets of America.

THE dead leaves strow the forest walk,
And wither'd are the pale wild flowers ;
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
The dewdrops fall in frozen showers.
Gone are the spring's green sprouting bowers,
Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,
And autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learn'd a clear and wild-toned note,
That rose and swell'd from yonder tree—
A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
There perch'd and raised her song for me.
The winter comes, and where is she ?
Away—where summer wings will rove,
Where buds are fresh, and every tree
Is vocal with notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,
 Too fresh the flower that blushes there,
 The northern breeze that rustles by,
 Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair ;
 No forest-tree stands stript and bare,
 No stream beneath the ice is dead,
 No mountain-top with sleety hair
 Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there with all the birds,—and seek
 A happier clime, with livelier flight,
 Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,
 And leave me lonely with the night.
 —I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
 And mark where all its glories shone—
 See—that it all is fair and bright,
 Feel—that it all is cold and gone.

Brilliant.

MORNING.

The feathered songster's chanticleer,
 Has blown his bugle horn,
 And told the early villagers
 The coming of the morn.

CHATTERTON.

SLEEP.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest ;
 The courteous host, and all-approving guest,
 Again to that accustom'd couch must creep
 Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,
 And man, o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,
 Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life :
 There lies love's feverish hope, and cunning's guile,
 Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile ;
 O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,
 And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.

BYRON.

DEATH.

The sweet Lenore hath gone before, with hope that
beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have
thy bride;

For her the fair and debonair, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes—
The life still there upon her hair—the death within her
Po

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

I see before me the gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low ;
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower, and now
The arena swims around him :—he is gone
Ere ceas'd the inhuman shout which hail'd the wr
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay ;
There were his young barbarians all at play—
There was their Dacian mother—he their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
All this rush'd with his blood.—Shall he expire
And unaveng'd ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your
BYRON

DISORDERED AMBITION.

A perilous sea it is,
'Twixt this and Jove's throne, whose tumultuous wav
Are heaped, contending ghosts ! There is no passing
But by those slippery, distant stepping-stones,
Which frozen Odin trod, and Mahomet,
With victories harnessed to his crescent sledge,
And building waves of blood upon the shallows,
O'erpass'd triumphant.

BEDDOE

MORNING.

Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
 Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearls.
 MILTON.

HATRED.

He is my bane, I cannot bear him ;
 One heaven and earth can never hold us both ;
 Still shall we hate and with defiance deadly
 Keep rage alive till one be lost for ever ;
 As if two suns should meet in one meridian,
 And strive in fiery combat for the passage.
 ROWE.

DREAMLAND.

For the heart, whose woes are legion,
 'Tis a peaceful soothing region—
 For the spirit that walks in shadow,
 'Tis—oh 'tis an Eldorado.
 But the traveller travelling through it
 May not—dare not—openly view it ;
 Never its mysteries are exposed,
 To the human eye unclosed.
 So wills its king who hath forbid
 The uplifting of the fringed lid,
 And then, the sad soul that here passes
 Beholds it but through darken'd glasses.
 POE.

LOST LOVE.

Oh ! it is darkness to lose love—howe'er
 We little prized the fond heart—fond no more.
 The bird dark-winged on earth looks white in air ;
 Unrecognized are angels till they soar ;
 And few so rich they may not well beware
 Of lightly losing the heart's golden ore ;
 Yet—hast thou love too poor for thy possessing ?—
 Lose it like friends to death with kiss and blessing.
 N. P. WILLIS.

DEATH.

Oh ! o'er the eye death most exerts his might,
 And hurls the spirit from its throne of light.
 BYRON.

STILLNESS.

The happy flowers and the repining trees
 Were seen no more—the very roses' odours
 Died in the arms of the adoring airs.

POI

HOLINESS OF NIGHT.

How well
 The night is made for tenderness—so still
 That the low whisper scarcely audible,
 Is heard like music—and so deeply pure
 That the fond thought is chastened as it springs
 And on the lip made holy.

N. P. WILLI

DEATH.

Varin. Hast looked upon her?

Attend. Death has marred her features—
 So swollen and discoloured their delight,
 As if he feared that life should know her sweet one,
 And take her back again.

Varin. If it be so,
 I'll see her once: that beauty being gone,
 And the familiar tokens altered quite,
 She's strange—a being made by wicked Death,
 And I'll not mourn her. Lead me to the corpse.

BEDDOE

MORNING.

Till morn,
 Waked by the circling hours with rosy hand,
 Unbarred the gates of light.

MILTON

THE RISING MOON.

It is the moon
 Slow rising o'er the eastern hill;
 It glimmers on the forest tips,
 And through the dewy foliage drips
 In little rivulets of light:
 And makes the heart in love with night.

ANONYMOUS



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THE MAYING.

By CHARLES MACKAY.

FAIR May unveils her ruddy cheek,
And decks her brow with daisies,
And scatters blossoms as she goes
Through fields and forest mazes.
The fragrant hawthorn, white with bloom,
Fills all the uplands airy :
The grass is dry, the sky is clear—
Let's go a-Maying, Mary !

I dearly love, in days like this,
When birds make music o'er us,
To roam with thee through wildwood paths,
And listen to their chorus ;
To help thee over crags and stiles,
And take thy hand in leaping,
And out and in to see thy face
Through leaves and branches peeping.

Ten years have pass'd since first I saw
Thy fresh and budding beauty ;
And love has ripen'd with the years,
And link'd itself with duty.
In life's young spring I swore to thee
A truth that should not vary ;
And now, in summer of my days,
I love thee better, Mary !

Time lays his finger light on thee ;
Thy cheeks are red as peaches ;
Thine eyes are bright as first they glow'd
To hear my youthful speeches.
Thine eldest boy is nine years old,
Thy youngest babe two summers ;
And thou art blooming like a girl,
'Mid all the little comers.

Bring all the four into the woods—
 We 'll set them gathering posies
 Of harebells blue and pimpernels,
 Instead of garden roses.
 Beneath the trees we 'll have one day
 Of frolicsome employment ;
 And birds shall sing and winds shall blow,
 To help us to enjoyment.

Leave house affairs to shift awhile—
 Leave work, and care, and sorrow ;
 We 'll be the merrier to-day,
 And happier to-morrow.
 I would not greatly care for life,
 If fate and toil contrary
 Could not afford me now and then
 A holiday for Mary.

And Fate is kind to those who strive
 To make existence pleasant,
 With harmless joys and simple tastes,
 And kindness ever present.
 We 'll not complain ; so come away,
 And when we want a treasure,
 We 'll use these May-day memories
 To buy forgotten pleasure.

JUAN SLEEPING.

A passage from BYRON's *Don Juan*. As that profligate poem admissible into families, some of its finest stanzas will be welcome

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek
 A purple hectic play'd like dying day
 On the snow-tops of distant hills ; the streak
 Of sufferance yet upon his forehead lay,
 Where the blue veins look'd shadowy, shrunk, and w
 And his black curls were dewy with the spray,
 Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp and salt,
 Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,
Droop'd as the willow when no winds can breathe,
Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest,
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest;
In short, he was a very pretty fellow,
Although his woes had turn'd him rather yellow.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept again,
But the fair face which met his eyes forbade
Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain
Had further sleep a further pleasure made;
For woman's face was never form'd in vain
For Juan, so that even when he pray'd
He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy,
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

And thus upon his elbow he arose,
And look'd upon the lady, in whose cheek
The pale contended with the purple rose,
As with an effort she began to speak;
Her eyes were eloquent, her words would pose,
Although she told him, in good modern Greek,
With an Ionian accent, low and sweet,
That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

Now Juan could not understand a word,
Being no Grecian; but he had an ear,
And her voice was the warble of a bird,
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,
That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard;
The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,
Whence melody descends as from a throne.

And Juan gazed as one who is awake
By a distant organ, doubting if he be
Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke
By the watchman, or some such reality,
Or by one's early valet's cursed knock;
At least, it is a heavy sound to me,
Who like a morning slumber—for the night
Shows stars and women in a better light.

THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE Sun stepp'd down from his golden throne,
And lay in the silent sea,
And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,
For a sleepy thing was she ;
What is the Lily dreaming of ?
Why crisp the waters blue ?
See, see, she is lifting her varnish'd lid !
Her white leaves are glistening through !

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek
In the lap of the breathless tide ;—
The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,
That would lie by the Rose's side ;
He would love her better than all the rest,
And he would be fond and true ;—
But the Lily unfolded her weary lids,
And look'd at the sky so blue.

Remember, remember, thou silly one,
How fast will thy summer glide,
And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,
Or flourish a blooming bride ?
" O the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,
And he lives on earth," said she ;
" But the Star is fair, and he lives in the air,
And he shall my bridegroom be."

But what if the stormy cloud should come,
And ruffle the silver sea ?
Would he turn his eye from the distant sky,
To smile on a thing like thee ?
O no, fair Lily, he will not send
One ray from his far-off throne ;
The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow,
And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain top,
Nor a drop of evening dew,
Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,
Nor a pearl in the waters blue,
That he has not cheer'd with his fickle smile,
And warm'd with his faithless beam,—
And will he be true to a pallid flower,
That floats on the quiet stream ?

Alas for the Lily ! she would not heed,
But turned to the skies afar,
And bared her breast to the trembling ray
That shot from the rising Star ;
The cloud came over the darken'd sky,
And over the waters wide :
She look'd in vain through the beating rain,
And sank in the stormy tide.

THE WINDS.

In an old periodical we found the following excellent poem, extracted from a volume published by a Mr. ORD, who has not certainly since filled the hopes to which his early promise gave birth. Many a man who has already achieved greatness might be proud to own himself the author.

HARP on, ye winds ! in glad content,
Your rhymes on every instrument
Of rock, and mount, and cave ;
The trees their joyful notes will bring,
Each flower, each blade of grass, will sing
Your measures, glad or grave.

And not to me alone the songs
That to your minstrelsy belongs,
Of joys that never cease ;
The lonely spring, the quiet stream,
The lake low murmuring as in dream,
Have heard your hymns of peace.

The nightingale, in sweetest note,
To you her lone complaint hath brought,
To you each bird hath sung ;
The weed-clad tower of ancient time,
The church-bell's solitary chime,
Have join'd your banner'd throng.

Who, who may tell whence ye arise ?
In what far region of the skies ?
In what high forest tree ?
Ye come as rushing hosts of war,
As loosen'd cataracts heard afar,
As thunders of the sea.

Or fanning round the wild bird's wing,
Or by the moon's cold pathway sing
Along the milky way ;
Or through fierce caves and arches high,
Where ruin mocks the morning sky,
Ye woo the love-worn day.

And whence that influence, dark and dim,
That wakes the soul's Æolian hymn
To measures glad and gay ?
That breathes unto the midnight hour
Such spell of mystery and power,
And holds monarchic sway ?

That makes the poet weep and sigh,
That gathers tears in beauty's eye,
And dreams around its head ;
That, breathed in sounds of awe and fear,
Doth sing unto crazed lover's ear,
Old songs of maiden dead ?

That treadeth where no foot can go,
That murmurs where no fount can flow,
Where no proud pennant streams ;
That to the stars and to the moon
Doth ever sing a slumbering tune—
The very Queen of Dreams ?

For ever breathed your hymns of love!
Ye call'd the laurel-seeking dove
 Out from the foundering ark;
Ye came to Ruth among the corn,
Singing of distant lands forlorn
 Beyond the waters dark.

Ye waved the rushes o'er the brow
Of Moses, when the lady saw
 God's chosen nod his head;
Ye caught the stir of Jordan's sea,
To Israel's king ye sang in glee
 Ere Absalom was dead.

Ye speak to us of human life,
One hour of calm, one hour of strife—
 Now bright, now dark your form!
At morn ye sing to tree and flower,
The evening hears your tread of power,
 And trembles in the storm.

Ye speak of human life! Ye go,
We know not where—ye have a flow
 Wilder than ocean wave;
Heaven scarce can hold ye, and the bound
Of earth knows not your various sound
 More than the secret grave.

Ye speak of human life! Now high,
Like thunder-clouds, ye brave the sky,
 Now sleep ye by the streams;
Ye are like earthquakes roaring wild,
And then make music as a child
 That singeth in his dreams.

Away, my fancies! even now
I feel no more upon my brow
 The mountain-breezes fall:
The stars are out, and I must go
Down to my quiet home below,
 Among the poplars tall.

And I, whilst dreaming in my bed,
Will list your dirges o'er my head,
And think ye sing to me,
And dream that I have wings like you,
To fan the locks on heaven's clear brow,
And roll unchain'd and free.

THE DANCING GIRL REPOSING.

This was written by Mr. T. K. HERVEY, to illustrate a drawing of Canova's statue of the Dancing Girl Reposing.

THERE is a shadow in her eye,
A languor in her frame ;
The spirit that, so bright and high,
Shot upward, like the flame
That withers with its warm caress,
And dies amid its own excess,—
Has wearied of its wild delight,
And stoop'd amid its fiery flight ;
And she is still a bird-like thing—
A bird, but with a broken wing ;
And thus—oh ! thus it still must be
With human hopes and wings,
That leave too far and soaringly
Their own allotted springs ;
That, like the Cretan boy's, lure on
The trusting hearts that wear them,
And melt before the very sun
To which their feathers bear them !
Oh ! thus with earthly feelings all :
The song that saddens while we sing—
The censers in the festive hall,
That darken from the light they fling,
That waste the more the more they warm,
And perish of their perfumed charm,—
Are types of life's each frail delight,
That cast their feathers in their flight ;
Or on their own sweet substance prey,
And burn their precious selves away !

TO THE PROPHET DAVID.

We now present to our readers one of the most singular and one of the most powerful poems ever written. It was composed about the year 1762, by an author, now almost unknown, named SMART. But its interest is derived from the extraordinary fact that it was written in a madhouse in which poor SMART was confined, and, what is still more strange, pen and paper being denied to him, he imprinted it, with a key, upon the wainscot of his cell. It consisted of nearly one hundred stanzas, the most striking of which we have selected. As a whole it is one of the finest sacred lyrics, probably the very finest, in existence. It is a curious problem whether he could be really deranged at the time when this majestic poetry was flowing from him. It would seem to give the appearance of truth to the hacknied assertion that "Fine wit is oft to madness near allied." Mark the wonderful march of thought and language in the following stanzas:—

GREAT, valiant, pious, good, and clean,
 Sublime, contemplative, serene,
 Strong, constant, pleasant, wise !
 Bright effluence of exceeding grace ;
 Blest man ! the swiftness of the race,
 The peril and the prize !

Sublime—invention ever young,
 Of vast conception, towering tongue,
 To God the eternal theme ;
 Notes from yon exaltations caught,
 Unrival'd royalty of thought !
 O'er meaner strains supreme.

Strong in the Lord, who could defy
 Satan, and all his powers that lie
 In sempiternal night ;
 And hell, and horror, and despair,
 Were as the lion and the bear
 To his undaunted might.

Pleasant—and various as the year ;
 Man, soul, and angel, without peer,
 Priest, champion, sage, and boy ;
 In armour or in ephod clad,
 His pomp, his piety, was glad,
 Majestic was his joy.

His muse, bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
For all the pangs that rage ;
Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michal of his bloom,
The Abishag of his age.

He sang of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
On which all strength depends ;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise,
Commences, reigns, and ends.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes
And drops upon the leafy limes ;
Sweet Hermon's fragrant air ;
Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful tapers smell
That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with smile intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence ;
Sweet when the lost arrive ;
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind 's in quest of sweets,
The choicest flowers to hive.

Sweeter, in all the strains of love,
The language of the turtle-dove,
Pair'd to thy swelling chord ;
Sweeter, with every grace endued,
The glory of thy gratitude,
Respired unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed ;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glade
Which makes at once his game ;
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground ;
Strong through the turbulent profound
Shoots xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eye-ball—like a bastion's mole
His chest against his foes ;
Strong the gyre-eagle on his sail ;
Strong against tide the enormous whale
Emerges, as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of prayer,
And far beneath the tide,
And in the seat to faith assign'd
Where ask is have and seek is find,
Where knock is open wide.

Glorious the sun in mid career ;
Glorious the assembled fires appear ;
Glorious the comet's train ;
Glorious the trumpet and alarm ;
Glorious the Almighty's stretch'd-out arm ;
Glorious the enraptured main :

Glorious the northern lights astream ;
Glorious the song when God's the theme ;
Glorious the thunder's roar ;
Glorious hosannah from the den ;
Glorious the catholic amen ;
Glorious the martyr's gore :

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
Of him that brought salvation down
By meekness, call'd thy Son ;
Thou that stupendous truth believed,
And now the matchless deed's achieved,
Determined, dared, and done.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

By LONGFELLOW.

THERE is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he,
"Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to n
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kiss'd their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in their sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flow'rets gay,"
The Reaper said and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love,
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

THE PIXIES OF DEVON.

By N. T. CARRINGTON.

The age of Pixies, like that of chivalry, is gone. There is now, perhaps, scarcely a house, which they are reputed to visit. Even the fields and lanes, which they formerly frequented, seem to be nearly forsaken. Their music is rarely heard; and they appear to have forgotten to attend to their ancient midnight dance.—*Drew's Cornwall.*

THEY are flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
In Superstition's web when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherish'd;—they are flown,
Before the wand of science! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
The elfin visions that so bless'd the sight
In the old days romantic. Naught is heard
Now, in the leafy world, but earthly strains—
Voices, yet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
And waterfall; the day is silent else,
And night is strangely mute! the hymnings high—
The immortal music, men of ancient times
Heard, ravish'd oft, are flown! O ye have lost
Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs
That dwelt in your green solitudes, and fill'd
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
Intense—with a rich mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners!

The very streams
Brighten'd with visitings of these so sweet
Ethereal creatures! They were seen to rise
From the charm'd waters, which still brighter grew
As the pomp pass'd to land, until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod,
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose,
And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers,
Floated upon the breeze. And mortal eyes
Look'd on their revels all the luscious night;
And, unreprieved, upon their ravishing forms
Gazed wistfully, as in the dance they moved
Voluptuous, to the thrilling touch of harp
Elysian.

And by gifted eyes were seen
Wonders—in the still air;—and beings bright
And beautiful, more beautiful than throng
Fancy's ecstatic regions, peopled now
The sunbeam, and now rode upon the gale
Of the sweet summer noon. Anon they touch'd
The earth's delighted bosom, and the glades
Seem'd greener, fairer—and the enraptured woods
Gave a glad leafy murmur—and the rills
Leap'd in the ray of joy—and all the birds
Threw into the intoxicating air their songs,
All soul. The very archings of the grove,
Clad in cathedral gloom from age to age,
Lighten'd with living splendours; and the flowers
Tinged with new hues, and lovelier upsprung
By millions in the grass, that rustled now
To gales of Araby!

The seasons came
In bloom or blight, in glory or in shade—
The shower or sunbeam fell or glanced, as pleased
These potent Elves. They steer'd the giant cloud
Through heaven at will, and with the meteor flash
Came down in death or sport; ay, when the storm
Shook the old woods, they rode, on rainbow wings,
The tempest; and, anon, they rein'd its rage
In its fierce wild career. But ye have flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers!—flown
Before the wand of science, and the hearths
Of Devon, as lags the disenchanted year,
Are passionless and silent!

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

By MARY HOWITT.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree, and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashion'd with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To whisper hope—to comfort man
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will care much more for Him!

A KISS.

By Lord BYRON.

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand;
And in the worn and wild receptacles
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd,
In hollow halls with sparry roofs and cells,
They turn'd to rest; and, each clasp'd by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
They heard the waves' splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss.

AUTUMN WOODS.

By W. C. BRYANT.

ERE, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold
In their wide sweep the colour'd landscape round
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendours glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks ; the sweet south-west, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet,
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat ?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays ; the forest depths are bright ;
Their sunny-colour'd foliage in the breeze
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But, 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn ; why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad ;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad ?

Ah, 't were a lot too blest
For ever in thy colour'd shades to stray,
Amidst the kisses of the soft south-west
To rove and dream for aye ;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and po
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

A FANCY UNDER THE TREES.

By CHARLES MACKAY.

Ye happy, happy trees,
That in perpetual ease
Stand on the soil where ye as saplings grew ;
That lift your branches fair
To the embracing air,
And feed on sunshine, rain, and morning dew :
I would that I could lead,
In all my thought and deed,
A life, ye happy trees, as beautiful as you.

To build your fabric high
No breathing creatures die ;
Your bursting buds that open to the spring
Require no food from death ;
Your leaves that woo the breath
Of the sweet summer, and your boughs that swing
To breezes over head,
Demand no life-blood shed,
Or tribute of a pain from meanest living thing.

In cloud-caressing length,
In beauty and in strength,
Ye live and grow, ye people of the woods.
Not idly do we deem,
In waking fancy's dream,

That in your green and busy solitudes
Ye may, to men unknown,
Have pleasures of your own,
And feel sweet sympathies with all dear Nature's moods.

To everything that lives
The kind Creator gives
Share of enjoyment ; and, while musing here,
Amid the high grass laid,
Under your grateful shade,
I deem your branches, rustling low and clear,
May have some means of speech,
Lovingly, each to each,
Some power to understand, to wonder, to revere.

I deem that all your leaves,
In morns, or noons, or eves,
Or in the starry stillness of the night,
May look to heaven in prayer,
Or bend to earth, and share
Some joy of sense, some natural delight ;
That root, and branch, and stem,
Partake the joy with them,
And feel through all their sap God's glory infinite.

I deem the song of birds
May speak to you in words,
And give you pleasure in your silent hours.
I deem that storm and hail
The thunder and the gale,
The softly-dripping, health-restoring showers,
The sunlight and the dews,
May secretly infuse
Emotions of pure joy to all the groves and bowers.

I deem that all night long,
When hush'd is every song,
And the cold frosty stars wink in the sky—
When the winds droop to rest
On earth's forgiving breast—
That ye still wake, and hold communion high
With the o'er-arching spheres,
Disclosing to your ears
The truths in fables told of heavenly harmony.

I deem, when winter cold
Howls o'er the brittle wold,
And all your boughs rock naked to and fro,
That unto you is given,
By ever-watchful heaven,
Strength to endure, and solace under woe ;
That He who rules the wind
Tempers its wrath unkind,
And guards your lives, as ours, when bitter tempests b

I deem ye speak aloud
To the careering cloud ;
And that your deep-toned hymns, to fervour wrought
When dark December roars,
Voiced like the billowy shores,
Is the expression of religious thought ;
And that, with distant waves,
Ye chant harmonious staves—
A psalmody sublime, with adoration fraught.

O happy, happy trees !
Ye make no enemies :
All things that live and know you are your friends.
Enjoying and enjoy'd,
Your harmless lives are void
Of all the sorrow that on ours attends.
Your day is long and fair,
Your life is sweet to bear,
And Nature has decreed no suffering when it ends,

Ends—when restored to earth ?
Perchance.—If constant birth
Springs but from constant changing and decay,
The life that moved your sap
May live again, mayhap,
And bear new beauties to the gaze of day.
Oh, mystery of Death !
Unspoken of our breath ;
We feel, but know thee not—we can but hope and p

THE OCEAN.

magnificent passage from POLLOCK's *Course of Time*.

Ocean, too, that morning, thou the call
 itution heard'st, and reverently
 last trumpet's voice, in silence listen'd.
 Ocean! strongest of creation's sons,
 querable, unrepoused, untired,
 oll'd the wild, profound, eternal bass,
 re's anthem, and made music, such
 used the ear of God! original,
 r'd, unfaded work of Deity,
 burlesqued by mortal's puny skill,
 ge to age enduring and unchanged,
 ical, inimitable, vast,
 uttering satire day and night, on each
 ling race, and little pompous work
 !—unfallen, religious, holy sea,
 ow'dst thy glorious head to none, fear'dst none,
 st none, to none did'st honour, but to God
 aker, only worthy to receive
 eat obeisance! Undiscover'd Sea!
 y dark, unknown, mysterious caves,
 ret haunts, unfathomably deep
 h all visible retired, none went
 me again, to tell the wonders there.
 ndous Sea! what time thou lifted up
 ves on high, and with thy winds and storms
 e pastime took, and shook thy mighty sides
 untly,—the pride of navies fell;
 l the arm of help, unheard, unseen,
 iend and foe, with all their wealth and war;
 thy shores, men of a thousand tribes,
 and barbarous, trembling stood, amazed,
 nded, terrified, and thought vast thoughts
 , boundlessness, omnipotence,
 de, eternity; and thought
 nder'd still, and grasp'd, and grasp'd, and grasp'd
 beyond her reach, exerting all
 il, to take thy great idea in,
 prehend incomprehensible;
 nder'd more, and felt their littleness.

Self-purifying, unpolluted Sea !
Lover unchangeable, thy faithful breast
For ever heaving to the lovely moon,
That like a shy and holy virgin, robed
In saintly white, walk'd nightly in the heavens,
And to the everlasting serenade
Gave gracious audience, nor was woo'd in vain.

THE SUNBEAM.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art and a wealth to all !
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam ! what gift hath the world like thee ?

Thou art, walking the billows, and ocean smiles,
Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles ;
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades !
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array :
Thou brakest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot ;
But a gleam of thee on its lattice fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart ;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou takest through the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee,
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea?
One thing is like thee to mortals given—
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven!

THE FIRST SABBATH.

A most musical passage in MILTON's *Paradise Lost*.

AND now on earth the seventh
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The filial power arrived, and sat him down
With his great Father; for he also went
Invisible, yet staid (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence), and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things; and, from work
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept; the harp
Had work'd and rested not; the solemn pipe
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison: of incense clouds,
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.
Creation and the six-days' act they sing:

"Great are thy works, Jehovah ! infinite
 Thy power ! what thought can measure thee, or
 Relate thee ! Greater now in thy return
 Than from the giant angels : thee that day
 Thy thunders magnified ; but to create
 Is greater, than created to destroy."

So sung they, and the empyrean rung
 With hallelujahs : thus was Sabbath kept.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEMS.

A new volume by TENNYSON, entitled *Maud, and other* (Moxon), has just issued from the press. *Maud* is a story, or the outlines of a story, revealing, in a series of rhapsodies, the phases of a passionate love fixed upon an object placed high ; and the lover's whole soul gradually drawn upwards, ennobled and refined by the attractions of that lofty beauty and grace. Another aim, not so commendable,—to proclaim the iniquities of war, and the glories of war, the poet dreaming that the wild Indian civilization of society is the truest and happiest. With more passages of rhymed prose than we should have expected to see in a poet of Tennyson's capacity, there is mingled much poetry of the loftiest and sweetest. With a great deal which the world "will not willingly die," there is undoubtedly not a little, both in sentiment and in execution, which the world would gladly forget. Among the many passages that will for ever be enshrined in the memory are the following. The first occurs in *Maud*.

LOST LOVE.

O THAT 'twere possible
 After long grief and pain
 To find the arms of my true love
 Round me once again !

When I was wont to meet her
 In the silent woody places
 Of the land that gave me birth,
 We stood tranced in long embraces
 Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter
 Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee ;
Ah Christ ! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies ;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendour falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls ;
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet :
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings ;
In a moment we shall meet ;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye ?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is rolled ;

For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake, my dream is fled ;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold.

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about,
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That will show itself without.

Then I rise, the eavedrops fall,
And the yellow vapours choke
The great city sounding wide ;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

Through the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame,
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Through all that crowd confused and lost
The shadow still the same ;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering through the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.

Would the happy spirit descend,
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to meet my friend
Or to say "Forgive the wrong,"
Or to ask her, "Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest" ?

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me :
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee."

A LOVE VIGIL.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone ;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune ;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, " There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone ?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day ;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I swore to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the w
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

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OF

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She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead ;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

LOVE'S REVENGE.

I HAVE led her home, my love, my only friend.
There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood
And sweetly, on and on
Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

None like her, none.
Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk
Seemed her light foot along the garden-walk,
And shook my heart to think she comes once more ;
But even then I heard her close the door ;
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

There is none like her, none.
Nor will be when our summers have deceased.
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, though thy limbs have here increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the south, and fed
With honey'd rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame ;
And over whom thy darkness must have spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
Shadowing the snow-limbed Eve from whom she came.

Here will I lie, while these long branches sway,
 And you fair stars that crown a happy day
 Go in and out as if at merry play,
 Who am no more so all forlorn,
 As when it seemed far better to be born
 To labour and the mattock-hardened hand,
 Than nursed at ease and brought to understand
 A sad astrology, the boundless plan
 That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,
 Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,
 Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand
 His nothingness into man.

But now shine on, and what care I,
 Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl
 The countercharm of space and hollow sky,
 And do accept my madness, and would die
 To save from some slight shame one simple girl.

Would die ; for sullen-seeming death may give
 More life to love than is or ever was
 In our low world, where yet 't is sweet to live.
 Let no one ask me how it came to pass ;
 It seems that I am happy, that to me
 A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
 A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

Not die ; but live a life of truest breath,
 And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.
 O, why should love, like men in drinking songs,
 Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death ?
 Make answer, Maud my bliss,
 Maud made my Maud by that long lover's kiss,
 Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this ?
 "The dusky strand of death inwoven here
 With dear love's tie, makes love himself more dear."

THE RIVULET.

I COME from the haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows ;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses ;
 I linger by my shingly bars ;
 I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

MORNING.

From an old magazine, where it appeared anonymously.

WHEN day-light breaks, and sheds his rays abroad,
 Turn from the splendour of his sunny glow ;
 Let thy soul leave the earth and soar to God,
 As the sweet flower turns to the sun below,
 And drinks the blessed rays which from his brightness

Oh ! let not nature's praises soar on high,
 Ere thy lips open with its morning prayer :
 Let not the lark's shrill music fill the sky,
 Ere thy heart lifts its aspirations there ;
 But let the dawn of morn thy orisons declare.

Morn is the time to see thy prayers begun ;
 For morning hymned the young creation's birth ;
 And the grave opened with the morning sun,
 When man's redemption was complete on earth ;
 And morn shall see our God in judgment coming for

Serve God at morn, that solemn hallowed hour,
 When nature wakes as from the sleep of death,
 When the glad song from mountain, grove, and bower
 Is heard through heaven, and on the earth beneath,
 Serve God, let him receive thy morning's early brea

Happy the day, whose first beam bears thy song
On his bright wing up to the gate of heaven,
Where thy faint praises mingle with that throng,
Who rest not from their hallelujahs morn or even,
To whom the glorious palm of victory is given.

Happy the day, whose hours are thus begun ;
A day from storms, and every tempest, free,
Though clouds may rise, the splendour of the sun
Will make the darkness and the shadows flee,
As mist from mountain tops when they the morning see.

Happy the day,—there's promise in its close ;
A brighter promise than the morning gave ;
For when its sunset o'er creation throws
A lustre, and then sparkles on the wave,
Its parting beam shall rest all glorious on thy grave.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

By T. K. HERVEY.

MORN on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light ;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale ;
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along ;
See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds :
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters,—away, and away !
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart !
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh ! there be hearts that are breaking below !

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
 Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
 Treading its depths in the power of her might,
 And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
 Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
 Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
 Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
 Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain!
 Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
 Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
 Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
 A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh,
 That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
 And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
 Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
 Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
 Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?
 Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
 The deathbed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
 Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
 Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
 With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurl'd;
 All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
 Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:—
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
 As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
 And the withering thoughts which the world cannot k
 Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
 Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanish'd and

HAIDEE.

Another descriptive passage from BYRON'S *Don Juan*.

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's:
 She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow;
 Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—
 'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow

With buttons form'd of pearls as large as peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jellick's fellow,
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round her.

One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely arm,
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretch'd and shut it without harm,
The limb which it adorn'd its only mould;
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
And clinging as if loath to lose its hold,
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
A like gold bar above her instep roll'd,
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her hand;
Her hair was starr'd with gems; her veil's fine fold
Below her breast was fasten'd with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told;
Her orange silk full Turkish trousers furl'd
Above the prettiest ankle in the world.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun
Dyes with his morning light,—and would conceal
Her person if allow'd at large to run,
And still they seem resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged
(It is the country's custom), but in vain;
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,

And in their native beauty stood avenged :
Her nails were touch'd with henna ; but again
The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.

The henna should be deeply dyed to make
The skin relieved appear more fairly fair ;
She had no need of this, day ne'er will break
On mountain tops more heavenly white than her ;
The eye might doubt if it were well awake,
She was so like a vision ; I might err,
But Shakespeare also says, 't is very silly
"To gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

A LEGEND.

Translated by Mr. LELAND, from HEINRICH HEINE, a poet of Ger

THE pale half-moon is floating
Like a boat 'mid cloudy waves,
Lone lies the pastor's cottage
Amid the silent graves.

The mother reads in the Bible,
The son seems weary and weak ;
The eldest daughter is drowsy,
While the youngest begins to speak.

"Ah me!—how every minute
Rolls by so drearily ;
Only when some one is buried,
Have we anything here to see!"

The mother murmured while reading,
"Thou'rt wrong—they've brought but few
Since thy poor father was buried
Out there by the churchyard door."

The eldest daughter says, gaping,
"No more will I hunger by you ;
I'll go to the Baron, to-morrow,
He's wealthy, and fond of me too."

The son bursts out into laughter,
"Three hunters carouse in the Sun;
They all can make gold, and gladly
Will show me how it is done."

The mother holds the Bible
To his pale face in grief;
"And wilt thou—wicked fellow—
Become a highway thief?"

A rapping is heard on the window,
There trembles a warning hand;
Without, in his black, church garments,
They see their dead father stand.

AN INVOCATION TO MUSIC.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

SEE where, upon the blue and waveless deep,
Comes forth the silent Moon!
Now, Music, wake from out thy charmed sleep;
And bid thy sweet soul weep
Her life away in some immortal tune!
Or, let thy soaring spirit run
Aloft upon some wild enchanted air,
Before whose breath despair
Dies, like a mist before the uprisen sun!

Come forth, lost spirits of the world of sound!
Leave, leave awhile your aye-sweet tasks above;
And rear your starry heads with music crowned,
And once more weave an earthly song of love!
Weave it around the gentle heart,—
Handel, Haydn, great Beethoven,
And thou, sweet, sweet-souled Mozart!
Ah! sure to sing and love must be the angel's part.
Therefore, pour your skyey treasures—
Grand, unknown, immortal measures,

Such as ne'er the blooming earth
 Heard since first she burst to birth,
 And in endless ether hung,
 While the stars of morning sung !

SOLITUDE.

A fine sonnet by KEATS.

O SOLITUDE ! if I must with thee dwell,
 Let it not be among the jumbled heap
 Of murky buildings : climb with me the steep,—
 Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
 In flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
 May seem a span ; let me thy vigils keep
 'Mongst boughs pavilion'd, where the deer's swift leap
 Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell.
 But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
 Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
 Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
 Is my soul's pleasure ; and it sure must be
 Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
 When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

A LYRIC.

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. From his *Day and Night Songs*.

O PALE green sea,
 With long pale purple clouds above—
 What lies in me like weight of love ?
 What dies in me
 With utter grief, because there comes no sign
 Through the sun-racing west, or on the dim sea-line ?
 O salted air,
 Blown round the rocky headlands chill—
 What calls me there from cave and hill ?
 What falls me fair
 From Thee, the first-born of the youthful night ?
 Or in the waves is coming through the dusk twilight ?

O yellow star,
Quivering upon the rippling tide—
Sendest so far to one that sigh'd ?
Sendest thou, star,
Above where shadows of the dead have rest
And constant silence, with a message from the blest ?

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

THE sun upon the Weirclaw hill,
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet ;
The westland wind is hush'd and still ;
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore,
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,
Are they still such as once they were ;
Or is the dreary change in me ?

Alas ! the warp'd and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye ?
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord
Now to the minstrel's skill reply ?
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill ;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

A MONUMENT FOR SCUTARI.

This very beautiful poem appeared in the *Times* anonymously; but it is understood to be from the pen of Mr. R. MONCKTON MILNES, author of *Palm Leaves*.

"THE cypresses of Scutari
In stern magnificence look down
On the bright lake and stream of sea
And glittering theatre of town;
Above the throng of rich kiosks,
Above the towers in triple tire,
Above the domes of loftiest mosques,
Those pinnacles of death aspire."

Thus, years ago, in grave descant,
The traveller sang those ancient trees
That Eastern grace delights to plant
In reverence of man's obsequies;
But time has shed a golden haze
Of memory round the cypress glooms,
And gladly he reviews the days
He wandered 'mid those alien tombs.

Now other passion rules the soul;
And Scutari's familiar name
Arouses thoughts beyond control,
A tangled web of pride and shame;
No more shall that fair word recall
The Moslem and his Asian rest,
But the dear brothers of us all
Rent from their mother's bleeding breast.

Calmly our warriors moulder there,
Uncoffined, in the sandy soil,
Once festered in the sultry glare,
Or wasted in the wintry toil.
No verdure on those graves is seen,
No shade obstructs the garish day;
The tender dews to keep them green
Are wept, alas! too far away;

Are wept in homes their smiles shall bless
No more, beyond the deep serene,
In cottages now fatherless
On Highland moor and English green,

In palaces by common grief
Made level with the meanest room,—
One agony and one relief
The conscience of a glorious doom !

For there, too, is Thermopylæ ;—
As on the dank Ægean shore,
By this bright portal of the sea
Stood the devoted as of yore ;
When Greece herself was merged in night,
The Spartan held his honour's meed—
And shall no pharos shed the light
To future time of Britain's deed ?

Masters of form !—if such be now—
On sense and powers of art intent,
To match this mount of sorrow's brow
Devise your seemliest monument :
One that will symbolise the cause
For which this might of manhood fell,
Obedience to their country's laws,
And duty to God's truth as well.

Let, too, the old Miltonic muse,
That trumpeted " the scattered bones
Of saints on Alpine mountains," use
Reveille of forgotten tones ;
Let some one, worthy to be priest
Of this high altar of renown,
Write in the tongues of West and East
Who bore this cross, who wore this crown.

Write that, as Britain's peaceful sons,
Luxurious rich, well-tended poor,
Fronted the foeman's steel and guns,
As each would guard his household door ;
So, in those ghastly halls of pain
Where thousand hero-sufferers lay,
Some smiled in thought to fight again,
And most uncomplaining passed away.

Write that, when pride of human skill
Fell prostrate with the weight of care,
And men prayed out for some strong will,
Some reason 'mid the wild despair,

The loving heart of woman rose
To guide the hand and clear the eye,
Gave hope amid the sternest woes,
And saved what man had left to die.

Write every name—lowlier the birth,
Loftier the death!—and trust that when
On this regenerated earth
Rise races of ennobled men,
They will remember—these were they
Who strove to make the nations free,
Not only from the sword's brute sway,
But from the spirit's slavery.

THE LURLEY.

One of HEINRICH HEINE's legendary lyrics, gracefully translated
Mr. LELAND.

I know not what sorrow is o'er me,
What spell is upon my heart;
But a tale of old times is before me—
A legend that will not depart.

Night falls as I linger, dreaming,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The peaks of the hills are gleaming
In the golden sunset shine.

A wondrous lovely maiden
Sits high in glory there;
Her robe with gems is laden,
And she combeth her golden hair.

And she spreads out the golden treasure,
Still singing in harmony;
And the song hath a mystical measure,
And a wonderful melody.

The boatman, when once she hath bound him
Is lost in a wild sad love:
He sees not the black rocks around him,
He sees but the beauty above.

Till he drowns amid mad waves ringing,
And sinks with the fading sun ;
And that, with her magical singing,
The witch of the Lurley hath done.

A SEA-SIDE SONG.

By OWEN MEREDITH, the name assumed by the son of Sir E. B. Totton, who promises to maintain worthily the fame of his father.

LOVE-LADEN from the lighted west
Thou comest with thy soul opprest
For joy of him : all up the dim,
Delicious sea blow fearlessly,
Warm wind, that art the tenderest
Of all that breathe from south or west,
Blow whispers of him up the sea :
Upon my cheek, and on my breast,
And on the lips which he hath prest,
Blow all his kisses back to me !

Far off, the dark green rocks about,
All night shines, faint and fair, the far light :
Far off, the lone, late fishers shout
From boat to boat i' the listening starlight :
Far off, and fair, the sea lies bare,
Leagues, leagues beyond the reach of rowing :
Up creek and horn the smooth wave swells
And falls asleep ; or, inland flowing,
Twinkles among the silver shells,
From sluice to sluice of shallow wells ;

Or, down dark pools of purple glowing,
Sets some forlorn star trembling there
In his own dim, dreamlike brilliancy.
And I feel the dark sails growing
Nearer, clearer, up the sea :
And I catch the warm west blowing
All my own love's sighs to me :

On the deck I hear them singing
Songs they sing in my own land :
Lights are swinging : bells are ringing :
On the deck I see him stand !

A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

By GERALD MASSEY.

HER dainty hand nestled in mine, rich and white,
And timid as trembling dove ;
And it twinkled about me, a jewel of light,
As she garnish'd our feast of love :
'Twas the queenliest hand in all lady land,
And she was a poor man's wife !
O, little ye'd think how that wee, white hand
Could dare in the battle of life.

Her heart it was lowly as maiden's might be,
But hath climb'd to heroic height,
And burn'd like a shield in defence of me,
On the sorest field of fight !
And, startling as fire, it hath often flash'd up
In her eyes, the good heart and rare !
As she drank down her half of our bitterest cup,
And taught me how to bear.

Her sweet eyes that seem'd with their smile sublim
Made to look me and light me to heaven,
They have triumph'd thro' bitter tears many a time
Since their love to my life was given :
And the maiden-meek voice of the womanly wife
Still bringeth the heavens nigher ;
For it rings like the voice of God over my life,
Aye bidding me climb up higher.

I hardly dared think it was human, when
I first look'd in her yearning face ;
For it shone as the heavens had open'd then,
And clad it with glory and grace !

But dearer its light of healing grew
In our dark and desolate day,
As the rainbow, when heaven hath no break of blue,
Smileth the storm away.

O, her shape was the lithest loveliness—
Just an armful of heaven to enfold !
But the form that bends flower-like in love's caress
With the victor's strength is soul'd !
In her worshipful presence transfigured I stand,
And the poor man's English home
She lights with the beauty of Greece the grand,
And the glory of regallest Rome.

ROBIN HOOD.

TO A FRIEND.

By JOHN KEATS.

No ! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and grey,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years :
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more ;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill ;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to light you ;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold ;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent ;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din ;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn ;
Gone the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grené shawe ;"
All are gone away and past !
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze :
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas ;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange ! that honey
Can't be got without hard money !

So it is ; yet let us sing
Honour to the old bow-string !
Honour to the bugle-horn !
Honour to the woods unshorn !
Honour to the Lincoln-green !
Honour to the archer keen !
Honour to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon !
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood !

Honour to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan !
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try.

A LAMENT ADDRESSED TO A DEPARTING PEOPLE.

By T. B. READ, an American poet.

O, MIGHTY spirit, flying, ever flying !
We are the woodlands—hearken to our wail !
Our poplars trembling and our maples sighing,
Our great oaks bowing, as before a gale,
Our pines all sorrowing and our aspens dying,
Our sycamores with terror growing pale,
All mourn thy flight. Oh ! turn to their embraces,
Nor let the sunshine gloat upon their vacant places !

O, mighty spirit, speeding, ever speeding !
We are the hills and valleys thou hast loved !
Here rest your sires, their dead hearts freshly bleeding
Beneath thy flight, while they lie unremoved !
Above their shrines dull foreign herds are feeding,
And glides the grating ploughshare unreprieved.
Oh ! turn again—repel the foe's advance—
Rebuild your midnight fires, and weave your warlike dance !

O, mighty spirit, fading, ever fading ;
We are the springs and brooklets, rivers, lakes !—
We miss your maidens—miss your children wading
Along our sands and pebbles ; and where breaks
Our lightest ripple now, it dies upbraiding
The lonely marge, and every fountain aches !
Your light canoes lie warping on the shore,
Half-buried in the sand ! Oh ! turn to us once more !

ODE.

Translated from Anacreon, by JOHN LOCKE. It conveys the spirit of the original.

THE dark earth drinks the streams and shows
 Itself imbibed by trees and flowers ;
 The sea gulps down the flowing breezes,
 The sun old ocean's goblet seizes,
 And swills huge draughts ; the queen of heaven
 Sips rosy light from Sol at even—
 All nature drinks—Let's take her sample—
 Flow, ruby wine, in bumpers ample.

 THE POET'S PARALLEL.

From a volume of poems lately published by ERNEST

Down the hillside tripping brightly,
 O'er the pebbles tinkling lightly,
 'Mid the meadows rippling merrily, the mountain
 goes ;
 By the broken rocks careering,
 Thro' the desert persevering,
 Flowing onward ever, ever singing as it flows.

But oh ! the darksome caves
 That swallow up the waves !
 Oh ! the shadow-haunted forest and the sandy shade
 Oh ! the hollow-reeded fen,
 Like the stagnant minds of men,
 A desert for the silver foot of mountain-cradled time

And oh ! the wither'd leaves
 From the fading forest-eaves,
 Pressing on its forehead like the signet of decay ;
 And the cold cloud's troubling tear
 On its crystal waters clear,
 Like a haunting sorrow gliding down the future

O! the quick, precipitous riot
That breaks upon its quiet,
Ingering by some shady bank in dream-engendering
rest!

O! the stormy wind that mars
The image of the stars,
hey nestle, heavenly lovers! on their earthly wooer's
breast!

But the wild flowers love thy side;
And the birds sing o'er thy tide;
A shy deer from the highlands confidingly descends;
And to thee, the son of care,
With a blessing and a prayer,
He's great wilderness in a thirsting spirit wends.

And the fairies never seen,
Come tripping o'er the green,
Into thy mirrors the live-long summer night;
And the glory of the skies
That the blind earth idly eyes,
A pulses of thy being with the fulness of its light.

LOVE'S HUE AND CRY.

introduction of SHIRLEY, of whom Mr. BELL remarks, that
"terminates the roll of the great writers whose works form a
era in our dramatic literature. He was the last of a race of
Born in the reign of Elizabeth, he lived to witness the resto-
id carried down to the time of Charles I. the moral and poetical
of the age of Shakspeare. New modes and a new language
th the Restoration; and the line that separates Shirley from
ediate successors, is as clearly defined and as broadly marked
entury had elapsed between them." The poet was a Protes-
gyman; he then fell off into Romanism; and, finally, became a
r the stage. Being burned out by the fire of London, his wife
ffered so much by the alarm and loss they had sustained, that
died on the same day.

In Love's name you are charged hereby
To make a speedy hue-and-cry,
After a face who, t' other day,
Came and stole my heart away;

For your directions in brief,
 These are best marks to know the thief:
 Her hair a net of beams would prove,
 Strong enough to captive Jove,
 Playing the eagle; her clear brow
 Is a comely field of snow.
 A sparkling eye, so pure a grey
 As when it shines it needs no day.
 Ivory dwelleth on her nose;
 Lilies, married to the rose,
 Have made her cheek the nuptial-bed;
 Her lips betray their virgin red,
 As they only blushed for this,
 That they one another kiss.
 But observe, beside the rest,
 You shall know this felon best
 By her tongue; for if your ear
 Shall once a heavenly music hear,
 Such as neither gods nor men
 But from that voice shall hear again,
 That, that is she! Oh! take her t' ye,
 None can rock heaven asleep but she.

TIME'S CHANGES.

By W. M. PRAED, some of whose graceful Charades have already enshrined in this collection.

I saw her once—so freshly fair,
 That, like a blossom just unfolding,
 She opened to life's cloudless air,
 And nature joyed to view its moulding.
 Her smile it haunts my memory yet—
 Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing—
 Her rosebud mouth—her eyes of jet—
 Around on all their light bestowing.
 Oh! who could look on such a form,
 So nobly free, so softly tender,
 And darkly dream that earthly storm
 Should dim such sweet delicious splendour?

For in her mien, and in her face,
And in her young step's fairy lightness,
Naught could the raptured gazer trace
But beauty's glow and pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an altered charm,
But still of magic richest, rarest ;
Than girlhood's talisman less warm,
Though yet of earthly sights the fairest.
Upon her breast she held a child,
The very image of its mother,
Which ever to her smiling smiled—
They seemed to live but in each other :
But matron cares, or lurking woe,
Her thoughtless, sinless look had banished,
And from her cheek the roseate glow
Of girlhood's balmy morn. had vanished ;
Within her eyes, upon her brow,
Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
As if in dreams some visioned woe
Had broke the elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—fate's dark decree
In widow's garments had arrayed her,
Yet beautiful she seemed to be
As even my reveries pourtrayed her ;
The glow, the glance, had passed away,
The sunshine and the sparkling glitter,
Still though I noted pale decay,
The retrospect was scarcely bitter ;
For in their place a calmness dwelt,
Serene, subduing, soothing, holy,
In feeling which the bosom felt
That every louder mirth is folly—
A pensiveness which is not grief—
A stillness as of sunset streaming—
A fairy glow on flower and leaf,
Till earth looks like a landscape dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay
Beyond life's dim, uncertain river,
A glorious mould of fading clay
From whence the spark had fled for ever !

I gazed, my breast was like to burst,
 And as I thought of years departed—
 The years wherein I saw her first,
 When she, a girl, was tender-hearted ;
 And when I mused on later days,
 As moved she in her matron duty,
 A happy mother, in the blaze
 Of ripened hope and sunny beauty :
 I felt the chill—I turned aside,
 Bleak desolation's cloud came o'er me,
 And Being seemed a troubled tide
 Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me !

A DIRGE.

From one of the dramas of JOHN WEBSTER, of whom Charles Lamb thus enthusiastically discourses. "To move a terror skilfully," observes Lamb—"to touch a soul to the quick—to lay upon fear as much as can bear—to wear and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and to step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit: this only Webster can do. Writers of an inferior genius may 'upon horror's horrors accumulate,' but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality; they 'terrify babies with painted devils,' but they know how a soul is capable of being moved; their terrors want dignity, their affrightments are without decorum." And he adds, "I never saw a thing like this Dirge, except the Ditty which reminds Ferdinand of drowned father in the *Tempest*. As that is of the water, watery; this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates."

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowers do cover
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.
 Call unto his funeral dole
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
 And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

THE LITTLE WINTER GRAVE.

COMPOSED ON THE BURIAL OF A CHILD IN A GRAVE THREE
FEET DEEP IN SNOW.)

his is cut from a newspaper where it appeared with the signature
HELDON CHADWICK, a name quite unknown to us.

Our baby lies under the snow, sweet wife,
Our baby lies under the snow,
Out in the dark with the night,
While the winds so loudly blow.
As a dead saint thou art pale, sweet wife,
And the cross is on thy breast ;
Oh, the snow no more can chill
That little dove in its nest.

Shall we shut the baby out, sweet wife,
While the chilling winds do blow ?
Oh, the grave is now its bed,
And its coverlid is snow.
Oh, our merry bird is snared, sweet wife,
That a rain of music gave,
And the snow falls on our hearts,
And our hearts are each a grave.

Oh, it was the lamp of our life, sweet wife,
Blown out in a night of gloom ;
A leaf from our flower of love,
Nipped in its fresh spring bloom.
But the lamp will shine above, sweet wife,
And the leaf again shall grow,
Where there are no bitter winds,
And no dreary, dreary snow.

 Brilliants.

TERRORS.

For every night that brought no news from Troy
Heap'd fear on fear, as waves succeed to waves
When northern blasts blow white the Cretan main.
OWEN MEREDITH.

DEATH.

Stood he before me there,
 By you, in you—as like as you're unlike,
 Straight as you're bow'd, young as you are old
 And many years nearer than him to death,
 The falling brilliancy of whose white sword
 Your ancient locks so silvery reflect—
 I would deny, outswear, and overreach,
 And pass him with contempt, as I do you :—
 Jove! how we waste the stars : set on, my fr—
 Bro—

LOVE.

Oh, this man!
 Why sticks the thought of him so in my heart?
 If I had loved him once—if for one hour—
 Then were there treason in this falling off.
 But never did I feel this wretched heart
 Until it leap'd beneath Ægisthus' eyes.
 Who could have so forecounted all from first?
 From that flusht moment when his hand in mine
 Rested a thought too long, a touch too kind,
 To leave its pulse unwarm'd . . . But I remember
 I dream'd sweet dreams that night, and slept till dawn,
 And woke with flutterings of a happy thought,
 And felt, not worse, but better . . . and now . . . now
 When first a strange and novel tenderness
 Quiver'd in these salt eyes, had one said then
 "A bead of dew may drag a deluge down :"—
 In that first pensive pause, through which I watch'd
 Unwonted sadness on Ægisthus' brows,
 Had some one whisper'd - Ay, the summer-cloud
 Comes first : the tempest follows.—

Well, what's past
 Is past. Perchance the worst's to follow yet.

OWEN MARSH

SPRING MORNING.

Hail to the joyous day! With purple clouds
 The whole horizon glows. The breezy spring
 Stands loosely thriving on the mountain top
 And deals her sweets around. The sun too seems,
 As conscious of my joy, with brighter beams
 To gild the happy world :—and all things smile.

THOMAS

WOMAN.

A lamp is lit in woman's eye
That souls else lost on earth remember angels by.
N. P. WILLIS.

A HERO.

Yet I know
That matrons envied me my husband's strength.
And I remember when he strode among
The Argive crowd he topp'd them by a head,
And tall men stood wide-eyed to look at him,
Where his great plumes went tossing up and down
The brazen prores drawn out upon the sand.
OWEN MEREDITH.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid ;
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows ;
Loses them too ; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin ;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes ;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

LYLY.

BRIDAL-SONG.

Comforts lasting, loves increasing,
Like soft hours never ceasing ;
Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,
Without jars, or tongues envying ;
Hearts by holy union wedded,
More than theirs by custom bedded ;
Fruitful issues ; life so graced,
Not by age to be defaced ;
Budding as the year ensu'th,
Every spring another youth :
All what thought can add beside,
Crown this Bridegroom and this Bride !

FORD.

EAGER WELCOME.

Herail. O Honour of the House of Tantalus!
The king's wheels echo in the brazen gates.
Chorus. Our heart is half-way there, to welcome him.
How looks he? Well? And all our long-lost friends—
Their faces grow before me! Lead the way
Where we may meet them. All our haste seems slow.
OWEN MERRILL.

A SAD SONG.

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Face's hidden ends eyes cannot see:
Joy as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to wo:
Gentle heart, much, never do no.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

THE YOUNG MOON.

Like the young moon,
When in the sunny hours of the night
Her white shell trembles and crimson set,
And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers night,
Duch as the heart of its young, dear
The pulse of its dear mother, where can it
Semit in back when from her infant's chair.

SHELLEY.

THE SILVER IS SILENT.

Still to be seen, still to be true,
As you were young to a heart:
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Late it is to be presumed,
Though art's and nature are not dumb,
All is not sweet, all is not dumb.

Give me a look, give me a look,
That makes simplicity a grace:
Kisses loosely furrowing, hair as free
Such sweet neglect more sweet to me
Than all the artifices of art:
They seize mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

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THE EVE OF DEATH.

This poem, published in one of the periodicals, is, as we are informed, the production of a youth of 17, an apprentice in a printing-office. His name, H. ROWLAND BROWN. It exhibits great promise.

MOTHER, open wide the window ; though I've often gazed before,

Yet I feel that I should like to look upon the earth once more,

And to hear the rippling ocean, and behold the azure sky,
Whilst the evening sun is setting—for the last time ere I die.

Mother, yonder I am tracing, in the quiet, tranquil skies,
Opt of those white, flying, fringed clouds, tender, gentle,
loving eyes ;

And I think I hear lips whisper, telling me I soon must go
To a glorious world above us, all unlike our world below :

Where the flowers are everlasting, and the skies are ever fair,

And incessant songs are floating sweetly in the perfumed air.

Ah ! the echo of that music in my dreams I oft have heard,
Sweeter than the fountain's ripple, or the warblings of a bird.

See, the harvest moon is rising ; gleaners homeward wend their way

From the scene of toil and labour of a sunny autumn day ;
And the birds which sang so sweetly but a few short hours ago,

Some are resting, others pouring out their vespers sweetly low.

Birds will wake again to-morrow, and pour out their lays aloud,

And the sun will pierce the night's gloom, all its dark and sombre shroud,

When, my mother, I am sleeping—this frail body e'en for e'er ;

But my spirit will be waking to inherit regions fair.

Mother, many a time at midnight in the distant sky
I have seen sweet, gentle glances beaming from each
star,
Where the moon is brightly shining, like a queen down
above,
'Midst the stars which seem like angels moving round
throne of love."

And I thought I heard sweet voices singing praise
delight,
And saw smiles—as now seem beaming from the clouds
blue and white,
Listen! for I now hear voices—listen, mother, will
say—
Oh, they seem to call unto me, "Sister spirit, come

So, my mother, I am going—going to that countless
And to join with those sweet voices in a never-ceasing
Do not weep, for I am going to a world of rest and
Farewell, mother! let me dying feel thy warm and
kiss!

WINDS OF SPRING.

By FREDERICK TENNYSON.

If sudden summer shone with all her light,
Who could abide her coming? and what eyes
Awaking could affront the flaming skies
Of morning, and not tremble at the sight?

Slowly she bends unto us from the height
Of her enthronement, and unveils her crown
With sovran sweetness as she steppeth down
Love shades her triumphs, mercy stays her morn

If, like the frosts of winter, woe, and pain,
And sharp misfortune, like the winds of Spring
Were not, some flowers, most sweet in blossom
Would not be gather'd in the world again.

Hope would not, like the early primrose, blow ;
Nor charity, like the violet on the plain ;
Nor faith, like the bright crocus dash'd with rain ;
Nor pity, like the pale bells in the snow.

Men would be gods in their unchanging bliss,
If joy's midsummer zenith could be still
Unshadow'd by a passing cloud of ill—
And the high worlds unseen for light of this.

But, if the star of gladness rose no more,
Self-centred hearts would harden into stone ;
Life's sweetest lights from good and evil thrown
Rise, like the rainbow, 'twixt the sun and shower.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

By SHERIDAN.

I NE'ER could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me ;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art ?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure ?
I must press it, to be sure ;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it grateful press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?
I will do so when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.

By Professor KEBLE.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fallen all beside—the world of life
How is it stained with fear and strife!
In reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare!

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes:
For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys;
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!
“Live for to day; to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And heaven thy morn will bless.”

PROVIDENCE.

A Sonnet translated from the Italian of FILICAJA. It appeared in *Edinburgh Review* many years ago.

EVEN as a mother o'er her children bending
Yearns with maternal love : her fond embraces
And gentle kiss to each in turn extending,
One at her feet, one on her knee she places,
And from their eyes, and voice and speaking faces,
'Their varying wants and wishes comprehending,
To one a look, to one a word addresses,
Even with her frowns a mother's fondness blending ;
So o'er us watches Providence on high,
And hope to some and help to others lends,
And yields alike to all an open ear,
And when she seems her favours to deny,
She for our prayers alone the boon suspends,
Or, seeming to deny, she grants the prayer.

MUSIC ON THE WATERS.

These graceful stanzas were published anonymously in one of the newspapers.

THE foot of music is on the waters,
Hark ! how fairly, sweetly it treads,
As in the dance of Orestes' daughters,
Now it advances and now recedes.

Now it lingers among the billows,
Where some one fonder than the rest,
Clasps the rover in passing, and pillows
Her softly upon its heaving breast.

Oft she flies, and her steps though light
Make the green waves all tremble beneath her ;
Now the quick ear cannot follow her flight,
And the flood is unstirred as the calm blue ether.

THE WORLD BEFORE US.

A fine passage in a poem delivered by N. P. WILLIS, at the dep of the Senior Class of Yale College.

WE shall go forth together. There will come
Alike the day of trial unto all,
And the rude world will buffet us alike.
Temptation hath a music for all ears;
And mad ambition trumpeteth to all;
And the ungovernable thought within
Will be in every bosom eloquent;—
But, when the silence and the calm come on,
And the high seal of character is set,
We shall not all be similar. The scale
Of being is a graduated thing;
And deeper than the vanities of power,
Or the vain pomp of glory, there is writ
Gradation, in its hidden characters.
The pathway to the grave may be the same,
And the proud man shall tread it, and the low,
With his bowed head, shall bear him company.
Decay will make no difference, and death,
With his cold hand, shall make no difference;
And there will be no precedence of power,
In waking at the coming trump of God;
But in the temper of the invisible mind,
The godlike and undying intellect,
There are distinctions that will live in heaven,
When time is a forgotten circumstance!
The elevated brow of kings will lose
The impress of regalia, and the slave
Will wear his immortality as free,
Beside the crystal waters; but the depth
Of glory in the attributes of God,
Will measure the capacities of mind;
And as the angels differ, will the ken
Of gifted spirits glorify him more.
It is life's mystery. The soul of man
Createth its own destiny of power;
And, as the trial is intenser here,
His being hath a nobler strength in heaven.

What is its earthly victory? Press on!
For it hath tempted angels. Yet press on!
For it shall make you mighty among men;
And from the eyrie of your eagle thought
Ye shall look down on monarchs. O, press on!
For the high ones and powerful shall come
To do you reverence; and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your brow,
And read it like a talisman of love!
Press on! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And, in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven!
Press on!—"for in the grave there is no work,
And no device."—Press on! while yet ye may!

So lives the soul of man. It is the thirst
Of his immortal nature; and he rends
The rock for secret fountains, and pursues
The path of the illimitable wind
For mysteries—and this is human pride!
There is a gentler element, and man
May breathe it with a calm, unruffled soul,
And drink its living waters till his heart
Is pure—and this is human happiness!
Its secret and its evidence are writ
In the broad book of nature. 'Tis to have
Attentive and believing faculties;
To go abroad rejoicing in the joy
Of beautiful and well created things;
To love the voice of waters, and the sheen
Of silver fountains leaping to the sea;
To thrill with the rich melody of birds,
Living their life of music; to be glad
In the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm;
To see a beauty in the stirring leaf,
And find calm thoughts beneath the whispering tree;
To see, and hear, and breathe the evidence
Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world!
It is to linger on "the magic face
Of human beauty," and from light and shade
Alike to draw a lesson; 'tis to love
The cadences of voices that are tuned

By majesty and purity of thought ;
To gaze on woman's beauty, as a star
Whose purity and distance make it fair ;
And in the gush of music to be still,
And feel that it has purified the heart !
It is to love all virtue for itself,
All nature for its breathing evidence ;
And, when the eye hath seen, and when the ear
Hath drunk the beautiful harmony of the work
It is to humble the imperfect mind,
And lean the broken spirit upon God !

Thus would I, at this parting hour, be true
To the great moral of a passing world.
Thus would I—like a just departing child,
Who lingers on the threshold of his home—
Remember the best lesson of the lips
Whose accents shall be with us now, no more !
It is the gift of sorrow to be pure ;
And I would press the lesson ; that, when life
Hath half become a weariness and hope
Thirsts for serener waters, go abroad
Upon the paths of nature, and, when all
Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God
Who hath the living waters shall be there !

THE BURIED LOVE.

By RUFUS DAWES, an American poet.

SHE sleeps the quiet sleep of death,
The maid who lies below ;
And these are angel-missioned flowers,
That o'er the green turf grow.

And they are sent to warn the fair,
How transient is their bloom ;
See, how they bend their tender forms,
And weep upon her tomb.

The blush upon her living cheek
Had shamed the morning skies ;
And diamond light is not more bright
Than were her youthful eyes.

To see her on a summer's day
Gave love a lighter wing ;
And happy thoughts would crowd the heart,
And gush from many a spring.

I know the language of the flowers,
And love to hear them grieve,—
When crimsoning to the eye of morn,
Or drooping to the eve.

I listened when the star of love
Shone through the blue serene,
When twilight held her silent wake,
Beneath the crested queen.

They told of her whose spirit comes
To breathe upon their leaves ;
And can I choose but love the breath
That once was Genevieve's ?

She's gone where sorrows may not come,
Where pain may never be ;
But she, who lives an angel still,
May sometimes think of me.

Though gone, alas ! her blushing smile,
Who sleeps in sweet repose,
I joy to find its mimic grace
Still living in the rose.

Then when I love the modest flower,
And cherish it with tears,
It minds me of my fleeting time,
Yet chases all my fears.

And when my hour of rest shall be,
I will not weep my doom ;
So angel-missioned flowers may come
And gather round my tomb !

THE SOUTH AFRICAN DESERT.

By PRINGLE.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent bushboy alone by my side :
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And sick of the present, I turn to the past ;
And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years ;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory, that vanish'd too soon—
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon—
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft—
Companions of early days lost or left—
And my native land ! whose magical name
Thrills to my heart like electric flame ;
The home of my childhood ; the haunts of my prin
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young, and the world was
Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone—
And I, a lone exile—remember'd of none—
My high aims abandon'd—and good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may
I fly to the Desert afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side ;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear :
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear ;
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh, then—there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride !
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,

With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
(The only law of the Desert land.)
But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,
For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side :
Away—away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never pass'd,
And the quiver'd Koranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely cross'd with his roving clan :
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandon'd from famine and fear ;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
And the bat flitting forth from his old hollow stone ;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot :
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare, by the salt lake's brink :
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osier'd sides ;
Nor reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capp'd mountain,
Are found—to refresh the aching eye :
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the black horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this is—nature's solitude !

And here while the night-winds around me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the cavern'd stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
And feel as a moth in the Mighty Hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land—
“A still small voice” comes through the wild—
Like a father consoling his fretful child—
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—“Man is distant, but God is near.”

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

By S. T. COLERIDGE.

A MOUNT, not wearisome and bare and steep,
 But a green mountain variously up-piled,
 Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep,
 Or coloured lichens with slow oosing weep ;
 Where cypress and the darker yew start wild ;
 And 'mid the summer torrent's gentle dash
 Dance brightened the red clusters of the ash ;
 Beneath whose boughs, by those still sounds beguiled,
 Calm pensiveness might muse herself to sleep ;
 Till haply startled by some fleecy dam,
 That rustling on the bushy clift above,
 With melancholy bleat of anxious love,
 Made meek inquiry for her wandering lamb :
 Such a green mountain 'twere most sweet to climb,
 E'en while the bosom ached with loneliness—
 How more than sweet, if some dear friend should bless
 The adventurous toil, and up the path sublime
 Now lead, now follow : the glad landscape round,
 Wide and more wide, increasing without bound !

O then 'twere loveliest sympathy to mark
 The berries of the half uprooted ash,
 Dripping and bright ; and list the torrent's dash,—
 Beneath the cypress, or the yew more dark,
 Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock ;
 In social silence now, and now to unlock
 The treasured heart ; arm linked in friendly arm,
 Save if the one, his muse's witching charm
 Muttering brow-bent, at unwatched distance lag ;
 Till high o'er head his beckoning friend appears,
 And from the forehead of the topmost crag
 Shouts eagerly : for haply there uprears
 That shadowing pine its old romantic limbs,
 Which latest shall detain the enamoured sight
 Seen from below, when eve the valley dims,
 Tinged yellow with the rich departing light ;
 And haply, basoned in some unsunned cleft,
 A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,
 Sleeps sheltered there, scarce wrinkled by the gale !
 Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left,

Stretched on the crag, and shadowed by the pine,

And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,

Ah! dearest youth! it were a lot divine

To cheat our noons in moralizing mood,

While west-winds fanned our temples toil-bedewed :

Then downwards slope, oft pausing, from the mount,

To some lone mansion, in some woody dale,

Where, smiling with blue eye, domestic bliss

Gives this the husband's, that the brother's kiss !

Thus rudely versed in allegoric lore,

The hill of knowledge I essayed to trace ;

That verdurous hill with many a resting-place,

And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour

To glad and fertilize the subject plains ;

That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,

And many a fancy-blest and holy sod

Where inspiration, his diviner strains

Low murmuring, lay ; and starting from the rocks

Stiff evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks

Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,

And bigotry's mad fire-invoking rage !

O meek retiring spirit ! we will climb,

Cheering and cheered, this lovely hill sublime ;

And from the stirring world up-lifted high,

(Whose noises, faintly wafted on the wind,

To quiet musings shall attune the mind,

And oft the melancholy theme supply)

There, while the prospect through the gazing eye

Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul,

We'll smile at wealth, and learn to smile at fame,

Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys the same,

As neighbouring fountains image, each the whole ;

Then when the mind hath drank its fill of truth

We'll discipline the heart to pure delight,

Rekindling sober joy's domestic flame.

They whom I love shall love thee. Honoured youth !

Now may heaven realize this vision bright !



A LEGEND.

Another of the wild, weird-like, but exquisitely poetical by
HEINRICH HEINE, translated by Mr. LELAND.

THE maiden sleeps in her chamber,
The moonlight steals quivering in ;
Without, there's a ringing and singing,
As of waltzing about to begin.

" I will see who it is 'neath my window,
That gives me this strange serenade !"
She saw a pale skeleton figure,
Who fiddled, and sang as he played :

" A waltz thou once didst promise,
And hast broken thy word, my fair,
To night there's a ball in the churchyard,
So come—I will dance with thee there !"

A spell came over the maiden,
She could neither speak nor stay ;
So she followed the Form,—which singing,
And fiddling, went dancing away.

Fiddling, and dancing, and hopping,
And rattling his arms and spine ;
The white skull grinning and nodding
Away in the dim moonshine.

LAMENT FOR THE RED INDIAN.

This poem is extracted from one of the provincial newspapers, it appeared with the signature of JOS. DARE. The name is quite known, but it cannot long remain in obscurity. There is given these verses.

HE is gone, and for ever, from wild steep and prairie,
Where bold as the bison or eagle he wandered ;
He is gone from the mountains, whose deep bosoms ca
His ocean-like rivers, that rush ever onward ;

He is gone from the forests, whose deep-hearted pines
Have thrown from the morning of time their loved
 shadows ;
He is gone from the hills overmantled with vines
From the slopes and the reaches where valleys are
 meadows ;
He is gone from the lakes that are broad as the sea,
Where his graceful canoe cut the fathomless waters ;
His cataracts roar, but no more shall their glee
Awaken the mirth of his sun-coloured daughters.
He is gone from the mounds where the dead have their
 homes,
Where latest he strayed round the bones of his fathers ;
Unchased there the buffalo grazes and roams,
And there, too, the eagle pulls out his dead feathers.
He is gone from the shores of the far-sounding main,
Whose billows alone dashed his boundaries over ;
Like the mist from the mountain,—the snow from the plain,
The tribes have all waned of the vanquished red rover.
The elk and the moose-deer now fearlessly stray, .
He leaps not from ambush to wing the sure arrow ;
No more shall he meet his red foe in the fray,
Or sit in grave council beside the green barrow.
Lone tufts of his beautiful maize, here and there,
Around his fallen huts, droop their tassels and wither ;
And the whip-poor-will sends his sad notes through the air,
And the goat-sucker laughs where they hunted together !
Here roamed he in summer, brief, gorgeous, and bright,
While yellowed and crimsoned the shades of the wild
 wood ;
Many vested magnificence sat on each height,
And his spirit was great as the scenes of his childhood.
The plains were his kingdom, the gray hills his throne,
He knew the broad rivers and lakes' silver sources ;
His lithe step the squirrel and panther made known,
The winds were his playmates, outstripped in their courses,
He struck down the bison, outfooted the deer,
And stamped on the snake as it sprang its third rattle ;
Though trackless the desert, his pathway was clear
As the vulture's, that hurries direct to the battle.
Poor child of the prairie ! he could not withstay
The greed, and the guile, of the Christian his brother ;
His vices subdued him, as fierce hawks their prey,—
His fire-waters blasted man, maiden, and mother !

He is gone, and his memory but lives in the names
 Of the mountain, and woods, and majestical river ;
 The white man hath crushed him (oh, shame of all shame)
 The white man hath crushed him for ever and ever.

VENUS RISING FROM THE SEA.

From the works of a poet, a Mr. GRAHAM, whose volume fell unborn from the press, although it contained much that was worthy a better fate, we extract a classical little poem—a study for a painter

QUEEN of the heart ! how warm the amorous wave
 Enfolds each beauty with its crystal shrine,
 How calm the wind, with passion wont to rave,
 Melts into music 'neath one glance of thine !
 How soft the light, from every jewell'd cave,
 Sleeps on the bosom of the sleepless brine !
 Where each rous'd billow of the wanton tide
 Spreads its bold arm to clasp the ocean bride.

Her rubied lip, unknowing how to speak,
 Yet beams all eloquent with beauty's smile ;
 Her dark hair gathers o'er each burning cheek,
 Like storm clouds blackening o'er some rosy isle,
 From the white foam uprais'd, her whiter neck
 Gleams like the silver lotos of the Nile—
 And still the mad wave knows not how to sever
 From that fair shape it cannot clasp for ever.

THE EVE OF SAINT AGNES.

We make no apology for adding this poem, without abbreviation, to our collection of "Beautiful Poetry." The work would, indeed, be incomplete without it. It is one of the finest of the many fine poems treasured by KEATS. We propose to depart from our usual practice in this instance; to imagine ourselves reading it aloud to the circle who will read it in these pages, and to talk to them about it as we should do if they were indeed present and listening. We must premise

it was a superstition of our ancestors that, on the Eve of Saint Agnes, which falls on the 21st of January, a girl might, by a process of divination prescribed by the legend, obtain a vision of her future husband.

SAINT AGNES' EVE—Ah! bitter chill it was;
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold;
Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

We shiver as we read. The next verse chills us yet more; the idea of the very statues aching in their "icy hoods and mails" is peculiarly bold and powerful.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man,
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead on each side seem'd to freeze,
Imprison'd in black purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

The next contains a beautiful thought, "flattered to tears." It is most truthful.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no; already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on Saint Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he, for his soul's reprieve;
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

Mark the description of the carved angels in the following verses. It is sculpture itself, or rather the spirit of sculpture expressed in words.

The ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft,
And so it chanced (for many a door was wide
From hurry to and fro) soon up aloft
The silver snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;

The level chambers, ready with their pride,
 Were glowing to receive a thousand guests ;
 The sacred angels, ever eager-eyed,
 Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
 With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise
 breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
 With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
 Numerous as shadows haunting fairly
 The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
 Of old romance. These let us wish away,
 And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
 Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
 On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
 As she had heard old dames full many times declare

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
 Young virgins might have visions of delight,
 And soft adornings from their loves receive
 Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
 If ceremonies due they did aright ;
 As, supperless to bed they must retire
 And couch supine their beauties, lily white ;
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
 Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

The comparison of solemn music to the "yearning of a god
 in the succeeding verse, is worthy of note for its beauty and of

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline ;
 The music, yearning like a god in pain,
 She scarcely heard ; her maiden eyes divine
 Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
 Pass by—she heeded not at all ; in vain
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
 And back retired ; not cool'd by high disdain ;
 But she saw not ; her heart was elsewhere ;
 She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short ;
 The hallow'd hour was near at hand ; she sighs
 Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
 Of whispers, or in anger or in sport ;

of love, defiance, hate, and scorn;
 ask'd with faery fancy; all amorn,
 St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
 the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

using each moment to retire,
 r'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
 the young Porphyro, with heart on fire
 eline. Beside the portal doors,
 l from moonlight, stands he, and implores
 to give him sight of Madeline,
 ne moment in the tedious hours,
 night gaze, and worship all unseen,
 e speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things
 ve been.

res in; let no buzz'd whisper tell;
 be muffled, or a hundred swords
 m his heart, love's fev'rous citadel.
 those chambers held barbarian hordes,
 emen, and hot-blooded lords,
 ary dogs would execrations howl
 his lineage. Not one breast affords
 mercy, in that mansion foul,
 old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

y chance! the aged creature came
 along with ivory-headed wand,
 he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
 broad hall-pillar, far beyond
 d of merriment and chorus bland.
 ed her; but soon she knew his face,
 p'd his fingers in her palsied hand:
 'Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
 all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race.

ice! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand,
 fever late, and in the fit
 d thee and thine, both house and land:
 re's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
 ie for his grey hairs—Alas, me! flit;
 a ghost away."—"Ah, gossip dear,
 fe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
 me how—"—"Good Saints! not here! not here!
 e, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

The next verse has several striking passages. The knight brush the cobwebs with his plume—the description of the room “pale, latticed, chill,” is dashed off with the hand of a painter.

He follow'd through a lowly, arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume ;
And as she mutter'd “ Well-a—well-a-day ! ”
He found him in a little moonlight-room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
“ Now tell me where is Madeline,” said he ;
“ Oh, tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret Sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously.”

“ St. Agnes ! Ah ! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days ;
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be the liege-lord of all elves and fays
To venture so : it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro !—St. Agnes' Eve !
God's help ! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night : good angels her deceive !
But let me laugh awhile ; I've mickle time to grieve.”

Feebly she laughed in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth close a wondrous riddle-book
As spectacl'd she sits in chimney-nook ;
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose ; and he scarce could brook
Tears at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Now mark, in the last verse, the highly wrought description of the crone's expression of face ; her feeble laugh in the languid moon ; the fine comparison of his gaze to that of a child looking at a riddle-book that is closed to his eager curiosity. The first line of the following verse has an exquisite simile—the poet compares the flashing new thought across the brow to the blowing of a rose—

Sudden a thought came, like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow ; and in his pained heart
Made purple riot ; then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start.
“ A cruel man, and impious, thou art :

Sweet lady ! let her pray, and sleep, and dream,
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go ! go !—I deem
Thou canst not, surely, be the same that thou dost seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro : "Oh may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion on her face :
Good Angela, believe me, by these tears.
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake with horrid shout my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves
and bears."

"Ah ! wilt thou affright a feeble soul ?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll ;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd ?" Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro ;
So woeful and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe ;

Which was, to lead him in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride ;
While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame ;
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there,
Quickly on this feast-night : by the tambour frame,
Her own lute thou wilt see : no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head :
Wait here, my child, with patience ; kneel in prayer
The while : ah ! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or I may never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear ;
 The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd ;
 The dame return'd, and whispered in his ear
 To follow her, with aged eyes aghast
 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste,
 Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain :
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in her bra

Here again is wonderful word-painting. What a picture of chamber is condensed in those three words—"silken, hush'd, chaste." Who but a poet could thus have written!

Her faltering hand upon the balustade,
 Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charming maid,
 Rose like a mission'd spirit unaware :
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,
 She turn'd and down the aged gossip led
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed ;
 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd

Out went the taper as she hurried in ;
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died ;
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide ;
 Nor utter'd syllable, or woe betide !
 But to her heart her heart was voluble,
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side :
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her de

In these last verses how many beauties are piled one up in almost overflowing profusion. The smoke of the taper d pallid moonshine, the beating of the lady's heart, "paining quence her balmy side,"—we love to repeat and to dwell up poetic thought and the admirable simile by which it is follo "heart-stifled nightingale," for they are—GENIUS!—and w that, we say everything that can be said in praise of them.

Perhaps in the whole range of English poetry there is not anything more richly pictorial than the two succeeding ver wealth of words is lavished on the description of so simple a pretty girl praying in the moonlight. But let us read comment—

A casement, high and triple-arch'd, there was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings ;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded 'scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and
 kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon ;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst ;
 And on her hair a glory like a saint :
 She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven :—Porphyro grew faint,
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Now read again—and again—then pause to review the wonderful art of the poet. First, the description of the painted window—where is anything like it to be found? But that is poverty itself compared with the exquisite beauty of the scene produced by this emblazoned casement. The wintry moon shines through it ; and the poet throws the various hues of the painted glass upon the kneeling lady—gules on her heaving bosom, rose tint on her lifted hands, and the glory of a saint around her head. Shakspeare himself would have envied Keats this imagination. What a loss has not the world sustained by his early death. What would have been the maturity of a genius whose youthful efforts were so very admirable. The next verse contains another charming picture. The *warmed* jewels, the *rustling* of the silken dress, are touches of a master hand—

Anon his heart revives : her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees ;
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one ;
 Loosens her fragrant boddice ; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees :
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees
 In fancy fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep
 In blanched linen, smooth and lavender'd;
 While he from forth the closet brought a heap,
 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd,
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
 And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
 Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
 From Fez; and spiced dainties every one,
 From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

The whole of this picture is delicious. What a dainty collation!
 And observe, too, how musical are the verses—you cannot help reading
 them melodiously. The next ten stanzas carry forward the narrative
 with rapidity—

These delicacies he heap'd with glowing hand
 On golden dishes, and in baskets bright
 Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
 In the retired quiet of the night,
 Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
 "And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
 Thou art my heaven, and I thine hermit:
 Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
 Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
 By the dusk curtains—'twas a midnight charm
 Impossible to melt as iced stream:
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies;
 It seem'd he never, never could redeem
 From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
 So mused awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
 Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
 He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
 In Provence call'd *La belle dame sans mercy*:
 Close to her ear touching the melody;—
 Wherewith disturb'd, she uttered a soft moan;
 He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
 Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep :
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep,
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh ;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep,
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

" Ah, Porphyro ! " said she, " but even now
Thy voice was a sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow,
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear ;
How changed thou art ! how pallid, chill, and drear,—
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear ;
Oh ! leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose ;
Into her dream he melted as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet. Meanwhile the frost wind blows
Like love's alarum, pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window panes : St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark ; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet :
" This is no dream ; my bride, my Madeline ! "
'Tis dark : the iced gusts still rave and beat ;
" No dream, alas ! alas ! and woe is mine ;
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine,—
Cruel ! what traitor could thee hither bring ?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing—
A dove, forlorn and lost, with sick unplumed wing."

" My Madeline ! sweet dreamer ! lovely bride !
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest ?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil-dyed ?
Ah ! silver shrine, here will I take my rest,
After so many hours of toil and quest—

A famish'd pilgrim, saved by miracle :
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest,
Saving of thy sweet self ; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

" Hark ! 'tis an elfin-storm from fairy land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed ;
Arise—arise ! the morning is at hand ;
The bloated wassailers will never heed :—
Let us away, my love, with happy speed ;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead :
Awake ! arise ! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,—
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door ;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar :
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

How exquisite is this picture of the gloomy baronial hall when
quitted by the lovers. And thus it ends—

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall ;
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side ;
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns ;
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide :
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones ;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone : ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,

Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

Who will not shed a tear to the memory of the writer of *as this*—who will not place it among the treasures of his library, but upon his table, to be taken up continually read again and again, until it is imprinted upon the memory of the painter, having a mind congenial with the poet, might expect this relic of rare genius subjects for a dozen paintings, and would be only less enduring than the poet's, because canvases in the course of years, but thought never!

SERENADE.

A graceful lyric by WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. It ought to be set to music.

OH, hearing sleep, and sleeping hear,
The while we dare to call thee dear,
So may thy dreams be good, although
The loving power thou canst not know!
As music parts the silence, lo!
Through heav'n the stars begin to peep,
To comfort us that darkling pine
Because those fairer lights of thine
Have set into the sea of sleep.
Yet closed still thine eyelids keep;
And may our voices through the sphere
Of dreamland all as softly rise
As through these shadowy rural dells,
Where bashful echo sleeping dwells,
And touch thy spirit to as soft replies.
And peace from gentle guardian skies,
Till watches of the dark be worn,
Surround thy bed,—and joyous morn
Makes all the chamber rosy bright!
Good-night!—From far-off fields is born
The drowsy echo's faint "good-night,"—
Good-night! Good-night!

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

We found this poem in an old Magazine, where it appeared without name. We should have ascribed it to Mrs. Hemans, both from its urn of thought and of expression. But we do not remember to have seen it in her collected works. It is worthy of her pen.

WHAT wakest thou, Spring? sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Even as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring! the joyous leaves
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When the south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they, too, hear thy call—
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep;
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forest deep
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set their glory free,
Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours
And pencilling the wood anemone.
Silent they seem, yet each to thoughtful eye
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the heart, O Spring—
The human heart with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that givest back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies,
Fresh songs and scents break forth, where'er thou art;
What wakest thou in the heart?

Too much, oh ! there too much ! We know no
 Wherefore it should be thus, yet, roused by the
 What fond strange yearnings, from the soul's de
 Gush for the faces we no more shall see ;
 How are we haunted, in thy wind's low tone,
 By voices that are gone !

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
 Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
 Past words of welcome to our household door,
 And vanish'd smiles and sounds of parted feet,
 Spring ! 'midst the murmurs of the flowering tr
 Why, why recall'st thou these ?

A STORM AT SEA.

Two lyrics by HEINE, full of grand and original thought, an
 from LELAND's translation.

THE wild wind puts his trousers on—
 His foam-white pantaloons ;
 He lashes the waves, and every one
 Roars out in furious tunes.

From yon wild height, with furious might,
 The rain comes roaring free.
 It seems as if the old black Night
 Would drown the old dark Sea.

The snow-white sea-gull, 'round our mast
 Sweeps like a winged wraith ;
 And every scream to me doth seem
 A prophecy of death.

The wind pipes up for dancing,
 The waves in white are clad ;
 Hurrah !—how the ship is leaping !
 And the night is merry and mad.

And living hills of water
Sweep up as the storm-wind calls ;
Here a black gulf is gaping,
And there a white tower falls.

And sounds as of sickness and swearing
From the depths of the cabin come ;
I keep a firm hold on the bulwarks,
And wish that I were at home.

A WINTER PIECE.

By BRYANT, the poet of America.

THE time has been that these wild solitudes,
Yet beautiful as wild, were trod by me
Oftener than now ; and when the ills of life
Had chafed my spirit—when the unsteady pulse
Beat with strange flutterings—I would wander forth
And seek the woods. The sunshine on my path
Was to me as a friend. The swelling hills,
The quiet dells retiring far between,
With gentle invitation to explore
Their windings, were a calm society
That talked with me and soothed me. Then the chant
Of birds, and chime of brooks, and soft caress
Of the fresh sylvan air, made me forget
The thoughts that broke my peace, and I began
To gather simples by the fountain's brink,
And lose myself in day-dreams. While I stood
In nature's loneliness, I was with one
With whom I early grew familiar, one
Who never had a frown for me, whose voice
Never rebuked me for the hours I stole
From cares I loved not, but of which the world
Deems highest, to converse with her. When shriek'd
The bleak November winds, and smote the woods,
And the brown fields were herbless, and the shades
That met above the merry rivulet
Were spoil'd, I sought, I loved them still,—they seem'd
Like old companions in adversity.

Still there was beauty in my walks; the brook,
Border'd with sparkling frost-work, was as gay
As with its fringe of summer flowers. Afar,
The village with its spires, the path of streams,
And dim receding valleys, hid before
By interposing trees, lay visible
Through the bare grove, and my familiar haunts
Seem'd new to me. Nor was I slow to come
Among them, when the clouds, from their still skirts,
Had shaken down on earth the feathery snow,
And all was white. The pure keen air abroad,
Albeit it breathed no scent of herb, nor heard
Love-call of bird nor merry hum of bee,
Was not the air of death. Bright mosses crept
Over the spotted trunks, and the close buds,
That lay along the boughs, instinct with life,
Patient, and waiting the soft breath of spring,
Fear'd not the piercing spirit of the north.
The snow-bird twitter'd on the beechen bough,
And 'neath the hemlock, whose thick branches bent
Beneath its bright cold burden, and kept dry
A circle, on the earth, of wither'd leaves,
The partridge found a shelter. Through the snow
The rabbit sprang away. The lighter track
Of fox, and the racoon's broad path, were there,
Crossing each other. From his hollow tree
The squirrel was abroad, gathering the nuts
Just fallen, that asked the winter cold and sway
Of winter blast, to shake them from their hold.

But Winter has yet brighter scenes,—he boasts
Splendours beyond what gorgeous Summer knows;
Or Autumn with his many fruits, and woods
All flush'd with many hues. Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice;
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That stream with rainbow radiance as they move.

But round the parent stem the long low boughs
Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbours hide
The glassy floor. Oh! you might deem the spot
The spacious cavern of some virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems grow,
And diamonds put forth radiant rods and bud
With amethyst and topaz—and the place
Lit up most royally, with the pure beam
That dwells in them. Or haply the vast hall
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,
And fades not in the glory of the sun;—
Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts
And crossing arches; and fantastic aisles
Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost
Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye,—
Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault;
There the blue sky and the white drifting cloud
Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
Of spouting fountains, frozen as they rose,
And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air,
And all their sluices sealed. All, all is light;
Light without shade. But all shall pass away
With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks,
Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound
Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont.

And it is pleasant, when the noisy streams
Are just set free, and milder suns melt off
The plashy snow, save only the firm drift
In the deep glen or the close shade of pines,—
'Tis pleasant to behold the wreaths of smoke
Roll up among the maples of the hill,
Where the shrill sound of youthful voices wakes
The shriller echo, as the clear pure lymph,
That from the wounded trees, in twinkling drops,
Falls, mid the golden brightness of the morn,
Is gathered in with brimming pails, and oft,
Wielded by sturdy hands, the stroke of axe
Makes the woods ring. Along the quiet air,
Come and float calmly off the soft light clouds,
Such as you see in summer, and the winds
Scarce stir the branches. Lodged in sunny cleft,

Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
 The little wind-flower, whose just opened eye
 Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at—
 Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
 With unexpected beauty, for the time
 Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar.
 And ere it comes, the encountering winds shall
 Muster their wrath again, and rapid clouds
 Shade heaven, and bounding on the frozen earth
 Shall fall their volleyed stores rounded like hail,
 And white like snow, and the loud North again
 Shall buffet the vexed forest in his rage.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

Miss C. BOWLES (we prefer the name which she had m
 to the name of Southey, which she took by marriage with l
 made the latter name renowned) was a poetess of singular j
 is distinguished among her female rivals for the absence of
 ishness of sentiment which prevails so offensively in their c
 She is vigorous, truthful, and unaffected, and we could no
 finer proof of this manly feature of her intellect than the fol
 which the best poet of the age might have been proud to ca

SUNNY locks of brightest hue
 Once around my temples grew.
 Laugh not, lady! for 'tis true;
 Laugh not, lady! for with thee
 Time may deal despitely;
 Time, if long he lead thee here,
 May subdue that mirthful cheer;
 Round those laughing lips and eyes
 Time may write sad histories;
 Deep indent that even brow,
 Change those locks, so sunny now,
 To as dark and dull a shade
 As on mine his touch hath laid.
 Lady! yes, these locks of mine
 Cluster'd once with golden shine,

Temples, neck, and shoulders round,
Richly gushing if unbound,
If from band and bodkin free,
Wellnigh downward to the knee.
Some there were took fond delight,
Sporting with those tresses bright,
To enring with living gold
Fingers, now beneath the mould
(Wo is me!) grown icy cold.

One dear hand hath smoothed them too
Since they lost the sunny hue,
Since their bright abundance fell
Under the destroying spell—
One dear hand, the tenderest
Ever nurse-child rock'd to rest,
Ever wiped away its tears—
Even those of later years.
From a cheek untimely hollow,
Bitter drops that still may follow,
Where's the hand will wipe away?
Hers I kiss'd—(Ah! dismal day)
Pale as on the shroud it lay.
Then, methought, youth's latest gleam
Departed from me like a dream—
Still, though lost their sunny tone,
Glossy brown those tresses shone,
Here and there, in wave and ring,
Golden threads still glittering;
And (from band and bodkin free)
Still they flowed luxuriantly.

Careful days, and wakeful nights,
Early trench'd on young delights.
Then of ills an endless train,
Wasting languor, wearying pain,
Fev'rish thought that racks the brain,
Crowding all on summer's prime,
Made me old before my time.
So a dull, unlovely hue
O'er the sunny tresses grew,
Thinn'd their rich abundance too,
Not a thread of golden light
In the sunshine glancing bright.

Now again a shining streak
 'Gins the dusky cloud to break ;—
 Here and there a glittering thread
 Lights the ringlets dark and dead,—
 Glittering light !—but pale and cold,—
 Glittering thread !—but not of gold.

Silent warning ! silvery streak !
 Not unheeded dost thou speak.
 Not with feelings light and vain,
 Not with fond regretful pain,
 Look I on the token sent
 To declare the day far spent ;—
 Dark and troubled hath it been—
 Sore misused ; and yet between
 Gracious gleams of peace and grace
 Shining from a better place.

Brighten—brighten, blessed light !
 Fast approach the shades of night,—
 When they quite enclose me round,
 May my lamp be burning found !

A VALENTINE.

By THOMAS CARTER.

WHY, why should love, the wanton elf,
 Torment us hapless mortals so,
 For ever brandishing his darts,
 And twanging on his murd'rous bow
 I said ; and clad in proven mail,
 Which reason cunningly had wrought
 Swore by mine heart the ruthless rogue
 Should soon humanity be taught.

But ah ! the hasty vow he heard
 And, trembling for his sway, he flies,
 Swift as his swiftest arrow's flight,
 For refuge to Eliza's eyes,

He thought, and wisely did he think,
I could not thence resist his dart ;
And so he baffled reason's might
Laughed at my oath and pierced my heart.

A BOY'S BURIAL.

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

ON a sunny Saturday evening
They laid him in his grave,
When the sycamore had not a shaken leaf,
And the harbour not a wave.
The sandhills lay in the yellow ray
Ripe with the sadness of parting May ;
Sad were the mountains blue and lone
That keep the landscape as their own ;
The rocky slope of the distant fell ;
The river issuing from the dell ;—
And when hath ended the voice of pray'r
The fall's deep bass was left on the air,
Rolling down.

Young he was and hopeful,
And ah, to die so soon !
His new grave lies deserted
At the rising of the moon ;
But when morn comes round, and the church bells sound,
The little children may sit on the mound,
And talk of him, and as they talk,
Puff from the dandelion stalk
Its feathery globe, that reckons best
Their light wing'd hours ;—while the town is at rest,
And the stone-chacker rattles here and there,
And the glittering fall makes a tune in the air,
Rolling down.

THE ABSENT MOTHER.

A poem breathing in most eloquent tones the unfathomable mystery of mother's love, will find an echo in every bosom, whether or not it known the feelings here writ down. It is from the pen of Mrs. Norton, the victim of most cruel persecution, and whose every tone tells of a blighted heart.

It is the twilight hour,
The daylight toil is done,
And the last rays are departing
Of the cold and wintry sun.
It is the time when friendship
Holds converse fair and free,
It is the time when children
Dance round the mother's knee.
But my soul is faint and heavy,
With a yearning sad and deep;
By the fireside lone and dreary
I sit me down and weep!
Where are ye, merry voices,
Whose clear and bird-like tone
Some other ear now blesses,
Less anxious than my own?
Where are ye, steps of lightness,
Which fell like blossom-showers?
Where are ye, sounds of laughter,
That cheer'd the pleasant hours?
Thro' the dim light slow declining,
Where my wistful glances fall,
I can see your picture hanging
Against the silent wall;—
They gleam athwart the darkness,
With their sweet and changeless eyes,
But mute are ye, my children!
No voice to mine replies.
Where are ye? Are ye playing
By the stranger's blazing hearth;
Forgetting, in your gladness,
Your old home's former mirth?
Are ye dancing? Are ye singing?
Are ye full of childish glee?
Or do your light hearts sadden
With the memory of me?

Round whom, oh ! gentle darlings,
Do your young arms fondly twine,—
Does she press you to her bosom
Who hath taken you from mine ?
Oh ! boys, the twilight hour
Such a heavy time hath grown,—
It recalls with such deep anguish
All I used to call my own,—
That the harshest word that ever
Was spoken to me there,
Would be trivial—would be welcome—
In this depth of my despair !
Yet no ! despair shall sink not,
While life and love remain,—
Tho' the weary struggle haunt me,
And my prayer be made in vain,
Tho' at times my spirit fail me,
And the bitter tear-drop fall,
Tho' my lot be hard and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope thro' all !

TEARS.

By HEINRICH HEINE, translated by LELAND.

WHAT means this solitary tear
Which dims mine eye to-day ?
It is the last of all the hoard,
Where once so many lay.

It had full many a sister then
Which rolled in glittering light ;
But now, with all my smiles and griefs,
They're lost in wind and night.

And, like the mists, have also fled
The light blue sparkling stars
Which flashed their rays of joy or woe,
Down through life's prison-bars.

Oh love—wild love,—where art thou now ?
Fled like an idle breath :
Thou silent solitary tear
Go fade in misty death !

MORNING.

A passage in one of the poems of WHITTIER, the American slavery poet.

'Tis morning over Norridgewock—
On tree and wigwam, wave and rock,
Bathed in the autumnal sunshine, stirr'd
At intervals by breeze and bird,
And wearing all the hues which glow
In heaven's own pure and perfect bow,
That glorious picture of the air,
Which summer's light-robed angel forms
On the dark ground of fading storms,
With pencils dipped in sunbeams there—
And, stretching out, on either hand,
O'er all that wide and unshorn land,
Till, weary of its gorgeousness,
The aching and the dazzled eye
Rests, gladdened, on the calm blue sky—
Slumbers the mighty wilderness !
The oak upon the windy hill,
Its dark green burthen upward heaves—
The hemlock broods above its rill,
Its cone-like foliage darker still,
While the white birch's graceful stem
And the rough walnut bough receives
The sun upon their crowded leaves,
Each coloured like a topaz gem ;
And the tall maple wears with them
The coronal which autumn gives,
The brief, bright sign of ruin near,
The hectic of a dying year !

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, an American poet, remarkable for his simple pictures of quiet scenery and calm loveliness. He has chosen *virtue* for his motto, and his aim is ever to cherish the affections and rebuke the passions.

Oh, thou whose beauty on us beams
With glimpses of celestial light ;
Thou halo of our waking dreams,
And early star that crown'st our night.

Thy light is magic where it falls ;
To thee the deepest shadow yields ;
Thou bring'st unto these dreary halls
The lustre of the summer fields.

There is a freedom in thy looks
To make the prisoned heart rejoice ;
In thy blue eyes I see the brooks,
And hear their music in thy voice.

And every sweetest bird that sings
Hath pour'd a charm upon thy tongue :
And where the bee enamoured clings,
There surely thou in love hast clung :

For when I hear thy laughter free,
And see thy morning-lighted hair,
As in a dream at once I see
Fair upland realms and valleys fair.

I see thy feet empearled with dews,
The violet's and lily's loss ;
And when the waving woodland woos,
Thou lead'st me over beds of moss :—

And by the busy runnel's side,
Whose waters, like a bird afraid,
Dart from their fount, and, flashing, glide
Athwart the sunshine and the shade.

Or larger streams our steps beguile ;
We see the cascade, broad and fair,
Dashed headlong down to foam, the while
Its iris-spirit leaps to air !

THOUGHTS WHILE MAKING THE GRAVE OF A NEW
BORN CHILD.

By N. P. WILLIS, also a poet of America.

ONE look upon thy face ere thou depart !
My daughter ! it is soon to let thee go !
My daughter ! with thy birth has gush'd a spring
I knew not of—filling my heart with tears.
And turning with strange tenderness to thee—
A love—Oh God ! it seems so—that must flow
Far as thou fleest, and 'twixt heaven and me.
Henceforward, be a bright and yearning chain
Drawing me after thee ! And so, farewell !
'Tis a harsh world, in which affection knows
No place to treasure up its loved and lost,
But the foul grave ! thou who so late wast sleeping,
Warm in the close fold of a mother's heart,
Scarce from her breast a single pulse receiving,
But it was sent thee with some tender thought,
How can I leave thee here ! Alas for man !
The herb in its humility may fall
And waste into the bright and genial air,
While we—by hands that minister'd in life
Nothing but love to us—are thrust away—
The earth flung in upon our just cold bosoms,
And the warm sunshine trodden out for ever !

Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child,
A bank where I have lain in summer hours,
And thought how little it would seem like death
To sleep amid such loveliness. The brook,
Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps
That lead up to thy bed, would still trip on,
Breaking the dead hush of the mourners gone ;

The birds are never silent that build here,
Trying to sing down the more vocal waters :
The slope is beautiful with moss and flowers,
And far below, seen under arching leaves,
Glitters the warm sun on the village spire,
Pointing the living after thee. And this
Seems like a comfort ; and, replacing now
The flowers that have made room for thee, I go
To whisper the same peace to her who lies,
Robb'd of her child and lonely. 'Tis the work
Of many a dark hour, and of many a prayer.
To bring the heart back from an infant gone,
Hope must give o'er, and busy fancy blot
The images from all the silent rooms,
And every sight and sound familiar to her,
Undo its sweetest link—and so at last
The fountain—that, once struck, must flow for ever—
Will hide and waste in silence. When the smile
Steals to her pallid lip again, and spring
Wakens the buds above thee, we will come,
And, standing by thy music-haunted grave,
Look on each other cheerfully, and say :—
“ A child that we have loved is gone to heaven,
And by this gate of flowers she pass'd away ! ”

YEARS TO COME.

By CHARLES SWAIN.

A DAY will dawn I ne'er shall see ;
A night will set I ne'er shall know ;
The wave-tides of humanity
Thus ever circle, to and fro.

The dew with gems shall bead the flower,
The bird make rich the morn with song ;
And mind, still climbing hour by hour,
Find worlds beyond the starry throng.

Years shall return to future years
What ages unto them have given,
And that high power which faith reveals,
Grasp the fixed points of earth and Heaven.

The boy shall loiter through the lane,
With school-ward footsteps short and slow;
Afraid each moment to remain,
And yet still more afraid to go.

Ah, priceless years! if boyhood knew
The mark and value of such time;
Ah, happy school! could youth but view
The future—and its paths sublime.

What younger Howard then might feel—
What other Wilberforce arise—
What Burke assert the general weal—
What Rosse or Newton span the skies?

The joys, the hopes, the interests,
That animate the bosom now,
Shall lend their glow to other breasts,
And flush the young enthusiast's brow.

The majesty of manhood then
May aim at some diviner worth,
And progress grant to future men
A wider brotherhood on earth!

What theory shall then succeed?
What deeper power—what newer theme—
What fresh discovery supersede
The electric flash—the steed of steam?

Who'll be the bard to England dear,
When centuries have fled and fled?
Or who the statesman crowds will cheer,
Worthy the Peels or Chathams dead?

The passions that distract mankind—
The pride—the envy—and mistrust—
Shall they be scatter'd on the wind
That lifts the banner of the just?

Shall Christian sense e'er sheath the sword?
Shall simple justice rule the land?
Shall law its shield of right afford,
A right that all may understand?

The languid sun fades in the sky,
 The sap within the tree droops low ;
 The cold wind whispers winter nigh,
 And soon the last lorn leaf must go !

Yet he who in all change can find
 A providence of goodness shown,
 He who is ruler o'er his mind
 Is more than he who rules a throne.

A day shall come I ne'er shall see ;
 A day when heart and tongue lie dumb ;
 That day, oh Lord, be thou with me—
 And oh, on earth, Thy kingdom come !

RECOLLECTIONS OF YOUTH.

A fine passage from BAILEY's *Festus*.

I HAD

A friend with whom in boyhood I was wont
 To learn, think, laugh, weep, strive, and love together ;
 For we were always rivals in all things—
 Together up high, springy hills, to trace
 A runnel to its birth-place ; to pursue
 A river ; to search, haunt old ruined towers,
 And muse in them ; to scale the cloud-clad hills
 While thunders murmured in our very ear ;
 To leap the lair of the live cataract,
 Or crouch behind the broad white waterfall—
 Tongue of the glen, like to a hidden thought—
 To reach, perchance, some long, green floating flag,
 Just when the sun's hot lip first touched the stream
 Reddening to be so kissed ; and oft at night,
 Bewildered and bewitched by favourite stars,
 We would breathe ourselves amid unfooted snows,
 For there is poetry where aught is pure ;
 Or over the still, dark heath, leap like harts
 Through the broad moonlight, for we felt wherever
 We leaped the golden gorse, or lowly ling,
 We could not be from home—that friend is gone !
 There's the whole universe before our souls.
 Where shall we meet next ? Shall we meet again ?
 Oh ! might it be in some far, happy world,

That I may light upon his lonely soul,
 Hard by some broad, blue stream, where high the hi
 Wood-bearded, sweep to its brink—musing, as wont
 With love-like sadness upon sacred things.

Brilliant.

A POET'S HOPE.

But do not be impatient,
 If the same old chords still ring;
 And ye find the same old sorrows,
 In the newest songs I sing.

Wait—ye shall yet hear fading,
 This echo of my pain;
 When a fresh spring of poems
 Blooms from my heart again.

HED

GOOD IN EVERYTHING.

The man

Who, in right spirit, communes with the forms
 Of nature—who with understanding heart
 Doth know and love such objects as excite
 No morbid passions, no inquietude,
 No vengeance, and no hatred,—needs must feel
 The joy of that pure principle of love
 So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
 Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
 But seek for objects of a kindred love
 In fellow natures, and a kindred joy.
 Accordingly he by degrees perceives
 His feelings of aversion soften'd down;
 A holy tenderness pervades his frame.
 His sanity of reasoning not impaired—
 Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
 From a clear mountain flowing—he looks around
 And seeks for good: and finds the good he seeks
 Until abhorrence and contempt are things
 He only knows by name; and if he hear,
 From other mouths, the language which they speak
 He is compassionate, and has no thought,
 No feeling which can overcome his love.

WORDSWORTH

EPIGRAM.

Last when I saw thee, thou didst sweetly play
 The gentle thief, and stolest my heart away—
 Render 't again, or else give me thine own
 In change; for two for thee (when I have none)
 Too many are; else I must say thou art
 A sweet-faced creature with a double heart.

ANON. 1640.

SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
 This is not solitude—'tis but to hold
 Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
 Of all that flattered, followed, sought and sued;—
 This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

BYRON.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

What is life worth without a heart to feel
 The great and lovely, and the poetry
 And sacredness of things? For all things are
 Sacred; the eye of God is on them all,
 And hallows all unto it. It is fine
 To stand upon some lofty mountain-height
 And feel the spirit stretch into a view;
 To joy in what might be, if will and power,
 For good, would work together but one hour.
 Yet millions never think a noble thought,
 But, with brute hate of brightness, bay a mind
 Which drives the darkness out of them, like hounds.

BAILEY.

THERMOPYLÆ.

They fell devoted, but undying ;
 The very gale their names seemed sighing ;
 The waters murmured of their name,
 The woods were peopled with their fame ;
 The silent pillar, lone and grey,
 Claimed kindred with their sacred clay ;
 Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain ;
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river
 Rolls mingling with their fame for ever.

BYRON

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the architect who planned—
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed scholars only—this immense
 And glorious work of fine intelligence !
 Give all thou canst ; high heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely calculated less or more ;
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
 Lingering—and wandering on as loath to die ;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality.

They dreamt not of a perishable home
 Who thus could build ! Be mine, in hours of fear
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here ;
 Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam ;
 Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
 Melts, if it cross the threshold ; where the wreath
 Of awe-struck wisdom droops :—or let my path
 Lead to that younger pile, whose sky-like dome
 Hath typified by reach of daring art
 Infinity's embrace ; whose guardian crest,
 The silent cross, among the stars shall spread,
 As now, when she hath also seen her breast
 Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
 Of grateful England's overflowing dead.

WORDSWORTH

PRAISE OF WATER.

Translated by Mr. OXENFORD, from the French of ARMAND GOUFFÉ, renowned member of the *Caveau Moderne*, and a writer of musical mas. He was born in 1773, and died in 1845. The following g is dated 1803.

At last, at last it rains,
The vine which was athirst
Its strength once more regains,
By heavenly bounty nursed.
So let your glasses clink
To water,—gift divine :
'Tis water makes us drink
Good wine.

Through water, friends, 'tis true
The deluge once we had ;
But, thanks to Heaven, there grew
The good beside the bad.
Our grave historians think
The flood produced the vine :
'Tis water makes us drink
Good wine.

How great is my delight,
When, with their precious store,
The vessels are in sight,
Before my very door ;
And on the river's brink
Land juice from every vine :
'Tis water makes us drink
Good wine.

In weather fine and dry
The miller drinks his fill
Of water, with a sigh ;—
His mill is standing still.
When water flows, I think,
No longer he'll repine :
'Tis water makes him drink
Good wine.

Another instance, yet,
 Good comrades I can show ;
 See into yon guinguette
 The water-carrier go.
 His eyes begin to blink,
 His troubles to decline :
 'Tis water makes him drink
 Good wine.

Of water while I sing,
 I'm thirsty with my task :
 Be kind enough to bring
 A bumper from the cask.
 Your glasses bravely clink,
 Repeat this strain of mine,—
 'Tis water makes us drink
 Good wine.

THE WATER FAY.

Another of HEINRICH HEINE's wild imaginings.

THE night comes stealing o'er me,
 And clouds are on the sea ;
 While the wavelets rustle before me
 With a mystical melody.

A water-maid rose singing
 Before me fair and pale ;
 And snow-white breasts were springing
 Like fountains, 'neath her veil.

She kissed me and she pressed me,
 Till I wished her arms away :
 "Why hast thou so caressed me,
 Thou lovely Water Fay?"

"Oh thou need'st not alarm thee,
 That thus thy form I hold ;
 For I only seek to warm me,
 And the night is black and cold."

"The wind to the waves is calling,
The moonlight is fading away;
And tears down thy cheek are falling,
Thou beautiful Water Fay!"

"The wind to the waves is calling,
And the moonlight grows dim on the rocks;
But no tears from mine eyes are falling,
'Tis the water which drips from my locks."

"The ocean is heaving and sobbing,
The sea-mews scream in the spray;
And thy heart is wildly throbbing,
Thou beautiful Water Fay!"

"My heart is wildly swelling,
And it beats in burning truth:
For I love thee, past all telling—
Thou beautiful mortal youth!"

ADVERTISEMENT OF A DAY LOST.

By MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise;
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where thrilleth folly's song
Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
 I feel all search is vain;
 That gem of countless cost
 Can ne'er be mine again;
 I offer no reward,
 For these heart strings sever,
 I know that Heaven-entrusted gift
 Is reft away for ever.

But when the sea and land
 Like burning scroll have fled,
 I'll see it in His hand
 Who judgeth quick and dead;
 And when of scath and loss
 That man can ne'er repair,
 The dread inquiry meets my soul,
 What shall it answer there?

LOVE MADE BY A LADY.

A scene of exquisite grace, tenderness, and refinement, and abounding in poetry, from BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's play of *Philaster*.

Arethusa, the daughter of the reigning King of Sicily, makes honourable love to Philaster, the rightful heir to the Crown.

ARETHUSA and one of her Ladies.

Arethusa. Comes he not?

Lady. Madam?

Are. Will Philaster come?

Lady. Dear madam, you were wont to credit me
 At first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so?
 I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
 Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow
 About my marriage, that these under things
 Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
 How look'd he, when he told thee he would come?

Lady. Why, well.

Are. And not a little fearful?

Lady. Fear, madam! sure he knows not what it is.

Are. You all are of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him: whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drowned in the doing. But I know he fears.

Lady. Methought his looks hid more of love than fear.

Are. Of love? to whom? to you?—
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture and quick look,
That you have caught him?

Lady. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of love to me? alas! thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am. If a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?

Lady. Madam, I think I hear him,

Are. Bring him in.—

Ye gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is
To make the passions of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Enter PHILASTER.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.

Are. Oh! 'tis well.

Withdraw yourself.

Philaster. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseeem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known,
That I have aught detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wronged you? Or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?

Phi. Never, madam, you.

Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great ;
Calling a great part of my dowry in question ?

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak, will be
Foolish : but for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To anything you wish'd.

Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.

Phi. Madam ! Both ?

Are. Both, or I die. By fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life ;
Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre and a crown,
To save a lady's longing.

Are. Nay then, hear !

I must and will have them, and more——

Phi. What more ?

Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

Phi. Madam, what more ?

Are. Turn, then, away thy face.

Phi. No.

Are. Do.

Phi. I cannot endure it. Turn away my face ?
I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he ; or spake
So horrible, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his ;
Nor beast that I could turn from. Shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds ? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love ? Say, you would have my life ;
Why, I will give it you ; for 'tis of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price :
If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.

Phi. I do.

Are. Then know, I must have them, and thee.

Phi. And me ?

Are. Thy love ; without which all the land
Discovered yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in.

Phi. Is't possible ?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may) I have unript my breast.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking. To suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you,
By all my hopes, I do, above my life :
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.

Are. Another soul, into my body shot,
Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit,
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time,
In seeking how I came thus. 'Tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so ; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread ?

Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me : but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me, that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots ; and of the crystal springs,

Which did not stop their courses ; and the sun,
 Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
 Then took he up his garland, and did shew
 What every flower, as country people hold,
 Did signify ; and how all, order'd thus,
 Express'd his grief : and, to my thoughts, did read
 The prettiest lecture of his country art
 That could be wish'd : so that, methought, I could
 Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
 Who was as glad to follow ; and have got
 The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
 That ever master kept. Him will I send
 To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.
Are. 'Tis well. No more.

THE FAIRIES' CHILD.

By Mr. T. IRWIN, an Irish poet.

AMID the nut-grove, still and brown,
 The Fairies' Child is walking,
 List, list, as the leaves come down,
 To the sprites, around her talking.
 Along the windy, waving grass
 Their evening whispers breathe and pass :
 From yon aged bending bough
 Their leafy language floats below ;
 And now o'erhead in the air 'tis streaming.
 Oh, who can tell what things she hears—
 What secrets of the fairy spheres,
 That fill her eyes with silent tears !
 Sweet wandering fancy charmed the child,
 With cheek so pale, and eyes so wild.
 Oh, what shall come of this dreaming !

Down by the sun-dry harvest road,
 Through quiet evening hours,
 She paces with her scented load
 Of late year moss and flowers.

Blooms from the wood of every hue,
Moon, pale, purple, jet and blue.
Woven in bunches and lightly pressed
Upon her simple, snowy breast,
And through the brown locks lightly tressed
Nodding in crownlets o'er her.
And lo! as the cloud on ocean's brim,
With moonlight has enriched its rim;
A quaint wild shape with kindly eyes,
And a smile like a star of the distant skies,
Goes tripping the path before her.

Now by her pillow, small and white,
'Mid faded leaflets lying,
An eager star, like a taper light,
O'er the curtain's edge is spying.
The scent of the broom-buds fills the room;
The window is full of the bare blue gloom,
And by the low hearth ashily sinking,
Half asleep, is a fairy winking.
Out in the air there comes a sound
Of music eddying round and round
The ivied chimneys—swooning near
The glassy pave, and streaming clear
As moonlight into the little ear,
Like a shell in brown weed gleaming;
And just as the first bird mounted high,
On the sycamore's tinkling canopy,
Sings to the first red streak of day,
Her soul with the Fairies speeds away,
O'er field, and stream, and hamlet gray.
Where the weary folk are dreaming.

CHILDE HAROLD'S LAST PILGRIMAGE.

By the Rev. W. LISLE BOWLES.

So ends Childe Harold his last pilgrimage!
Above the Malian surge he stood, and cried,
Liberty! and the shores, from age to age
Renowned, and Sparta's woods and rocks, replied,

Liberty! But a spectre at his side
Stood mocking, and its dart uplifting high
Smote him! he sank to earth in life's fair pride:
Sparta! thy rocks echoed another cry,
And old Ilissus sighed, Die, generous exile, die!

I will not ask sad pity to deplore
His wayward errors, who thus early died;
Still less, Childe Harold, now thou art no more,
Will I say aught of genius misapplied:
Of the past shadows of thy spleen or pride.
But I will bid the Arcadian cypress wave,
Pluck the green laurel from Peneus' side,
And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,
That not one thought unkind be murmured o'er thy grave.

So ends Childe Harold his last pilgrimage!
Ends in that region, in that land renowned,
Whose mighty genius lives in glory's page,
And on the muses' consecrated ground;
His pale cheek fading where his brows were bound
With their unfading wreath! I will not call
The nymphs from Pindus' piny shades profound,
But strew some flowers upon thy sable pall,
And follow to the grave a Briton's funeral.

Slow move the plumed hearse, the mourning train,
I mark the long procession with a sigh,
Silently passing to that village fane
Where, Harold, thy forefathers mouldering lie;
Where sleeps the mother, who with tearful eye
Pondering the fortunes of thy onward road,
Hung o'er the slumbers of thine infancy;
Who here, released from every human load,
Receives her long-lost child to the same calm abode.

Bursting death's silence, could that mother speak,
When first the earth is heaped upon thy head,
In thrilling, but with hollow, accent weak,
She thus might give the welcome of the dead:
Here rest, my son, with me—the dream is fled—
The motley mask and the great coil are o'er;
Welcome to me, and to this wormy bed,
Where deep forgetfulness succeeds the roar
Of earth, and fretting passions waste the heart no more.

Here rest!—on all thy wanderings peace repose,
After the fever of thy toilsome way ;
No interruption this long silence knows ;
Here no vain phantoms lead the soul astray ;
The earthworm feeds on his unconscious prey :
Here both shall sleep in peace till earth and sea
Give up their dead, at that last awful day,
King, Lord, Almighty Judge ! remember me ;
And may Heaven's mercy rest, my erring child, on thee !

SONG.

By DYER, one of our elder poets.

Ah, my Clio, every day
Some sweet image dies away :
All my songs, and all my joys,
Cruel absence all destroys.

Cruel absence and his train,
Strife, and envy, care, and pain,
Toil, and trouble,—Oh ! for love,
Gentle Clio, these remove !

Speed, O speed the song away,
Say the sweet things love can say,
Speed the beams of wit and sense,
Speed thy doves, and draw me hence.

So be the urn, among the vines,
Which my pencil now designs,
With its ashes, lost in air,
Lost, with every idle care.

TAKE ME, MOTHER EARTH.

By Mrs. JAMESON. .

TAKE me, Mother Earth, to thy cold breast,
And fold me there in everlasting rest !

The long day is o'er,
I'm weary, I would sleep ;
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more !

I have had joy and sorrow, I have proved
What life could give, have loved, and been beloved

I am sick, and heart sore,
And weary ; let me sleep ;
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more !

To thy dark chamber, Mother Earth, I come,
Prepare thy dreamless bed in my last home ;

Shut down the marble door
And leave me ! Let me sleep ;
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more !

CHANGES.

By OWEN MEREDITH.

WHOM first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear :
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all ! who need, indeed, His care,
And yet, I know, the shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
He has his father's eager eyes, I know ;
And, they say too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one (Heaven help and pity me !)
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think !
We all are changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times ; and some too gay and light.
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past ? and who can judge us right ?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are, too apt too fall !
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all !

LEVAVI OCULOS.

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

I CRIED to God, in trouble for my sin ;
To the great God who dwelleth in the deeps.
The deeps return not any voice or sign.

But with my soul I know thee, O Great God ;
The soul thou givest knoweth thee, Great God ;
And with my soul I sorrow for my sin.

Full sure I am there is no joy in sin,
Joy-scented peace is trampled under foot,
Like a white growing blossom into mud.

Sin is establish'd subtly in the heart
As a disease ; like a magician foul
Ruleth the better thoughts against their will.

Only the rays of God can cure the heart,
Purge it of evil : there's no other way
Except to turn with the whole heart to God.

In heavenly sunlight live no shades of fear ;
The soul there, busy or at rest, hath peace ;
And music floweth from the various world.

The Lord is great and good, and is our God.
There needeth not a word but only these ;
Our God is good, our God is great. 'Tis well.

All things are ever God's ; the shows of things
Are of men's fantasy, and warp'd with sin ;
God, and the things of God, immutable.

O thou great God, my pray'r is to neglect
The shows of fantasy, and turn myself
To thy unfenced, unbounded warmth and light !

Then were all shows of things a part of truth :
Then were my soul, if busy or at rest,
Residing in the house of perfect peace.



A BALLAD OF AFFECTION.

By Mr. C. GAVAN DUFFY.

MY Love is as fresh as the morning sky,
My Love is as soft as the summer air,
My Love is as true as the saints on high,
And never was saint so fair ;
Oh, glad is my heart when I name her name,
For it sounds like a song to me—
I'll love you, it sings, nor heed their blame,
For you love me, Astor Machree !

Sweet Sibyl! Sweet Sibyl! my heart is wild
 With the fairy spell that her eyes have lit;
 I sit in a dream where my love has smiled—
 I kiss where her name is writ!
 Oh, darling, I fly, like a dreamy boy,
 The toil that is joy to the strong and true;
 The life that the brave for their land employ,
 I squander in dreams of you.

The face of my Love has the changeful light
 That gladdens the sparkling sky of spring:
 The voice of my Love is a strange delight,
 As when birds in the May-time sing.
 Oh, hope of my heart! oh, light of my life!
 Oh, come to me, darling, with peace and rest!
 Oh, come like the Summer, my own sweet wife,
 To your home in my longing breast!

Be blessed with the home sweet Sibyl will sway
 With the glance of her soft and queenly eyes;
 Oh! happy the love young Sibyl will pay
 With the breath of her tender sighs.
 That home is the hope of my waking dreams—
 That love fills my eyes with pride—
 There's light in their glance, there's joy in their
 beams,
 When I think of my own young bride.

THE LITANY OF DESIRE.

By MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THOU who dost dwell alone—
 Thou, who dost know thine own—
 Thou, to whom all are known
 From the cradle to the grave—
 Save, oh save.
 From the world's temptations,
 From tribulations;
 From that fierce anguish
 Wherein we languish;

From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave ;
Save, oh save.

When the Soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer ;
When the Soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no higher,
But the arch-fiend Pride,
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore ;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion
To a skindeep sense
Of her own eloquence ;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—
Save, oh, save.

From the ingrain'd fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature.
From grief, that is but passion ;
From mirth, that is but feigning ;
From tears, that bring no healing ;
From wild and weak complaining ;
Thine old strength revealing,
Save, oh, save.
From doubt, where all is double ;
Where wise men are not strong ;
Where comfort turns to trouble ;
Where just men suffer wrong.
Where sorrow treads on joy ;
Where sweet things soonest cloy ;
Where faiths are built on dust ;
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry, and barren, sharp as the sea :
Oh, set us free.
O let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie
Tossing continually.

O where thy voice doth come
 Let all doubts be dumb ;
 Let all words be mild ;
 All strifes be reconciled ;
 All pains beguiled.
 Light bring no blindness ;
 Love no unkindness ;
 Knowledge no ruin ;
 Fear no undoing.
 From the cradle to the grave,
 Save, oh, save.

A DREAM OF YOUTH.

HEINRICH HEINE now lies paralysed, blind, and bedridden, in an obscure lodging of the Rue d'Amsterdam at Paris. Speaking of his great physical suffering and distress, he pathetically says: "But do I indeed still exist! My body is gone so greatly to ruin, that there remains scarcely anything but the voice, and my bed reminds me of the sounding grave of Conjüror Merlin, which is situated in the wood of Brozeliand, in Brittany, under lofty oaks, whose tops taper, like emerald flames, towards heaven. Oh! brother Merlin, I envy thee those trees, with their fresh breezes, for never a green leaf rustles about this mattress-grave of mine in Paris, where from morning to night I hear nothing but the rattle of wheels, the clatter of hammers, street-brawls, and the jingling of pianofortes." But, amid the turmoil of the mighty city, sleep—the "balm of hurt minds"—sometimes visits the dying poet, and then he dreams of happier days:—

I DREAMT that I was young once more, and gaysome ;
 I saw the cottage on the high hill stand ;
 I raced along the well-known pathway, playsome,
 Swift-racing with Ottilia, hand in hand.

How bravely is the little body fashion'd !
 Her deep blue eye, how fairy-like it shines !
 She stands upon her small foot firmly station'd,
 A form wherein with strength all grace combines.

Her cordial voice it sounds so frank and gracious,
 Revealing all her soul, without eclipse ;
 And all she says is thoughtful and sagacious ;
 And like a pair of rosebuds are her lips.

It is not love upon my senses stealing—
My reason, undiseased, is at command;
Yet wondrously her Being thrills my Being;
And tremblingly I stoop and kiss her hand.

I think that at the last I cull'd a flower,
And gave it her, and then spake loud and free :
“ Yea! be my wife, Ottilia, from this hour,
That I, like thee, may pure and happy be.”

What she replied I never may remember,
For suddenly I woke; and I lay here,
Once more the sick-man, who in this sick-chamber
Disconsolate has lain full many a year.

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

LONGFELLOW, the American poet, has just published a volume, entitled *The Song of Hiawatha*, an American legend, as its name will indicate, a tale of Indian life. The following is a choice passage:

In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as a snow-drift;
Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and trembled,
Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered white-skin wrapper,
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roar'd along the forest,
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.
All the coals were white with ashes,
And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,
Soft his eyes, as stars in spring-time,
Bound his forehead was with grasses,
Bound and plumed with scented grasses;

On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,
In his hand a bunch of blossoms
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

"Ah, my son!" exclaim'd the old man,
"Happy are my eyes to see you.
Sit here on the mat beside me,
Sit here by the dying embers,
Let us pass the night together.
Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands were you have travelled;
I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,
Very old and strangely fashioned;
Made of redstone was the pipe-head,
And the stem a reed with feathers;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it;
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,
And began to speak in this wise:

"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water!"

And the young man answer'd, smiling:
"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers!"

"When I shake my hoary tresses,"
Said the old man, darkly frowning,
"All the land with snow is cover'd;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo! they are not.
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forests
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flintstone!"

"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"
Said the young man, softly laughing,
"Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage!"

While they spake, the night departed;
From the distant realms of Wabun,
From his shining lodge of silver,
Like a warrior robed and painted,
Came the sun, and said, "Behold me!
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!"

Then the old man's tongue was speechless,
And the air grew warm and pleasant,
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger,
More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him;
It was Peboan, the Winter!

From his eyes the tears were flowing,
As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished,
And the young man saw before him,
On the hearthstone of the wigwam,
Where the fire had smoked and smoulder'd,
Saw the earliest flower of spring-time,
Saw the beauty of the spring-time,
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the Northland
After that unheard-of coldness,

That intolerable winter,
Came the spring with all its splendour,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward,
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,
Speaking almost as a man speaks;
And in long lines waving, bending
Like a bowstring snapp'd asunder,
The white goose, the Waw-be-wawa;
And in pairs, or singly flying,
Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows
Piped the bluebird, the Owaisa,
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the Opechee, the robin,
In the covert of the pine-trees
Coo'd the Omemee, the pigeon,
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,
Heard their voices calling to him,
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,
Stood and gazed into the heaven,
Gazed upon the earth and waters.

From his wanderings far to eastward,
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
The great traveller, the great boaster,
Full of new and strange adventure,
Marvels many, and many wonders.

And the people of the village
Listen'd to him as he told them
Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing, answer'd him in this wise:
"Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!
No one else beholds such wonders!"

He had seen, he said, a water
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,

Broader than the Gitche Gumee,
Bitter so that none could drink it!
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said, "It cannot be so!
Kaw!" they said, "it cannot be so!"

O'er it, said he, o'er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!
And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other;
"Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe it."

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
Came the thunder, Annemeekee!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;
"Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!"

In it, said he, came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;
Painted white were all their faces,
And with hair their chins were cover'd!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlock.
"Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tell us!
Do not think that we believe them!"

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answer'd
To their jeering and their jesting:
"True is all Iagoo tells us;
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.

"Gitche Manito the mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,

Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker ;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.

" Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.

" I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

" Then a darker, drearier vision,
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like ;
I beheld our nations scatter'd,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weaken'd, warring with each other ;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woeful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the wither'd leaves of autumn !"

THE GOLDEN GRAVE.

By Miss LANDON (L. E. L.) Crofton Croker gives this account of it: "I furnished her some years since (1835) with a literal translation of this ballad, and a few days afterwards, that accomplished and lamented lady sent me the following versification of it, which I cannot say in its translation from the Irish into English has lost any of its original merit."

He sleeps within his lonely grave
Upon the lonely hill,
There sweeps the wind—there swells the wave—
All other sounds are still.
And strange and mournfully sound they;
Each seems a funeral cry,
O'er life that long has past away,
O'er ages long gone by.

One winged minstrel's left to sing
O'er him who lies beneath—
The humming bee, that seeks, in spring,
Its honey from the heath.
It is the sole familiar sound
That ever rises there;
For silent is the haunted ground,
And silent is the air.

There never comes the merry bird,
There never bounds the deer,
But during night strange sounds are heard,
The day may never hear:
For there the shrouded Banshee stands,
Scarce seen amid the gloom,
And wrings her dim and shadowy hands,
And chants her song of doom.

Seven pillars, grey with time and moss,
On dark Sleive Monard meet;
They stand to tell a nation's loss—
A king is at their feet.
A lofty mount denotes the place
Where sleep in slumber cold
The mighty of a mighty race—
The giant kings of old.

There Gollah sleeps—the golden band
About his head is bound;
His javelin in his red right hand,
His feet upon his hound.

And twice three golden rings are placed
Upon that hand of fear;
The smallest would go round the waist
Of any maiden here.

And plates of gold are on his breast,
And gold doth bind him round;
A king, he taketh kingly rest
Beneath that royal mound.
But wealth no more the mountain fills,
As in the days of yore:
Gone are those days; the wave distils
Its liquid gold no more.

The days of yore—still let my harp
Their memories repeat—
The days when every sword was sharp,
And every song was sweet:
The warrior slumbers on the hill,
The stranger rules the plain;
Glory and gold are gone; but still
They live in song again.

STANZAS.

We take these from *The Criterion*, an American Literary Journal of great ability.

“LIKE music softly come and go,
Ye sighing summer days:
On the darkest moment life may know,
This torch shall cast a rosy glow
And starry blaze.”
So sang Love when life was fair,
Waving his torch on the idle air.

“O why should man or woman weep!”
Still singing thro’ the night—
But Time came on the silence deep,
And his wide wing with windy sweep
Blew out the light.
“In darkness now are all bright things,
O I forgot that Time had wings!”

I LOVE THE CHURCH.

From *Christian Ballads*, by ARTHUR CLEVELAND (of Grace Church, Baltimore.

I LOVE the Church—the holy Church,
The Saviour's spotless bride ;
And, oh ! I love her palaces
Through all the land so wide !
The cross-topped spire amid the trees,
The holy bell of prayer ;
The music of our Mother's voice,
Our Mother's home is there.

The village tower—'tis joy to me :
I cry the Lord is here !
The village bells—they fill my soul :
They more than fill mine ear !
O'er kingdoms to the Saviour won,
Their triumph-peal is hurl'd ;
Their sound is now in all the earth,
Their words throughout the world.

And here—eternal ocean cross'd,
And long, long ages, past,
In climes beyond the setting sun,
They preach the Lord at last ;
And here, Redeemer, are Thy priests
Unbroken in array,
Far from Thine Holy Sepulchre,
And Thine Ascension-day !

Unbroken in their lineage :
Their warrants clear as when
Thou, Saviour, didst go up on high,
And give good gifts to men ;
Here, clothed in innocence they stand,
To shed thy mercy wide,
Baptising to the Trinal Name,
With waters from Thy side.

And here—confessors of Thy cross,
Thine holy orders three,
The bishop, and the elders too,
And lowly deacons be ;

To rule and feed the flock of Christ,
To fight, of faith, the strife,
And to the host of God's Elect,
To break the Bread of Life.

Here rises, with the rising morn,
Their incense unto Thee,
Their bold confession, Catholic,
And high doxology :
Soul-melting litany is here,
And here—each holy feast,
Up to the altar, duly spread,
Ascends each stoled priest.

Then with the message of our King,
The herald stands on high :
How beautiful the feet of them
That on the mountain cry !
And then—as when the doors were shut,
With Jesus left alone,
The faithful sup with Christ—and He
In breaking bread is known.

The peace of God is on their heads ;
And so they wend away,
To homes all cheerful with the light
Of love's inspiring ray :
And through the churchyard and the graves,
With kindly tears they fare,
Where every turf was decent laid,
And hallow'd by a prayer.

The dead in Christ—they rest in hope ;
And o'er their sleep sublime,
The shadow of the steeple moves,
From morn to vesper chime :
On every mound, in solemn shade,
Its imaged cross doth lie,
As goes the sunlight to the west,
Or rides the moon on high.

I love the Church—the holy Church,
That o'er our life presides,
The birth, the bridal, and the grave,
And many an hour besides !

Be mine, through life, to live in her ;
And, when the Lord shall call,
To die in her—the spouse of Christ,
The Mother of us all.

JEALOUSY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON : contributed to one of the *Annals*.

I HAVE thy love—I know no fear
Of that divine possession ;
Yet draw more close, and thou shalt hear
A jealous heart's confession.

I nurse no pang lest fairer youth
Of loftier hopes should win thee ;
There blows no wind to chill the truth,
Whose amaranth blooms within thee.

Unworthier thee if I could grow
(The love that lured thee perish'd),
Thy woman heart could ne'er forego
The earliest dream it cherish'd.

I do not think that doubt and love
Are one—whate'er they tell us ;
Yet—nay—lift *not* thy looks above—
A star can make me jealous.

If thou art mine, all mine at last,
I covet so the treasure,
No glance that thou canst elsewhere cast,
But robs me of a pleasure.

I am so much a miser grown,
That I could wish to hide thee,
Where never breath but mine alone
Could drink delight beside thee.

Then say not, with that soothing air,
I have no rival nigh thee ;
The sunbeam lingering in thy hair—
The breeze that trembles by thee—

The very herb beneath thy feet—
The rose whose odours woo thee—
In *all* things, rivals *he* must meet,
Who would be all things to thee !

If sunlight from the dial be
But for one moment banish'd,
Turn to the silenced plate and see
The hours themselves are vanish'd.

In aught that from me lures thine eyes,
My jealousy has trial ;
The lightest cloud across the skies
Has darkness for the dial.

THE PEARL WEARER.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

WITHIN the midnight of her hair,
Half-hidden in its deepest deeps,
A single peerless, priceless pearl
(All filmy-eyed) for ever sleeps.
Without the diamond's sparkling eyes,
The ruby's blushes—there it lies,
Modest as the tender dawn,
When her purple veil's withdrawn,
The flower of gems, a lily, cold and pale !
Yet—what doth all avail ?
All its beauty, all its grace ?
All the honours of its place ?
He who pluck'd it from its bed
In the far blue Indian ocean,
Lieth, without life or motion,
In his earthly dwelling—dead !

And his children, one by one,
When they look upon the sun,
Curse the toil by which he drew
The treasure from its bed of blue.

Gentle bride, no longer wear,
In thy night-black, odorous hair,
Such a spoil. It is not fit
That a tender soul should sit
Under such accursed gem!
What need'st thou a diadem?—
Thou, within whose Eastern eyes,
Thought (a starry genius!) lies?—
Thou, whom beauty has arrayed?—
Thou, whom Love and Truth have made
Beautiful,—in whom we trace
Woman's softness—angel's grace—
All we hope for—all that streams
Upon us in our haunted dreams!

O sweet Lady! cast aside,
With a gentle, noble pride,
All to sin or pain allied;
Let the wild-eyed conqueror wear
The bloody laurel in his hair!
Let the black and snaky vine
Round the drinker's temples twine!
Let the slave-begotten gold
Weigh on bosoms hard and cold!
But be Thou for ever known
By thy natural light alone!

Brilliant.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

He to the dimly gleaming shadows taught
A prayer would wring them entrance into
Like to the magic horn, in faerie halls,
Of blast resistless; thrice blown, every gate
Of every palace opens like a flower:
The odorous home of lightness, coolness, w

MIDNIGHT.

All things are calm, and fair, and passive. Earth
 Looks as if lulled upon an angel's lap
 Into a breathless, dewy sleep; so still,
 That we can only say of things, they be.
 The lakelet now, no longer vexed with gusts,
 Replaces on her breast the pictured moon,
 Pearled round with stars. Sweet imaged scene of time
 To come, perchance, when this vain life o'erpast,
 Earth may some purer being's presence bear;
 Mayhap e'en God may walk among his saints
 In eminence and brightness like yon moon,
 Mildly outbeaming all the beads of night
 Strung o'er night's proud, dark brow.

BAILEY.

A NIGHT SCENE.

Remember you the clear moonlight
 That whitened all the eastern ridge,
 When o'er the water dancing white
 I stepp'd upon the old mill-bridge?
 I heard you whisper from above,
 A lute-toned whisper, I am here!
 I murmur'd, Speak again, my love,
 The stream is loud: I cannot hear!

I heard, as I have seem'd to hear
 When all the under air was still,
 The low voice of the glad new year
 Call to the freshly-flower'd hill.
 I heard, as I have often heard,
 The nightingale in leafy woods
 Call to its mate when nothing stirr'd
 To left or right, but falling floods!

TENNYSON.

BEAUTIFUL EYES.

Oh! those persuasive yet denying eyes,
 All eloquent with language of their own—
 See Venus there, the fickle deities,
 And pleasure seated on her azure throne.

LOCKE.

FROST.

Then, every morn, the river's banks shine bright
 With smooth plate-armour, treacherous and frail,
 By the frost's clinking hammers forged at night,
 'Gainst which the lances of the sun prevail,
 Giving a pretty emblem of the day
 When guiltier arms in light shall melt away,
 And states shall move free-limbed, loosed from war's
 cramping mail.

And now those waterfalls the ebbing river
 Twice every day creates on either side,
 Tinkle, as through their fresh-sparred grots they shiver,
 In grass-arch'd channels to the sun denied;
 High flaps in sparkling blue the far-heard crow.
 The silver'd flats gleam frostily below,
 Suddenly drops the gull, and breaks the glassy tide.

LOWELL

A FADED VIOLET.

The odour from the flower is gone,
 Which like thy kisses breath'd on me;
 The colour from the flower is flown,
 Which glow'd on thee, and only thee!
 A shrivell'd, lifeless, vacant form,
 It lies on my abandon'd breast,
 And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
 With cold and silent rest.
 I weep—my tears revive it not!
 I sigh—it breathes no more on me!
 Its mute and uncomplaining lot
 Is such as mine should be.

SHELLE

NATURAL SOUNDS.

Around him lay the great concerted whole;
 The moaning winds and cadent waters, fire
 Aspirant, sea bass-toned, and reboant earth;
 For only man's crude ear of discord dreams,
 Jarring the orbéd harmonies of heaven.

BAILE

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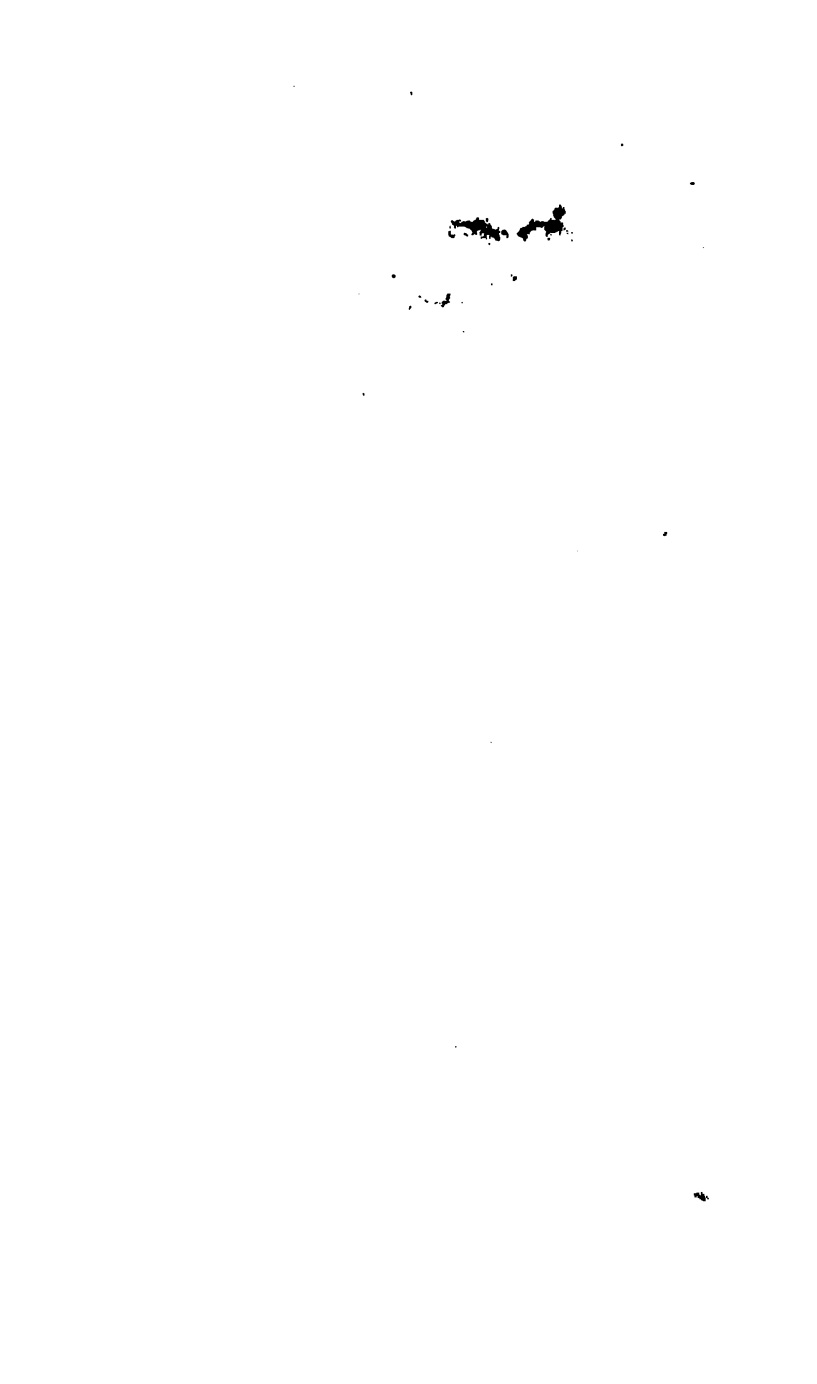
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